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THE

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN

A SERIES OF

TALES, ESSAYS, AND SKETCHES,

BY THE LATE

ROBERT MACNISH, LL.D.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY HIS FRIEND,

D. M. MOIR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.—TALES, &c.

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TALES, SKETCHES, &c.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Chapter I.

A slight shudder came over me as I was entering the inner-court of the College of Gottingen. It was, however, but momentary; and on recovering from it, I felt both taller, and heavier, and altogether more vigorous than the instant before. Being rather nervous, I did not much mind these feelings, imputing them to some sudden determination to the brain, or some unusual beating about the heart, which had assailed me suddenly, and as suddenly left me. On proceeding, I met a student coming in the opposite direction. I had never seen him before, but as he passed me by, he nodded familiarly—"There is a fine day, Wolstang."—"What does this fellow mean?" said I to myself. "He speaks to me with as much ease as if I had been his intimate acquaintance. And he calls me Wolstang—a person to whom I bear no more resemblance than to the man in the moon." I looked after him for some time, pondering whether I should

call him back and demand an explanation; but before I could form any resolution, he was out of my sight.

Thinking it needless to take any further notice of the circumstance, I went on. Another student, whom I did not know, now passed me.—"Charming weather, Wolstang."—"Wolstang again!" said I; "this is insufferable. Hollo, I say! what do you mean?" But at this very moment he entered the library, and either did not hear my voice, or paid no attention to it.

As I was standing in a mood between rage and vexation, a batch of Collegians came up, talking loud and laughing. Three, with whom I was intimately acquainted, took no notice of me; while two, to whom I was totally unknown, saluted me with "Good morning, Wolstang." One of these latter, after having passed me a few yards, turned round and cried out, "Wolstang, your cap is awry."

I did not know what to make of this preposterous conduct. Could it be premeditated? It was hardly possible, or I must have discovered the trick in the countenances of those who addressed me. Could it be that they really mistook me for Wolstang? This was still more incredible, for Wolstang was fully six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I. I found myself in a maze of bewilderment in endeavouring to discover the cause of all this. I reflected upon it in vain, summoning to my assistance the aids of Logic and Metaphysics to unravel the mystery. Nay, Euclid was not forgotten. I called to mind the

intricate problems of science which a rigid study of this Prince of Mathematicians had enabled me to solve, but on the present occasion, my thoughts, though screwed to the utmost pitch of philosophical acumen, completely failed in their aim.

While meditating as in a reverie on these events, I was aroused by approaching steps. On looking up, I beheld the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, Provost, and Professor of Moral Philosophy to the College. He was a man about five feet high; but so far as rotundity of corporation went, noways deficient. On the contrary, he was uncommonly fat, and his long-waisted velvet coat of office, buttoning over a capacious belly, showed underneath a pair of thick stumpy legs, cased in short small-clothes and silk stockings, and bedizened at the knees with large buckles of silver. The Doctor had on, as usual, his cocked-hat, below whose rim at each side descended the copious curls of an immense bob-wig. His large carbuncle nose was adorned with a pair of spectacles, through which he looked pompously from side to side, holding back his head in grenadier fashion, and knocking his long silver-headed baton to the earth, as he walked with all the formal precision of a drum-major.

Now be it known that it is binding on every student who attends the University of Gottingen, to doff his cap on meeting this illustrious personage. This is not an optional ceremony; it is a compulsory one; and never on any occasion has it been known to be neglected, except once by a Dutchman, who, in conse-

quence thereof, was expelled the College. It may be guessed then what was my degree of stupefaction when I saw Doctor Dunderhead approach—when I heard his baton striking upon the ground, responsive to his steps—when I saw his large eyes, reflected through the spectacles, looking intently upon me—I say my stupefaction may be guessed, when, even on this occasion, my hand did not make one single motion upward towards my cap. The latter still stuck to my head, and I stood folded in my college gown, my mouth half open, and my eyes fixed upon the Doctor in empty abstraction. I could see that he was angry at my tardy recognition of his presence; and as he came nearer me, he slackened his pace a little, as if to give me an opportunity of amending my neglect. However, I was so drowned in reflection, that I did not take the hint. At last he made a sudden stop directly in front of me, folded his arms in the same manner as mine, and looked upwards in my face with a fixed glance, as much as to say, "Well, master, what now?" I never thought the Doctor so little, or myself so tall, as at this moment.

Having continued some time in the above attitude, he took off his hat, and made me a profound bow. "Mr Wolstang, I am your most humble servant." Then rising up, he lifted his baton towards my cap, and knocked it off. "Your cap is awry," continued he. "Excuse me, Mr Wolstang, it is really awry upon your head." Another bow of mockery, as profound as the first, followed this action; and he march-

ed away, striking his baton on the ground, holding back his head, and walking with slow pompous step down the College court.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" said I. "Wolstang again! Confusion, this is no trick! The Provost of the College engage in a deception upon me—impossible! They are all mad, or I am mad!—Wolstang from one—Wolstang from another—Wolstang from Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead! I will see to the bottom of this—I will go to Wolstang's house immediately." So saying, I snatched up my cap, put it on my head, and walked smartly down the court to gain the street where he lived. Before I got far, a young man met me. "By the by, Wolstang, I wish you could let me have the ten gilders I lent you. I require them immediately."—"Ten gilders!" said I; I don't owe you a farthing. I never saw your face before, and my name is not Wolstang; it is Frederick Stadt."

"Psha!—But, Wolstang, laying jesting aside," continued he, "I must positively have them."

"Have what?"

"My dear fellow, the ten gilders."

"Ten devils!—I tell you I don't owe you a farthing."

"Really, Wolstang, this joke is very silly. We know you are an odd fellow, but this is the most foolish prank I ever saw you play."

"Wolstang again!" said I, my heart boiling with indignation. "I tell you, sir—I tell you, sir—that—that—" I could not get out another word, to such

a degree had indignation confounded me. Without finishing my sentence, I rushed into the street, but not without hearing the person say, "By Heaven, he is either mad or drunk!"

In a moment I was at Wolstang's lodgings, and set the knocker a-going with violence. The door was opened by his servant girl Louise, a buxom wench of some eighteen or twenty.

"Is Mr Wolstang in?" I demanded quickly.

"Mr who, sir?"

"Mr Wolstang, my dear."

"Mr Wol——Mr who, sir?—I did not hear you."

"Mr Wolstang."

"Mr Wolstang!" re-echoed the girl, with some surprise.

"Assuredly, I ask you if Mr Wolstang is within."

"Mr Wolstang!" reiterated she. "Ha, ha, ha! how droll you are to-day master!"

"Damnation! what do you mean?" cried I in a fury, which I now found it impossible to suppress. "Tell me this instant if Mr Wolstang, your master, is at home, or by the beard of Socrates, I—I——"

"Ha, ha! this is the queerest thing I ever heard of," said the little jade, retreating into the house, and holding her sides with laughter. "Come here, Barnabas, and hear our master asking for himself."

I now thought that the rage into which I had thrown myself had excited the laughter of the wench, whom I knew very well to be of a frolicsome disposition, and much disposed to turn people into ridicule.

I therefore put on as grave a face as I could. I even threw a smile into it, and said with all the composure and good-humour I could muster,—"Come now, my dear—conduct me to your master—I am sure he is within." This only set her a-laughing more than ever; not a word could I get out of her. At last Barnabas made his appearance from the kitchen, and to him I addressed myself. "Barnabas," said I, laying my hand upon his arm, "I conjure you, as you value my happiness, to tell me if Mr Wolstang is at home?"

"Sir!" said Barnabas, with a long stare.

I repeated my question.

"Did you ask," replied he, "if Mr Wolstang was at home? If that gentleman is yourself, he is at home. O yes, I warrant you, my master is at home."

"In what place is he then?" I inquired.

"Wherever you are he is not far off, I warrant you, master."

"Can I find him in his study?"

"O yes," continued Barnabas, "If you go to his study, I warrant you he'll be there. Will you please to walk in, sir?" and I could see the fellow put his finger to his nose and wink to the girl, who kept tittering away in a corner. As soon as I was in the study she burst into a loud laugh, which ended by her declaring that I must be mad—"Or drunk," quoth the sapient Barnabas, in his usual dry manner.

On entering the room, no person was to be seen; but from behind a large screen, which stood fronting

the fire, I heard a sneeze. "This must be Wolstang." thought I; "but it is not his sneeze either; it is too sharp and finical for him; however, let us see." So on I went behind the screen, and there beheld, not the person I expected, but one very different—to wit, a little meagre, brown-faced, elderly gentleman, with hooked nose and chin, a long well-powdered *queue*, and a wooden leg. He was dressed in a snuff-coloured surtout, a scarlet waistcoat, and black small-clothes, buckled at the knee; and on his nose was stuck a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, the glasses of which were of most unusual dimensions. A dapper-looking cocked-hat lay upon the table, together with a large open snuff-box full of rich rappee. Behind his right ear a pen was stuck, after the manner of the counting-house, and he seemed busily poring over a book in manuscript.

I looked a few seconds at this oddity, equally astonished and vexed at being put into, what I naturally supposed the wrong room. "I am afraid, sir," said I, as he turned his eyes towards me, "that I have intruded upon your privacy. I beg leave to apologize for the mistake. The servant led me to believe that Mr Wolstang, with whom I wished to speak, was in this chamber."

"Don't talk of apology, my dear sir," said the little gentleman, rising up and bowing with the utmost politeness. "Be seated, sir—be seated. Indeed I am just here on the same errand—to see Mr Wolstang—eh, (*a sneeze,*) that rappee is certainly very strong.

Do me the honour to occupy the seat opposite. I understand from the servants that he is expected soon." *(Another sneeze.)*

For the first five minutes I did not form a very high opinion of this new acquaintance. He seemed to have all the fidgetty politeness, and intolerable chit-chat, of a French *petit maitre* of the old school. He bored me with questions and apologies, hoped I felt myself comfortable; and every interval of his speech was filled up by intolerable giggling and sneezing. In order, as it were, to increase the latter, he kept snuffing away at a preposterous rate: and when he addressed me, his mouth was drawn up into a most complacent smile, and his long nose and chin, which threatened each other like nut-crackers, thrown forward to within a foot of my face. However, in the next five minutes he improved upon me, from some very judicious observations, as I thought, which he made, and in five more I became convinced, that notwithstanding his outward frivolity and sneezing, he was far from being an ordinary man. This impression gained such strength, that in a short time I entirely forgot all my previous irritation, and even the reasons which brought me there. I found that he had a complete knowledge of the different philosophical systems of the day; among others, that of my favourite Kant: And on the merits of the school in the North of Germany, founded by this great metaphysician, his opinions and mine tallied to a point. He also seemed deeply conversant with the mathematics.

This was a subject on which I flattered myself I had few equals; but he shot far ahead of me, displaying a knowledge, which scarcely any man in Europe could have matched. He traced the science downwards, in all its historical bearings, from Thales, Archimedes, and Euclid, to Newton, Euler, Leibnitz, and Laplace. In algebra, geometry, and astronomy, his information was equally extensive. From several hints which he threw out, I learned that he was no stranger to the science of geomancy; and he gave me to understand, that he had cast the nativities of several individuals belonging to noble families; and that as their horoscopes portended, such invariably was their fate in after-life. Nor was his knowledge confined to these abstruser branches of science. It embraced the whole circle of literature and the fine arts. Poetry, criticism, philology, painting, and sculpture, seemed to be equally within his range. He descanted upon them, illuminating his positions from such a vast source of illustration, that I gazed upon him with a feeling akin to amazement.

Let it not be supposed that all this was done with the formal pomp of a philosopher. On the contrary, he preserved throughout his frivolousness of manner, apologised for everything he advanced, hoped I was not offended if he differed in opinion from me, and concluded every position with a sneeze.

"By the by," said I, "talking of Gall and Spurzheim, what do you think of their doctrine? I am inclined to believe there must be some truth in it; at

least I have seen it verified in a number of heads, and among others in that of Cicero, which I saw a few years ago in the sculpture-gallery of the Louvre. It was a beautiful head."

"You are right there, my dear friend," replied he. "The head, phrenologically considered, is extremely beautiful. I believe I have got it in my pocket."—(*A sneeze.*)

"You got the head of Cicero in your pocket!" cried I with surprise.

"O no! not absolutely the head of Cicero," said he, smiling. "Mark Antony disposed of that—but only his bust—the bust that you saw."

"You mean a miniature of that bust?"

"No—not a miniature, but the real bust. Here it comes—how heavy it is!"—And, to my amazement, I saw him take out of his pocket the identical bust, as large as life, of the Roman orator, and place it on the table before me.

"Have you any more heads of this description about you?" said I, not a little marvelling how he was able to stuff such a block of marble into his pocket.

"I have a few others at your service, my dear friend. Name any one you would wish to see, and I shall be most happy to produce it."

"Let me see then the head of Copernicus." I had scarcely spoken the word when he brought out the philosopher, and put him beside Cicero. I named successively Socrates, Thales, Galileo, Confucius, Zoro-

aster, Tycho Braché, Roger Bacon, and Paracelsus, and straightway they stood upon the table as fresh as if they had just received the last touch of the sculptor's chisel. I must confess that such a number of large heads emanating from the pockets of the little meagre man in the snuff-coloured surtout and scarlet waistcoat, would have occasioned me incredible wonder, had my stock of astonishment not been exhausted by the previous display of his abilities. I had little more to throw away upon any new subject, and looked upon these fresh exhibitions without experiencing anything beyond a slight surprise.

"And do you," I demanded, as the last named was brought forth, "always carry those heads about with you?"

"I generally do so for the amusement of my friends," answered he. "But do not think that my stock is exhausted; I have still a few more that I can show you—for instance, Pythagoras."

"Pythagoras!" exclaimed I; "no, don't produce him. He is the last of all the philosophers I would wish to see. The Stoics, the Epicureans, ay, even the Cynics, with Diogenes or Menippus at their head, were sages compared with Pythagoras, the founder of the most preposterous system of philosophy that ever existed."

"My dear friend," said the little man, with unusual gravity, "you do not say so?"

"I do say so. Pythagoras was a fool, a madman, an impostor."

"You don't speak thus of the divine Pythagoras?" returned he, putting his bust upon the table.

"No, not of the divine Pythagoras, for such a person never existed. I speak of Pythagoras the Samian—him of the golden thigh, the founder of what is called the Pythagorean philosophy."

"And the most rational system of philosophy that ever existed. Begging your pardon, I think it goes far beyond that of Plato or the Stagyrite."

"If you mean that it goes beyond them in being as full of absurdity as they are of wisdom, I readily agree with you," said I, my anger rising at hearing the divine doctrines of Aristotle, and the disciple of Socrates, so irreverently spoken of.

"Pray, what were its absurdities?" asked he with the most imperturbable good-nature.

"Did not Pythagoras enjoin silence to his disciples for a period of five years,—absolute silence, muteness, dumbness?"

"And a very good injunction it was. No man can be a philosopher unless he knows how to keep his tongue under restraint."

"I am afraid then *you* will never be one," I remarked, forcing a smile, although I was at bottom considerably nettled. He did not seem to take my observation ill, but passed it off with one of his characteristic giggles of laughter.

"You were talking of his absurdities, my dear friend."

"Ah, well, did he not forbid the use of animal food

to his followers? and, to crown all, did he not teach the monstrous doctrine of transmigration of souls—sending the spirits of men, after death, to inhabit the bodies of dogs, and cats, and frogs, and geese, and even insects?"

"And call you this a monstrous doctrine?"

"Monstrous!" I exclaimed with surprise—"It is the *ne plus ultra*, the climax of fatuity, the raving of a disordered imagination."

"So you do not believe in Metempsychosis?" asked he, with a smile.

"I would as soon believe in demonology, or magic. There is nothing I would not rather credit. Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder, the philosopher's stone, the elixir vitæ, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, judicial astrology; anything, in fact, would more readily find a place in my belief than this nonsensical jargon, which is credited by nobody but the superstitious Brahmins of India. But perhaps you are a believer?" He shrugged up his shoulders at this last remark, stroked his chin, and giving me a sarcastic look, said, with a familiar nod and smile—"Yes, *I am* a believer."

"What!" said I, "you—you with your immense learning, can *you* put faith in such doctrines?"

"If I put faith in them," said he," it is my learning which has taught me to do so. If I were less learned, I might perhaps spurn at them as erroneous. Doubt is as often the offspring of ignorance as of credulity. Your great doubters are generally as ill-inform-

ed as your great believers, and much more self-conceited."

"And do you really go all the lengths of Pythagoras?" I demanded.

"I not only go all his lengths, but I go much farther. For instance, he believed that the soul never left the body until the latter was dead. Now, my belief is, that two living bodies may exchange souls with each other. For instance, your soul may take possession of my body, and my soul of yours, and both our bodies may be alive."

"In that case," said I, laughing heartily, "you would be me, and I would be you."

"Precisely so, my dear friend," replied the little gentleman, laughing in his turn, and concluding with a sneeze.

"Faith, my good sir," my reverence for his abilities somewhat lessened by this declaration, "I am afraid you have lost your senses."

"I am afraid you have lost something of more importance," returned he with a smile, in which I thought I recognized a tinge of derision. I did not like it; so, eyeing him with some sternness, I said hastily, "And pray, what have I lost?" Instead of answering me, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, holding his sides while the tears ran down his cheeks, and he seemed half-stifled with a flood of irresistible merriment. My passion at this rose to such a pitch, that, had he been a man of any appearance, I should have knocked him down; but I could not think of resorting to such an

extremity with a meagre, little, elderly fellow, who had moreover a wooden leg. I could, therefore, only wait till his mirth subsided, when I demanded, with as much calmness as I could assume, what I had lost.

"Are you sure you have not lost your body?" said he.

"My body!" answered I, with some surprise; "what do you mean?"

"Now, my dear friend, tell me plainly, are you sure that this is your own body?"

"My own body—who the devil's can it be?"

"Are you sure you are yourself?"

"Myself—who, in Heaven's name, could I be but myself?"

"Ay, that is the rub," continued he; "are you perfectly satisfied that you are yourself, and nobody but yourself?" I could not help smiling at the apparent stupidity of this question; but before I was able to compose myself, he had resumed his query.—"Are you sure you are—that you are—"

"That I am who?" said I, hurriedly.

"That you are Frederick Stadt?"

"Perfectly."

"And not Albert Wolstang?" concluded he.

A pang shot through my whole body at this last part of his question. I recalled in an instant all my previous vexation. I remembered the insults I had met with, not only from the students of Gottingen, and Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, but from the domestics of Wolstang; and lastly, I recollected the

business which had brought me to the house of the latter. Everything came as a flash of lightning through my brain, and I was more perplexed than ever. My first impression was, that the little man, in spite of his vast learning, was insane, or, perhaps, as Festus said of Paul, his madness was the consequence of too much learning; but then, if he was insane, the Gottingen students must be insane, Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead must be insane, and Wolstang's domestics must be insane. "I am perhaps insane myself," thought I. for an instant; but this idea, I was soon satisfied, was incorrect. I sat for several minutes pondering deeply upon the matter, and endeavouring to extricate myself from this vexatious dilemma, while my companion opposite kept eyeing me through his immense glasses, stroking his chin, and smiling with the most lugubrious self-complacency. At length, arousing myself from my stupor, I put the following question to him.

"Did you ask me if I was sure that I am not Wolstang?"

"I did, sir," answered he with a bow.

"Then, sir, I must tell you that I am not that person, but Frederick Stadt, student of philosophy in the University of Gottingen."—He looked incredulous.

"What, sir," said I, "do you not believe me?"—He shrugged up his shoulders.

"Confusion, sir! this is not to be borne. I tell you, sir, that my name is Stadt."—This I said in my

loudest and most impassioned manner, but it did not affect him in the least degree. He continued his eternal smile, and had even the politeness or audacity, (I know not which to call it,) to offer me his snuff-box. I was so enraged at this piece of coolness, that I gave the box a knock, spilling its contents upon his scarlet waistcoat. Even this did not ruffle him. He commenced, in the most composed manner imaginable, to collect the particles, remarking with a smile, "You do not like snuff, sir," and finishing, according to custom, by one of his everlasting sneezes.

"It is impossible, sir," said I, "that you can mistake me for Wolstang—seeing that, on my entry, you told me you expected that gentleman in a short time, and desired me to be seated till he came in."—At this he seemed a little disconcerted, and was beginning to mutter something in explanation, when I interrupted him.—"Besides, sir, Wolstang is a man at least six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I."

"What an immense fellow he must be, my dear friend! At that rate, he ought to stand six feet eight inches, and weigh twenty stones."

I could hardly retain my gravity at this calculation. —"Pray, what do you take my stature and weight to be?"

"I should take you," replied he, "to be about six feet two inches high, and to weigh some sixteen stones."

This admeasurement raised my merriment to its *acme*, and I laughed aloud.—"Know, then, my good

little man, that all your geometry has availed you nothing, for I only stand five feet eight, and never weighed more than twelve stones."—He shrugged up his shoulders once more, and put on another of his incredulous looks.

"Eh—eh—I may be mistaken—but I—I—"

"Mistaken!" exclaimed I; "zounds, you were never more egregiously mistaken, even when you advocated the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis!"

"I may be wrong, but I could lay five gilders that I am right. I never bet high—just a trifle, just a trifle occasionally."

"You had better keep your gilders in your pocket," said I, "and not risk them so foolishly."

"With your permission, however, I shall back my pieces against yours," and he drew five from a little green-silk purse, and put them on the table. I deposited an equal number.

"Now," said I, "how is this dispute to be settled? where can I get myself weighed?"

"I believe," answered he, "there is a pair of scales in the room hard by, and weights too, if I mistake not. He accordingly got up and opened the door of the adjoining chamber, where, to my surprise, I beheld a pair of immense scales hanging from the roof, and hundred and half hundred weights, &c. lying around. I seated myself in one of the scales, chuckling very heartily at the scrape into which the little fellow had brought himself. He lifted up weight after weight, placing them upon the opposite scale. Eleven stones had

time I set my eyes upon him, maugre his wooden leg; I will at least smash his spectacles, trip up his heels, and pull his hook nose." Full of these resolutions, I proceeded to the adjoining room. Guess of my amazement, when, instead of the great machines in which I had been weighed but ten minutes before, I beheld nothing but a small pair of apothecary's scales, and a few drachm, scruple, and grain weights scattered upon the floor.

Not knowing what to make of this, I returned to the study, when happening to look into a mirror placed behind the chair on which I had been sitting, I beheld (joyous sight) the reflection of Wolstang. "Ah, you have come?" said I, turning round to receive him, but nobody was to be seen. I looked again through every part of the room; no Wolstang was there. This was passing strange; where could the man have gone in such a hurry? I was now in a greater funk than ever, when casting my eyes a second time upon the mirror, he again made his appearance. I instantly looked round—no one was present; in another instant I turned to the glass, and there stood the reflection as before. Not knowing what this phenomenon could be, and thinking perhaps that my eyes were dazzled by some phantom, I raised my hands, and rubbed them; Wolstang did the same. I struck my forehead, bit my lip with vexation, and started back, when, marvellous to relate, the figure in the glass repeated all my gestures." I now got alarmed, and shrinking away from the apparition, threw my-

self upon the chair. In a few minutes, my courage being somewhat revived, I ventured to face the mirror, but without any better success—the same object presented itself. I desisted, and renewed the trial three several times with the like result. In vain was my philosophy exerted to unfold this mystery. The doctrines of Aristotle—the dreams of alchemy—and the wonders of the Cabala—presented themselves in succession to my disordered fancy. I bethought me of magic, necromancy, the witch of Endor, Simon Magus, the brazen head of Friar Bacon, and a multitude of other phantasies. All was in vain; nothing could account for the present occurrence; nothing in mystical or scientific lore bore any analogy to it.

In this perturbed state of mind my eye caught the bust of Pythagoras. This was a flood of light to my understanding. I instantly remembered what the old fellow had hinted about transmigration of souls: I remembered what he said about me being myself, or another person. Then connecting this with the previous events of the day, with the Gottingen students, with Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, with Wolstang's domestics, and lastly, with the reflection in the looking-glass—I say, coupling all these things together, I came to the horrible conclusion that I was not myself. "There must be some truth in the Pythagorean doctrine, and I am labouring under a metempsychosis."

To put the matter beyond a doubt, I went once more to the mirror, where I beheld the same figure

which had first startled me, I then looked at my hands; they were larger and stronger than formerly. The dress I had on was also not my own, but evidently that of Wolstang. Every circumstance contributed to confirm me that I was no longer myself.

It would be a vain attempt for me to describe the horror I endured at this dreadful transmogrification. After the first burst of dismay was over I wept bitterly, bewailing the loss of my dear body, which I now felt convinced was gone from me for ever. "And poor Wolstang," cried I lamentably, "you are no longer yourself. You are me and I am you, and doubtless you are deploring your misfortune as bitterly as your unhappy friend Stadt."

Night was now coming on, and it became necessary that I should resolve upon what ought to be done in my present state. I soon perceived that it would serve no purpose to say that I was myself; no one would have believed me, and I would run the risk of being put in a strait-jacket as a lunatic. To avoid these evils, there was no resource but to pass myself off upon the community as Wolstang. Even here there was considerable risk of being regarded mad; for how could I at once adapt myself to his circumstances, get a knowledge of them, think as he thought, and act as he acted? It was plain, that although I was Wolstang in body, I was only Stadt in mind; and I knew that in disposition I was as different as possible from Wolstang. "There is no help," said I, weeping grievously; "it must be done."

In order to cool my heated brain, I went out into the open air, and wandered about the streets. I was addressed by a number of persons whom I did not know; and several of my acquaintances, to whom I inadvertently spoke, did not know me. With the former I was very short, answering their questions at random, and getting off as soon as possible. To the latter I could only apologize, assuring them that they had been mistaken by me for other persons. I felt my situation most unpleasant; for, besides the consciousness of no longer being myself, I was constantly running into the most perplexing blunders. For instance, after strolling about for a considerable period, I came, as it were, by a sort of instinct, to my own lodgings. For a time I forgot my situation, and knocked at the door. It was opened by my domestic, from whom I took the candle which he held in his hand, and, according to wont, walked into the study. "Mr Stadt is not in, sir," said the man, following me, "perhaps you will sit till he comes: I expect him soon." This aroused me from my reverie, confirming too truly the fact that I was changed. I started up from the seat into which I had dropped, rushed past him with dismay, and gained the street. Here I made up my mind to return to Wolstang's lodgings, which I accordingly did, in a mood which a condemned criminal would hardly envy.

I kept the house for the whole of next day, employing myself in writing, in order that the servants might at least see some cause for my confinement.

Notwithstanding this, it was easy to observe that they perceived something unusual about me; and several remarks which escaped them, convinced me that they considered my head touched in no slight degree. Although I did all that I was able to compose myself, it was impossible that I could think like Wolstang, and still less that I could know a hundred private and household matters, on which the pert Louise and sapient Barnabas made a point of consulting me. Whenever I was spoken to concerning things that I knew, my answers were kind and condescending; but on any point about which I was ignorant, I utterly lost temper, and peremptorily forbade them to repeat it. Both shook their heads at such inconsistent behaviour; and it was soon bruited among the neighbours, that Mr Albert Wolstang had parted with his senses.

The second day arrived, and found me in the same state of mind. The amazement which succeeded the discovery of my metamorphosis had indeed given way; and I could look at my reflection in the mirror with less pain than at first; but my feelings were still as embittered as ever, and I ardently longed for death to put an end to such intolerable misery. While brooding over these matters, the door of the study opened. Thinking it was one of the domestics, I paid no attention to it: but in a moment I heard a sneeze, which made my flesh to creep, and in another, the little man with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg, made his appearance. Since I last saw this old fellow, I had con-

ceived a mortal hatred against him. I thought, although the idea was wild enough, that he had some hand in my Metempsychosis—and the affair of the scales and the marble busts, together with his Pythagorean opinions, his vast learning, his geomancy and astrology, gave to my idea a strong confirmation. On the present occasion, his politeness was excessive; he bowed almost to the ground, made fifty apologies for intruding, and inquired with the most *outré* affectation of tenderness into the state of my health. He then seated himself opposite to me, laid his cocked hat upon the table, took a pinch of snuff, and commenced his intolerable system of sneezing. I was never less in a humour to relish anything like foppery. So throwing myself back upon the chair, putting on as commanding a look as I could, and looking at him fiercely, I said, "So, sir, you are back again; I suppose you know me?"

"Know you, my dear friend—eh—yes, I derived great pleasure in being made acquainted with you the day before yesterday. You are Mr Frederick Stadt—that is to say, you are Mr Albert Wolstang."—*(A sneeze.)*

"Then you know that I am not myself?"

"My dear friend," replied he, with a smile, "I hinted as much the last time I saw you."

"And pray how did you ascertain that?"

"You don't ask me such a question," said he, with an air of surprise; "I knew it by your own signature."

"My own signature! I know not what you mean by my signature."

"Eh—eh—the signature, you know—that is, the compact you made with Wolstang."

"I know of no compact," cried I, in a passion; "nor did I ever make one with any man living. I defy either you or Wolstang to produce any such instrument."

"I believe it is in my pocket at this very moment. Look here, my dear sir." And he brought out a small manuscript book, and turning up the leaves, pointed to view the following words:—

"I hereby, in consideration of the sum of fifty gilders, give to Albert Wolstang the use of my body, at any time he is disposed, provided that, for the time being, he gives me the use of his. FREDERICK STADT."

"It is a damnable forgery," said I, starting up with fury; a *deceptio visus*, at least—something like your scales."

"What about the scales, my dear friend?" said he, with a whining voice.

"Go," replied I, "into that room, and you shall see." He accordingly went, but returned immediately, saying that he observed nothing remarkble. "No!" said I, rising up, "then I shall take the trouble to point it out to you." My astonishment may be better conceived than described, when, instead of the small apothecary's scales, I beheld the immense ones in which I had been weighed two days before. I felt

confounded and mortified, and returned with him to the study, muttering something about *deceptio visus*, necromancy, and demonology.

"Well," continued I, after recovering a little, "what about this compact—when and where was it made?"

"It was made some three days ago, at the Devil's-hoof Tavern. You may remember that you and Wolstang were drinking there at that time."

"Yes, I remember it well enough; but I understood that I was putting my name to a receipt for fifty gilders which he paid me. I never read the writing; I merely subscribed it."

"That was a pity; for really you have bound yourself as firmly as signing with a person's own blood can do."

"Did I sign it with my own blood?" said I, alarmed.

"Exactly so. You may recollect of cutting your finger. I had the pleasure of stanching the blood, a sufficient quantity of which was nevertheless collected to write this document."

"Then you were present," said I; "yes, I have a recollection of your face now that you mention the circumstance. You were then dressed as a clergyman, if I mistake not."

"Precisely."

"And what," continued I, "are the conditions on which I hold this strange existence? Suppose Wolstang dies?"

"Then you keep his body till the natural period of your own death."

"Suppose I die?"

"He then keeps your body."

"Then if he dies, my body is buried and goes to decay, while I am clogged up in his body, till relieved from it by death?"

"Precisely."

This announcement struck me with terror. "And shall I never," said I, weeping, "see my dear body again?"

"You may see it, if ever Wolstang comes in your way."

"But shall I never possess it—shall I never be myself again?"

"Not unless he pleases."

"The villain!" exclaimed I, in an agony of grief; "I am then undone—the tool of a heartless unprincipled miscreant. Is my case hopeless?"

"O no, my dear friend," said the little man, "not at all hopeless: there is nothing simpler than the remedy. Only put your name here, and you will be yourself in a minute. The fellow will then lose all power over your body." I seized with avidity the pen which he presented to me, dipped it in a vial of red ink, and was proceeding to do as he directed, when the writing above caught my eye. It ran thus:—

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"Zounds!" said I, "what is this?"

"It is nothing at all; just a form—a mere form of business, of no intrinsic meaning. If you would just write your name:—it is very easily done."

"Has any other person signed such deeds?" demanded I.

"Many a one. Here, for example, is Wolstang's name attached to a similar contract. It is, in fact, by virtue of this that he has the power over your body. The deed which you have signed would have availed him nothing without this one."

"Then," said I, "if you relieve me from my present condition, you break faith with Wolstang, seeing that you deprive him of his stipulated power."

"I deprive him of his power over you, but I give him in return a similar power over some other person, which will answer his purpose equally well. I think you had better sign."

"No, you old villain!" said I, wrought up to a pitch of fury at the infernal plan which I saw he was meditating, "I will never sign your damnable compact. I have religion enough to know the value of my soul, and sufficient philosophy to bear with any wretchedness I may endure under my present form. You may play the Devil if you choose, but you shall never get me to act the part of Dr Faustus." I pronounced these words in a voice of thunder; but, so far from being angry, he used every endeavour to soothe me—made a thousand apologies for having been the unwilling cause of such a commotion—then snatching up his hat, and making a profound bow, he left the room.

Chapter III.

A glow of conscious virtue passed over me on his departure. I found that I had resisted evil, and gloried in the thought.; but this triumphant feeling gave way to one of revenge against the author of my calamity. Afer reflecting for a short time, it occurred to me that the best way to punish him would be to commit some outrage which might stamp him with infamy, and render him miserable if ever he thought of resuming his body. "I shall at least have him expelled from the university. This shall be the first blow directed against his comfort. He will in time become weary of my body, and will find very little satisfaction in his own when he takes it into his head to make an exchange." Full of these ideas, I entered the College-court, where the first object that met my eyes was Dr Dedimus Dunderhead coming towards me—the baton in his hand, the spectacles on his carbuncle nose, and his head thrown back as he strutted along *à la militaire*. Without a moment's hesitation, I advanced up to him, and knocked off his cocked hat; nor did I stop to see how he looked at this extraordinary salutation, but walked deliberately on. I heard him distinctly call after me, "You shall hear of this, sir, by to-morrow." "When you please, doctor," was my answer. "Now, Master Wolstang," said I to myself, "I have driven you from Gottingen College, and wish you much joy of your expulsion."

Such were my thoughts, and the morrow verified them; for a meeting of the Senatus Academicus being summoned by the provost, that learned body, declared Albert Wolstang unfit to be a member of the university, and he was accordingly placarded upon the gate and expelled, *in terrorem*.

This circumstance being just what I wanted, gave me no uneasiness; but a few days thereafter an event arose out of it, which subjected me to much inconvenience. Having unwittingly strolled into the College, I was rudely collared by one of the officers, which so enraged me that I knocked down the fellow with a blow of my fist. For this I was apprehended the same day by three gendarmes, and carried before the Syndic, who condemned me to suffer two weeks' close confinement, and to be fed on bread and water. This punishment, though perhaps not disproportioned to the offence, was, in my estimation, horribly severe; and now, for the first time, did I feel regret for the absurdity of my conduct. I found that in endeavouring to punish Wolstang I was in truth only punishing myself, and that it was a matter of doubt whether he would ever submit to a corporeal change, seeing that my fortune was much more considerable than his own, and that he would come at it in the course of six months. This I had no doubt was the chief consideration which could have induced the fellow to bring about such a metamorphosis.

On getting out of prison I was the most miserable wretch on earth. The fierce desire of vengeance had

formerly kept up my spirits; but this was now gone, and they sunk to the lowest pitch. I found that I was spurned by those very persons who were before most anxious to cultivate my friendship. Barnabas and Louise had left me, resolving no longer to serve one who had undergone the punishment of a malefactor. In order to clear up matters, I frequently called at my own house to inquire if I myself was at home—for so was I obliged to speak of the miscreant who had possession of my body, but on every occasion I was answered in the negative. "I had gone out to see a friend in town." "I had gone to the country." "I was expected soon." Never by any possibility could I get a sight of myself. All this convinced me that the case was hopeless, and that I must make the best of my deplorable situation. Wolstang had evidently played my part much better than I did his, for he had an interest in doing so, and was (thanks to my simplicity) intimately acquainted with the state of my affairs. If anything could add to this irritation, it was to notice the improvements, or rather changes, which the fellow was making in my house. Everything was turned upside-down. Many of the most valuable books in my library were brought to the hammer, and replaced by more modern works. Some antique MSS. found among the ruins of Pompeii, and on which I set a high value, were disposed of in the same manner; together with my porphyry snuff-box, my mother's diamond ring, my illuminated missal, and Arabic autograph of the Koran. The money produced by

these valuable relics was laid out in new-painting my study, and in fitting it up with Chinese Mandarins, silken pagodas, and other pieces of eastern trumpery.

In consequence of the peculiar opportunities which I enjoyed, I soon discovered that Wolstang, whom I had long thought rather highly of, was in reality a very bad character. Some persons of the worst description in Gottingen appeared to have been his associates. Times without number I was accosted as an acquaintance by gamblers, pickpockets, usurers, and prostitutes; and through their means I unravelled a train of imposture, profligacy and dissipation, in which he had been long deeply involved. I discovered that he had two mistresses in keeping; that he had seduced the daughters of several of the most respectable citizens, and was the father of no less than seven natural children whom he had by those unfortunate women. I found out even worse than this—at least what I dreaded much more. This was a forgery to an immense amount, which he, in concert with another person, had committed on an extensive mercantile house. The accomplice, in a high state of trepidation, came to tell me that the whole was in a fair way of being blown, and that if we wished to save our necks, an instantaneous departure from the city was indispensable. Such a piece of intelligence threw me into great alarm. If I remained, my apprehension would be inevitable; and how would it be possible for me to persuade any one that I was not Wolstang? My conviction and execution must follow; and though I was

now so regardless of life that I would gladly have been in my grave, yet there was something revolting in the idea of dying for a villain, merely because I could not show that I was not myself. These reflections had their due weight, and I resolved to leave Gottingen next day, and escape from the country altogether.

While meditating upon this scheme, I walked about three miles out of town for the purpose of maturing my plans, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the streets. As I was going slowly along, I perceived a man walking about a furlong before me. His gait and dress arrested my attention particularly, and after a few glances I was convinced that he must be myself. The joy that pervaded my mind at this sight no language can describe: it was as a glimpse of heaven, and filled me with perfect ecstacy. Prudence, however, did not forsake me, and I resolved to steal slowly upon him, collar him, and demand an explanation. With this view I approached him, concealing myself as well as I could, and was so successful that I had actually got within ten yards of my prey without being discovered. At this instant, hearing footsteps, he turned round, looked alarmed, and took to his heels. I was after him in a moment, and the flight on one side, and pursuit on the other, were keenly contested. Thanks to Wolstang's long legs, they were better than the short ones with which my antagonist was furnished, and I caught him by the collar as he was about to enter a wood. I grasped my body with Herculean gripe,

so terrified was I to lose it. "And now, you villain," said I, as soon as I could recover breath, "tell me the meaning of this. Restore me my body, or by heaven I will——"

"You will do what?" asked he, with the most insolent coolness. This question was a dagger to my soul, for I knew that any punishment I inflicted upon him must be inflicted upon mysel f.I stood mute for a few seconds, still holding him strongly in my grasp. At last throwing pity aside, by one vast effort, I cried out, "I declare solemnly, Wolstang, that if you do not give me back my body I shall kill you on the spot."

"Kill me on the spot!" replied he. "Do you mean to say that you will kill your own body?"

"I do say so," was my answer, "I will rather destroy my dear body, than it should be disgraced by a scoundrel like you."

"You are jesting," said Wolstang, endeavouring to extricate himself.

"I shall show you the contrary," rejoined I, giving him a violent blow on the nose, and another on the ribs. These strokes almost drew tears from my eyes: and when I saw my precious blood flowing, I certainly would have wept aloud, but for the terrible energy which rage had given me. The punishment had its evident effect, however, upon Wolstang, for he became agitated and alarmed, grew pale, and entreated me to let him go. "Never, you villain, till you return me back my body. Let me be myself again, and then you are free."

"That is impossible," said he, "and cannot be done without the agency of another person, who is absent; but I hereby solemnly swear, that five days after my death your body shall be your own."

"If better terms cannot be had, I must take even these, but better I shall have; so prepare to part with what is not your own. Take yourself back again, or I will beat you to mummy." So saying, I laid on him most unmercifully,—flattened his nose (or rather my own), and laid him sprawling on the earth without ceremony. While engaged in this business, I heard a sneeze, and looking to the quarter from which it proceeded, who did I see emerging from the wood but my old acquaintance, with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg. He saluted me as usual with a smile, and was beginning to regret the length of time which had elapsed since he last had the pleasure of seeing me, when I interrupted him. "Come," said I, "this is not a time for ridiculous grimace; you know all about it, so help me to get my body back from this scoundrel here."

"Certainly, my dear friend. Heaven forbid that you should be robbed of so unalienable a property. Wolstang, you must give it up. 'Tis the height of injustice to deprive him of it."

"Shall I surrender it, then?" said Wolstang with a pitiable voice.

"By all means: let Mr Stadt have his body."

In an instant I felt great pains shoot through me, and I lay on the ground, breathless and exhausted as

if from some dreadful punishment. I also saw the little gentleman, and the tall, stout figure of Wolstang, walk away arm in arm, and enter the wood. I was now myself again, but had at first little cause of congratulation on the change, for I was one heap of bruises, while the unprincipled author of my calamities was moving off in his own body without a single scratch. If my frame was in bad case, however, my mind felt relieved beyond conception. A load was taken from it, and it felt the consciousness of being incased in that earthly tenement destined by heaven for its habitation.

Chapter IV.

Alas, how transient is human happiness! Scarcely had an hour elapsed when a shudder came over me, precisely similar to that which occurred some weeks before on entering the College of Gottingen. I also perceived that I was stronger, taller, and more vigorous, and, as if by magic, totally free of pain. At this change a horrid sentiment came across me, and, on looking at my shadow in a well, I observed that I was no longer myself, but Wolstang: the diabolical miscreant had again effected a metempsychosis. Full of distracting ideas, I wandered about the fields till nightfall, when I returned into the city, and threw myself into bed, overpowered with fatigue and grief.

Next day I made a point of calling at my own house, and inquiring for myself. The servant said that I could

not be seen, being confined to bed in consequence of several bruises received in an encounter with two highwaymen. I called next day, and was still confined. On the third I did the same, but I had gone out with a friend. On the fourth I learnt that I was dead.

It will readily be believed that this last intelligence was far from being unwelcome. On hearing of my own death I felt the most lively pleasure, anticipating the period when I would be myself again. That period, according to Wolstang's solemn vow, would arrive in five days. Three of these I had spent in the house, carefully secluding myself from observation, when I heard a sneeze at the outside of the door. It opened, and in stepped the little man with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. I had conceived a dislike approaching to horror at this old rascal, whom I naturally concluded to be at the bottom of these diabolical transformations; I, however, contained my wrath till I should hear what he had to say.

"I wish you much joy, my dear friend, that you are going to resume your own body. There is, however, one circumstance, which perhaps you have overlooked. Are you aware that you are to be buried to-day?"

"I never thought of it," answered I calmly, "nor is it of any consequence, I presume. In two days I shall be myself again. I shall then leave this body behind me, and take possession of my own."

"And where will your own body be then."

"In the grave," said I with a shudder, as the thought came across me.

"Precisely so, and you will enjoy the pleasure of being buried alive: that, I suppose, you have not calculated upon."

This remark struck me with blank dismay, and I fell back on my chair, uttering a deep groan. "Is there then no hope? cannot this dreadful doom be averted? must I be buried alive?"

"The case is rather a hard one, Mr Stadt, but, perhaps, not without a remedy."

"Yes, there is a remedy," cried I, starting up and striking my forehead. "I shall hie me to my own house, and entreat them to suspend the funeral for two days."

"I saw the undertaker's men enter the house, as I passed by, for the purpose, I should think, of screwing down the coffin lid. The company also, I find are beginning to collect, so that there is little hope of your succeeding. However," continued he, taking a pinch of snuff, "you may try, and if you fail I have a scheme in view which will perhaps suit your purpose. I shall await your return."

In a moment my hat was on my head—in another I was out of the room—and in a third at my own house. What he had stated was substantially true. Some of the mourners had arrived, and the undertaker's men were waiting below, till they should be summoned up stairs to screw down the lid. Without an instant of delay I rushed to the chamber where my dear body was lying in its shell. Some of my friends were there, and I entreated them, in imploring accents, to stop for

two days, and they would see that the corpse which lay before them would revive. " I am not dead," cried I, forgetting myself, " I assure you I am not dead."

" Poor fellow, he has lost his senses," said one.

" Ah, poor Wolstang," observed another: " he ran deranged some weeks ago, and has been going about asking for himself ever since."

" I assure you I am not dead," said I, throwing myself upon my knees before my cousin, who was present.

" I know that, my good fellow," was his answer, " but poor Stadt, you see, is gone for ever."

" That is not Stadt—it is I—it is I. Will you not believe me! I am Stadt—this is not me—I am not myself. For heaven's sake, suspend this funeral." Such were my exclamations, but they produced no other effect but that of pity among the bystanders.

" Poor unfortunate fellow, he is crazed. Get a porter and let him be taken home."

This order, which was given by my cousin himself, stung me to madness, and, changing my piteous tones for those of fierce resistance, I swore that " I would not turn out for any man living. I would not be buried alive to please them." To this nobody made any reply, but in the course of a minute four stout porters made their appearance, and I was forced from the house.

Returning to Wolstang's lodgings, the old man was

there in waiting, as he promised. "What," said I with trepidation, "what is the scheme you were to propose? Tell me, and avert the horrible doom which will await me, for they have refused to suspend the funeral."

"My dear friend," said he in the most soothing manner, "your case is far from being so bad as you apprehend. You have just to write your name in this book, and you will be yourself again in an instant. Instead of coming alive in the grave, you will be alive before the coffin-lid is put on. Only think of the difference of the two situations."

"A confounded difference indeed," thought I, taking hold of the pen. But, at the very moment when I was going to write, I observed above the following words:

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"What!" said I, "this is the old compact; the one you wished me to sign before?"

"The same, my dear friend."

"Then I'll be d——d if I sign it."

"Only think of the consequences," said he.

"I will abide the consequences rather than sell my soul."

"Buried alive, my dear sir—only think."

"I will not sign the compact."

"Only think of being buried alive," continued he, —"stifled to death—pent up on all sides—earth above, earth below—no hope—no room to move in

—suffocated, stupified, horror-struck—utter despair. Is not the idea dreadful? Only think what your feelings will be, when you come to life in that narrow charnel-house, and know your situation."

I gave a shudder at this picture, which was drawn with horrible truth; but the energies of religion, and the hopes of futurity, rushed upon my soul, and sustained it in the dreadful trial. "Away, away," said I, pushing him back. "I have made up my mind to the sacrifice, since better may not be. Whatever happens to my body, I am resolved not to risk my eternal soul for its sake."

"Think again," said he, "and make up your mind. If I leave you your fate is irrevocable. Are you decided?"

"I am."

"Only reflect once more—Consider how, by putting your name in this book, you will save yourself from a miserable death. Are you decided?"

"I am," replied I firmly.

"Then, fool," said he, while a frown perfectly unnatural to him corrugated his brow, and his eyes shot forth vivid glances of fire—"then, fool, I leave you to your fate. You shall never see me again." So saying, he walked out of the room, dispensing with his usual bows and grimaces, and dashing the door fiercely after him, while I threw myself upon a couch in an agony of despair.

My doom was now sealed beyond all hope; for, going to the windows a few minutes thereafter, I beheld

my own funeral, with my cousin at the head of the procession, acting as chief mourner. In a short time, I saw the company returning from the interment.—"All is over then," said I, wringing my hands at this deplorable sight. "I am the victim of some infernal agency, and must prepare for the dreadful sacrifice." That night I was supremely wretched, tossing incessantly in bed, while sleep was denied to my wearied eyelids. Next morning my haggard look was remarked by my servant, who proposed sending for a physician; but this I would not allow, knowing that woe like mine was beyond the reach of medicine. The greater part of that day was spent in religious exercises, from which I felt considerable relief. The day after was the last I was to behold upon earth. It came, and I endeavoured by every means to subdue the terror which it brought along with it. On arising from bed, I sent for my servant, an elderly woman, whom I had got to supply the place of Barnabas and Louise, and gave her one hundred gilders, being all the money I could find in Wolstang's bureau,—"Now, Philippa," said I, "as soon as the clock of the study has struck three, come in, and you will find me dead. Retire, and do not enter till then." She went away, promising to do all that I had ordered her.

During the interval, I sat opposite the clock, marking the hours pass rapidly by. Every tick was as a death-knell to my ear—every movement of the hands, as the motion of a scimitar levelled to cut me in

pieces. I heard all, and I saw all in horrid silence. Two o'clock at length struck. "Now," said I, "there is but one hour for me on earth—then the dreadful struggle begins—then I must live again in the tomb only to perish miserably." Half an hour passed, then forty minutes, then fifty, then fifty-five. I saw with utter despair the minute hand go by the latter, and approach the meridian number of the dial. As it swept on, a stupor fell over my spirit, a mist swam before my eyes, and I almost lost the power of consciousness. At last I heard *one* strike aloud; my flesh creeped with dread,—then *two;* I gave an universal shudder,—then *three*, and I gasped convulsively, and saw and heard nothing further.

Chapter V.

At this moment I was sensible of an insufferable coldness. My heart fluttered, then it beat strong, and the blood passing as it were over my chilled frame, gave it warmth and animation. I also began by slow degrees to breathe. But though my bodily feelings were thus torpid, my mental ones were very different. They were on the rack; for I knew that I was now buried alive, and that the dreadful struggle was about to commence. Instead of rejoicing as I recovered the genial glow of life, I felt appalled with blank despair. I was terrified to move, because I knew I would feel the horrid walls of my narrow

prison-house. I was terrified to breathe, because the pent air within it would be exhausted, and the suffocation of struggling humanity would seize upon me. I was even terrified to open my eyes, and gaze upon the eternal darkness by which I was surrounded. Could I resist? the idea was madness. What would my strength avail against the closed coffin, and the pressure above, below, and on every side? "No, I must abide the struggle, which a few seconds more will bring on: I must perish deplorably in it. Then the Epicurean worm will feast upon my remains, and I shall no longer hear any sound, or see any sight, till the last trumpet shall awaken me from slumber, and gather me together from the jaws of the tomb."

Meanwhile, I felt the necessity of breathing, and I did breathe fully; and the air was neither so close nor scanty as might have been supposed. "This, however," thought I, "is but the first of my respirations: a few more, and the vital air will be exhausted; then will the agony of death truly commence." I nevertheless breathed again, and again, and again; but nothing like stifling seized upon me—nothing of the kind, even when I had made fifty good respirations. On the contrary, I respired with the most perfect freedom. This struck me as very singular; and being naturally of an inquisitive disposition, I felt an irresistible wish, even in my dreadful situation, to investigate if possible the cause of it. "The coffin must be unconscionably large." This was my first idea: and to ascertain it, I slightly raised my hands,

shuddering at the same time at the thought of their coming in contact with the lid above me. However, they encountered no lid. Up, up, up, I elevated them, and met with nothing. I then groped to the sides, but the coffin laterally seemed equally capacious; no sides were to be found. "This is certainly a most extraordinary shell to bury a man of my size in. I shall try if possible to ascertain its limits before I die—Suppose I endeavour to stand upright." The thought no sooner came across my mind than I carried it into execution. I got up, raising myself by slow degrees, in case of knocking my head against the lid. Nothing, however, impeded my extension, and I stood straight. I even raised my hands on high, to feel if it were possible to reach the top—no such thing; the coffin was apparently without bounds. Altogether, I felt more comfortable than a buried man could expect to be. One thing struck me, and it was this—I had no grave-clothes upon me. "But," thought I, "this is easily accounted for: my cousin comes to my property, and the scoundrel has adopted the most economical means of getting rid of me." I had not as yet opened my eyes, being daunted at the idea of encountering the dreary darkness of the grave. But my courage being somewhat augmented by the foregoing events, I endeavoured to open them. This was impossible; and, on examination, I found that they were bandaged, my head being encircled with a fillet. On endeavouring to loosen it, I lost my balance, and tumbled down with a hideous noise. I did not mere-

ly fall upon the bottom of the coffin, as might be expected; on the contrary, I seemed to roll off it, and fell lower, as it were, into some vault underneath. In endeavouring to arrest this strange descent, I caught hold of the coffin, and pulled it on the top of me. Nor was this all; for before I could account for such a train of extraordinary accidents below ground, and while yet stupified and bewildered, I heard a door open, and, in an instant after, human voices, "What, in Heaven's name, can be the meaning of this?" ejaculated I involuntarily. "Is it a dream? am I asleep, or am I awake? Am I dead or alive?" While meditating thus, and struggling to extricate myself from the coffin, I heard some one say distinctly, "Good God, he is come alive!" My brain was distracted by a whirlwind of vain conjectures; but before it could arrange one idea, I felt myself seized upon by both arms, and raised up with irresistible force. At the same instant, the fillet was drawn from my eyes. I opened them with amazement—instead of the gloom of death, the glorious light of heaven burst upon them! I was confounded; and, to add to my surprise, I saw supporting me two men, with whose faces I was familiar. I gazed at the one, then at the other, with looks of fixed astonishment. "What is this?" said I; "where am I?"

"You must remain quiet," said the eldest, with a smile. "We must have you put to bed, and afterwards dressed."

"What is this?" continued I; "am I not dead—was I not buried?"

"Hush, my dear friend—let me throw this great-coat over you."

"But I must speak," said I, my senses still wandering—"Where am I?—who are you?"

"Do you not know me?"

"Yes," replied I, gazing at him intently—"My friend Doctor Wunderdudt. Good God, how do you happen to be here? Did I not come alive in the grave?"

"You may thank us that you did not,"—said he—Look around, and say if you know where you are."

I looked, as he directed, and found myself in a large room fitted up with benches, and having half-a-dozen skeletons dangling foom the roof. While doing this, he and his friend smiled at each other, and seemed anxiously awaiting my reply, and enjoying my wonder. At last I satisfied myself that I was in the anatomical theatre of the University.

"But," said I, "there is something in all this I cannot comprehend. What—where is the coffin?"

"What coffin, my dear fellow?" said Wunderdudt.

"The coffin that I was in."

"The coffin," said he, smiling, "I suppose it remains where it was put the day before yesterday."

I rubbed my eyes with vexation, not knowing what to make of these perplexing circumstances. "I mean," said I, "the coffin—that is the coffin I drew over upon me when I fell."

"I do not know of any coffin," answered he, laugh-

ing heartily; "but I know very well that you have pulled upon yourself my good mahogany table; there it lies." And, on looking, I observed the large table which stood in the middle of the hall, overturned upon the floor. Doctor Wunderdudt (he was professor of anatomy to the college) now made me retire, and had me put in bed till clothing could be procured. But I would not allow him to depart till he had unravelled the strange web of perplexity in which I still found myself involved. Nothing would satisfy me but a philosophical solution of the problem, "Why was I not buried alive as I had reason to expect?" The doctor expounded this intricate point in the following manner:—

"The day before yesterday," said he, "I informed the resurrectionists in the service of the university, that I was in want of a subject, desiring them at the same time to set to work with all speed. That very night they returned, assuring me that they had fished up one which would answer to a hair, being both young and vigorous. In order to inform myself of the quality of what they brought me, I examined the body, when, to my indignation and grief, I found that they had disinterred my excellent friend, Mr Frederick Stadt, who had been buried the same day."

"What!" said I, starting up from the bed, "did they disinter me?—the scoundrels."

"You may well call them scoundrels," said the professor, "for preventing a gentleman from enjoying the pleasure of being buried alive. The deed was

certainly most felonious; and, if you are at all anxious, I shall have them reported to the Syndic, and tried for their impertinent interference. But to proceed. No sooner did I observe that they had fallen upon you than I said, 'My good men, this will never do. You have brought me here my worthy friend, Mr Stadt. I cannot feel in my heart to anatomize him, so just carry him quietly back to his old quarters, and I shall pay you his price, and something over and above."

"What!" said I, again interrupting the doctor, "is it possible you could be so inhuman as to make the scoundrels bury me again?"

"Now, Stadt," rejoined he, with a smile, "you are a strange fellow. You were angry at the *men* for raising you, and now you are angry at *me* for endeavouring to repair their error by reinterring you."

"But you forget that I was to come alive?"

"How the deuce was I to know that, my dear boy?"

"Very true. Go on, doctor, and excuse me for interrupting you so often."

"Well," continued he, "the men carried you last night to deposit you in your long home, when, as fate would have it, they were prevented by a ridiculous fellow of a tailor, who, for a trifling wager, had engaged to sit up alone, during the whole night, in the church-yard, exactly at the spot where your grave lay. So they brought you back to the College, resolving to inter you to-night, if the tailor, or the devil

himself, should stand in their way. Your timely resuscitation will save them this trouble. At the same time if you are still offended at them, they will be very happy to take you back, and you may yet enjoy the felicity of being buried alive."

Such was a simple statement of the fact, delivered in the Professor's good-humoured and satirical style: and from it the reader may guess what a narrow escape I had from the most dreadful of deaths, and how much I am indebted, in the first instance, to the stupid blundering of the resurrectionists, and, in the second, to the tailor. I returned to my own house as soon as possible, to the no small mortification of my cousin, who was proceeding to invest himself with all that belonged to me. I made him refund without ceremony, and altered my will, which had been made in his favour; not forgetting in so doing his refusal to let my body remain two days longer unburied. A day or two afterwards I saw a funeral pass by, which, on inquiry, I learned to be Wolstang's. He died suddenly, as I was informed, and some persons remarked it as a curious event that his death happened at precisely the same moment as my return to life. This was merely mentioned as a passing observation, but no inference was deduced from it. The old domestic in Wolstang's house gave a wonderful account of his death, mentioning the hour at which he said he was to die, and how it was verified by the event. She said nothing, however, about the hundred gilders. Many considered her story as a piece of mere trumpery. She had nevertheless a number of believers.

With respect to myself, I excited a great talk, receiving invitations to dine with almost all the respectable families in Gottingen. I had the honour of being waited on by Dr Dedimus Dunderhead, who, after shaking me by the hand in the kindest manner, made me give a long account of my feelings at the instant of coming alive. Of course, I concealed everything connected with the Metempsychosis, and kept out many circumstances, which at the time I did not wish to be known. He was nevertheless highly delighted, and gave it as his opinion (which, being oracular, was instantly acted upon), that a description of the whole should be inserted in the Annals of the University. I had the farther honour of being invited to dinner at his house—an honour which I duly appreciated, knowing that it is almost never conferred except on the syndics, burgomasters, and deacons of the town, and a few of the professors.

These events which are here related at full, I can only attest by my own word, except indeed the affair of the coming alive, which everybody in Gottingen knows of. If any doubt the more unlikely parts of the detail, I cannot help it. I have not written this with the view of empty fame, and still less of profit. Philosophy has taught me to despise the former, and my income renders the latter an object of no importance. I merely do it to put my fellow-citizens on their guard against the machinations of the old fellow with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. Above all, they should

carefully abstain from signing any paper he may present to them, however plausible his offers may be. By mere thoughtlessness in this respect, I brought myself into a multitude of dangers and difficulties, from which every one in the same predicament may not escape so easily as I have done. I shall conclude with acknowledging that a strong change has been wrought in my opinions; and that from ridiculing the doctrines of the sage of Samos, I am now one of their firmest supporters. In a word, I am what I have designated myself.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

"You were talking of the Man with the Nose," said the fat landlord of the Golden Lion to one of his customers, a tight, dapper, little fellow, in short buck-skin breeches, and a green frock-coat, who sat toasting his legs at the fire, and smoking a cigar.

"Ay, very true," rejoined the latter. "Well, as I was saying, the Man with the Nose made his appearance at York in the year 1823."

"It was in 1822," interrupted a mild voice from behind the door, which opened at this instant, and gave entrance to a tall, meagre figure, dressed in a complete suit of black, a cocked hat, and silver knee and shoe buckles.

This sentence, and still more the appearance of the person who uttered it, produced a sudden pause in the words of the other speaker. He drew the cigar from his mouth, and gazed upon the stranger with mute astonishment. Such an extraordinary cessation of talk, in a man who was famous for talking, naturally excited the attention of the rest of the company, which, besides the landlord, consisted of three indi-

viduals, to wit, the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk. They looked first at the little fellow with the frock-coat, then at the long man in black,—who had by this time seated himself near the fire, and drawn a pipe from his pocket,—and then at each other, as if for the purpose of inquiring, "What the devil is the meaning of all this?"

At last the host, summoning courage, ventured to put the following question,—"Pray, friend, who are you?"

"I am the Man with the Nose," replied the new comer, taking the pipe from his mouth and emitting a preliminary whiff of tobacco smoke.

"The Man with the Nose!" muttered the landlord with a stare, in which the others joined simultaneously,—"and pray what do you want here?"

"A can of good ale, and a bed for the night," answered the stranger, withdrawing the pipe as before, and resuming it the instant he got out with his sentence. This response, though it contained nothing at all remarkable, added considerably to the surprise of the aforesaid personages, who stood looking at him with a curiosity, which would have been at once unjustifiable and impertinent, but for the extraordinary nose which adorned his face. Such a snout had never before been presented to the eyes of these worthy characters, nor perhaps of anybody else. It was neither an aquiline noise, nor a Roman nose, nor a snub nose, —nor, in truth, could it be reduced to any classification whatever. It was chiefly characterized by its

extreme length and redness, and was comparable to nothing but to the lugubrious noses which are sold for masquerades by the perfumers.

"The Man with the Nose!" ejaculated the landlord with amazement.

"The Man with the Nose!" repeated the barber and fiddler, with equal surprise.

"Ay, the Man with the Nose," said the stranger. "Is there anything remarkable in seeing a man with a nose upon his face?"

"But such a nose!" exclaimed the town-clerk, half breathless with wonder.

"Yes, my nose is certainly somewhat singular in its dimensions, I confess," replied the proprietor of this remarkable feature; "but yet, my friend, you must know,—you must know,—you must know, that it—that it is—that it is still——"

"That it is still what?" said the clerk, his curiosity excited to the highest pitch.

"*That it is still a nose*," concluded the other, putting the pipe once more into his mouth, and smoking with the most imperturbable gravity.

This answer threw the landlord and his three friends farther aback than ever. They had not another word to say, but kept up an interchange of mutual and wondering glances, and muttered between their teeth certain sentences, which were inaudible except to themselves respectively. For a time none ventured to hazard an observation. Each leaned back upon his chair, and continued gazing upon the stranger, who

seemed totally regardless of their scrutiny. The longer he smoked, the more intense their curiosity became; and this feeling reached its climax, when the little fellow with the frock-coat rose from his seat in manifest perturbation, threw down a shilling as his share of the reckoning, and, putting on his hat, walked hastily out of the room.

This movement was not unnoticed by the rest. It struck them first with surprize; but in a short time a vague fear crept over their spirits, for which, had they been asked, they would have found it impossible to give any reason. The person before them had certainly a long nose, but what of that? Many persons had long noses, although this was, beyond doubt, the most extraordinary that ever came under their observation. In this manner did each philosophize upon the subject, but unfortunately all philosophy was at fault; and they sat at the table, their tankards of prime ale untasted, and gazed with an astonishment not unaccompanied with awe on the tall man, who remained by the fireside smoking his pipe, and occasionally tasting the malt liquor, which, in compliance with his wish, the servant-girl of the inn had taken care to place before him. Not a word was spoken. The landlord at times would stroke his sleek paunch, and look wistfully around; the fiddler would utter a long and half-suppressed yawn; the barber stared like a fixture; and the town-clerk breathed as hard as if his lungs had been performing the part of a blacksmith's bellows. A spell seemed to have exercised

its influence over the four ; they could neither speak nor move, but sat as if bound to their seats by some irresistible agency.

Meanwhile, puff—puff—puff, went the lips of the stranger, and each was followed by a cloud of smoke, which, after enveloping his visage, either diffused itself in the apartment, or ascended the chimney in curling wreaths. The landlord and his acquaintances looked on with amazement; the tongue of each was chained; they made no attempt to speak, but sat staring at the smoker as if fascinated by the gaze of a basilisk. At length the town-clerk, who was seated nearest the door, arose after a violent effort, laid hold of his hat, and departed with as much apparent alarm as the little fellow in the frock-coat who preceded him. He had scarcely been gone three minutes, when the fiddler followed his example ; leaving the landlord and the barber to their own cogitations. On witnessing these departures, the surprise and fear of both the latter increased. The former, in the height of alarm, drew his chair instinctively closer to that which contained the man of wigs. He did not, however, long enjoy the society of this remaining associate; for, after sundry chatterings of the teeth, sundry tremors of the frame, and sundry most ominous stares, the barber got up from his seat, and with limbs trembling under their load, tottered to the door, and made his sortie, leaving the host to encounter as he best could the Man with the Nose.

Never was human nature placed in such a predi-

cament; never was dismay painted on any countenance so forcibly as on the landlord's on being left alone in such society. While his friends continued beside him his situation was somewhat endurable; but as they dropped off one by one, a feeling of vague alarm crept over him; and now that they were all gone, he felt overpowered with the sensations of genuine terror. He sat on his high-backed, stuffed arm-chair, directly opposite to his guest, who smoked as if utterly unconscious of his presence. The fire sparkled brightly, throwing a ruddy glare over the brilliant surfaces of the jugs and pans, which were studiously arranged, with English neatness, along the wall; and the huge flitches of bacon that dangled from the roof, reflected the dazzling glow from their greasy sides. He could not move from his seat; he could not speak; he could not think. He could, in fact, do nothing but hear and see; and such sounds and such sights were presented to his eyes and ears as never mortal innkeeper encountered. Before him sat the gaunt, motionless figure of the Man with the Nose; and the incessant puff—puff—puff, followed by corresponding clouds of fragrance, pealed upon the drum of his ear, as if so many globules of quicksilver had been dropped into it.

What could he do? We have said that he was unable to stir; or perhaps, like his friend, he might have decamped, and left the house to shift for itself. He, however, had one resource: he could close his eyes, and shut out the object which gave him such

annoyance. He did so, but the effort was so intense that he found it impossible to persevere. The eternal puff—puff—puff, against which it was impracticable to be deaf, reminded him that his tormentor was at hand; and imagination, acting upon memory, represented the latter as thrusting his long nose into his face, and grinning and smoking at him with devilish malice. He could not carry on; in spite of himself he was compelled to open his eyes,—and once more was the stranger revealed to him, smoking as at first.

A shudder now came over his heart, but his limbs were so rigidly immovable that they did not partake of it. He was fettered to his seat by a talisman, and sat victim-like upon it, as if to undergo persecution from some dreadful demon. It would be vain to relate the efforts he made to rise; not a limb would move,—the powers of volition seemed totally suspended. He was cramped, paralyzed, spell-bound, or whatever we choose to call it. In vain did he endeavour to cry out for the ostler or maid; his voice was a rebel to his will, and refused to obey. In heart he beshrewed them both for not coming to his assistance. He was wide awake, yet he laboured under a nightmare; and felt as if the entrance of any one would break asunder the cursed spell which bound him. Not one appeared. Fate had conspired against him; ostler and maid had deserted him in his utmost need; barber, and fiddler, and town-clerk, had played him foul, and left him basely in the lurch. Not even a

strolling packman, or talkative newsmonger, would step charitably in for a pot of ale, or half an hour's conversation. What would he have given to any drunken ditcher or swaggering dragoon who had at this moment made his appearance!—But, alas! none such was at hand. Not a soul showed his face at the Golden Lion.

This horrible state continued for some time, when it was partially interrupted by the striking of his cuckoo clock. It struck eleven, and as many times the cuckoo made its responses. These sounds, while they lasted, imparted a passing glow of satisfaction, but no sooner were they gone—no sooner had the last stroke of the clock's hammer sounded through the apartment, than he was left in a more dismal tone of mind than ever. The puff—puff—puff, of the Man with the Nose, which had been drowned by the striking of the time-piece and its mimic cuckoos, now seemed to peal with threefold loudness. The whiffs sounded like a blast of wind through the fanners of a mill. He not only heard them with vicious distinctness, but thought that he felt them blowing upon his face. Add to this, the echo of the striking hour and of the cuckoo, which still hovered dream-like over his imagination—the ticking of the clock, as its unwearied pendulum went from side to side, with the crackling of the coal as it blazed merrily in the huge grate, and we have him saluted with a concert of strange sounds, such as never before haunted the fancy of an innkeeper.

Things after this, instead of mending, became mo-

mentarily worse. The perspiration rolled in large drops down his forehead. His face was flushed; his hands were clasped convulsively together, while his breath went and came in broken and suffocating paroxysms. To move, to speak, to utter even the merest groan of agony, was impossible; his distress was extreme. He was denied even the wretched comfort of pouring it forth in complaint, while the author of his misery was seated opposite to him smoking with the most stoical and unfeeling indifference. That cursed puff—puff—puff, proceeded incessantly from his lips, and he was so much taken up with it that his mind seemed utterly abstracted from everything else.

Meanwhile the night continued to wear on apace. The fire in the grate began to get low, at least to emit less glare than formerly—and the unsnuffed candle exhibited in the midst of its sickly and yellow blaze a couple of inches of black wick—while the tallow rolled down its sides in liquid streams. The time-piece again struck, and the cuckoo gave its responses. It was twelve o'clock.

A gleam of joy now shot over the mind of the landlord. "It is midnight," thought he, "and he cannot sit longer. He will certainly get up and relieve me from this state of agony." His joy was increased when he saw the Man with the Nose knock out the ashes from his pipe. Alas! it was only to replenish it with a supply of fresh tobacco. His horror at this discovery was augmented tenfold. He saw that the case was hopeless, and that he was yet doom-

ed to endure, for an unknown period, a continuance of his misery. The stranger lighted his pipe, and commenced smoking anew.

With this supply the whiffs became more loud and frequent, as if the smoker had received a fresh accession of enjoyment. The clouds of incense rolled in richer and more voluminous masses around him—and contributed by their density to assist in darkening the kitchen, which now from the decay of the fire and fading light of the neglected candle, had become sufficiently obscure. The landlord saw all this in horrid silence. He marked the tobacco clouds encircling the stranger around. He marked his head involved in their obscurity, but, though all else was invisible, that nose—that mysterious nose, was for ever to be seen. It peered from the misty wreaths like a fiend, and projected forward when the face was no longer to be observed. It was this that tormented the looker-on. It was this that stood perpetually before his eyes, and would not be denied. The longer he looked at it the greater it grew, and the more his desire to look increased. Every moment it stretched out, and was at last a foot in length. How much longer it might have grown it is impossible to ascertain; for its possessor withdrew the pipe, and applied himself to the tankard of ale, during which interval the smoke rolled away, and exhibited the strange feature in its natural dimensions. This was a relief, but only a transient one. Again was the pipe in his mouth —again did the clouds of smoke rise around him—

again did his nose protrude through their dusky barrier, and lengthen as before. This process was repeated several times, and invariably with the same result.

The landlord was now bewildered with terror. Every moment the kitchen was shrouded in blacker gloom. At last, the glittering of the jugs and pans was gone; and the flitches of bacon, lately so shining and prominent, hung like black shapeless masses from the roof. The clock was opposite to him, but he could not discern the letters upon its dial-plate. Its continued ticking sounded distinctly, but not half so loud as the horrible and unnatural puffs from the Man with the Nose.

The obscurity at length became so great that the stranger could hardly be observed, even when unenveloped in the fumes of his tobacco—but his nose was never hid. It projected long, raw, and red, like a firebrand in the midst of darkness. Flesh and blood could withstand this no longer. All at once, in the landlord's imagination, the room grew gloomier—the ticking of the clock more loud—the puff—puff—puff, more fearfully distinct, while the tremendous nose stretched itself out—a yard in length. This, indeed, was almost the only object to be observed—the immense bacon flitches, and the outlines of the clock, chairs, and table, being scarcely visible. At the same time horrid forms were seen floating in the tobacco smoke—imps of darkness—snakes—crocodiles—toads—lizards, and all sorts of impure things. They leap-

ed, and crawled, and flew with detestable hisses around —while the stranger grinned, and shook his head, and jabbered in an unearthly voice—his long nose, in the meantime, waving to and fro like a banner, while black demons, with tails and green eyes, sat astride upon it, screeching hideously. The spectacle was more than the landlord could endure, and he fell into a faint.

It was truly a faint, but it did not terminate his miseries. The same puffing fell upon his ears, but much more obscurely than before. He still heard the clock ticking; then it seemed to strike, and was answered by its attendant cuckoo. This had all the remote indistinctness of a dream, and, as such, was shadowed forth with dim obscurity. Nor did the sights he had just witnessed entirely leave him. He still saw the dreadful nose, and the demons and reptiles floating and crawling in the smoke; but it was now more as a remembered vision than as one actually before him. At last all these things faded gradually away. The ticking was heard no longer, the puffs became more faint, and at length inaudible; while the nose itself of the fearful man melted into "airy nothing," among the circumambient clouds of tobacco.

On awaking he looked in vain for the distracting objects which lately preyed upon him. It was broad day, which peered in at the windows, and lighted up the kitchen with the pale, clear lustre of an April morning. The fire was extinguished, with the exception of a few embers which still retained a faint glow of red. The candle was removed from the table, on

which stood nothing but a few tankards, the whole (save one) full of ale. These he recognized as having been set down the night before to his guests,—the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk—and remained, as they left them, untasted. He himself was seated on his high-backed stuffed arm-chair, the fellow of which at the opposite side stood empty. The Man with the Nose, to his unspeakable satisfaction, was gone, but the pipe he used lay beside his tankard, which was drained to the bottom. On looking at the clock, he found that it wanted only a few minutes of seven. Having made these observations, and stretched himself, after a previous yawn, he went to the outer door of the house. He could hardly believe that time had passed so rapidly, and still less that he had slept during the preceding night in the kitchen. He inquired anxiously about the Man with the Nose, and was informed that he had ridden off a quarter of an hour before, having handsomely discharged his bill, and slipped a half-crown into the hand of the pretty chambermaid, and another into that of the ostler who had the charge of his horse.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMINICIDE.

"No Fiction."

Extract from the last Will and Testament of the late WILLIAM M**R, Esq. *of* ——, *in the County of Stirling, Scotland.*

* * * * * * Further. It is my express wish that the MS. in the lower drawer of my escritoir, entitled, "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMINICIDE," be published to the world, within three months after my body is laid in the earth, to the effect that others may be deterred from the commission of a similar sin, by the thought, that if they escape the punishment of the law, they are sure to meet with that of a racked and harrowed conscience. It is further my wish, that the said publication do take place in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Stirling; and for seeing the same carried into effect, I hereby bequeath to my second cousin, ALEXANDER L**, the sum of—— pounds, sterling money. And may the blessing of God rest on all who read my book, even as it latterly descended upon my benighted soul. * * * * * *

TWENTY years—and the vision still haunts me!—Yes, it is twenty years since I perpetrated that crime which has poisoned my existence, and thrown over it a cloud of unutterable sorrow. All other crimes may sleep, but iniquity like mine never can. The worm that dies not preys upon my heart: I am the victim of remorse.

There are those who say that man is the child of circumstances, and that the evil or the good qualities he possesses are attributable to external events, and are not implanted into him by nature at his birth. There are those who impute all these things to education, and make the human mind an impassive machine, fit only for receiving impressions and having no positive agency of its own. If there was ever a being whose progress through life gave contradiction to such ideas, it is the writer of these "Confessions." I was brought up by the hands of virtue, and its heavenly precepts were early instilled into my mind—and what has been the result of such cultivation?—Despair and sorrow to my parents—shame and misery to myself. Yes; vice sprang from a stock which ought to have yielded virtue: and I who was educated so as to become an honour to human nature and my family, now stand forlorn upon the earth—a monument of desolation and of crime!

I am ashamed to confess it, but my heart was ever peculiarly wicked. I remember that, even while a boy, I possessed none of the amiable qualities which are apt to shine forth at this early age. I was vindictive, and

jealous, and sordid; and, above all, gloomy. Alas! that this had been the effect of a sedate and feeling heart, but it was the result of a dark malignity, which hung like a cloud of hell over my imagination.

My stature and appearance were good, better indeed than those of the generality of men. I was well formed, strongly knit, and altogether a person who might be denominated handsome. But then my face! Had a countenance been sought for in which all the evil passions were pourtrayed, one would have been found in mine. And yet it was not positively an ill formed face. On the contrary, it had not a bad feature; at least not above one, and that was the brow, which was too narrow and too low to indicate any thing intellectual or noble. It was the sullen expression with which these features were inspired, that rendered them so repulsive. My eyes were black, and deeply sunk in the forehead, and they were shaded over by bushy eyebrows of the same colour. My complexion was always naturally dark, and on my cheeks there existed, as now, a patch of sullen and baleful red. As to my mouth it was well formed, but constantly turned down at the corners in the expression of malice, while the forehead was corrugated into a frown, which soon became as habitual as if imprinted there by the hand of nature. Such was my appearance in my younger days, and I am thus particular in mentioning it, as sorrow and years have effected no small change.

I lost my mother before my sixteenth, and my father before my twentieth year; and was left in posses-

sion of considerable property in the county of Stirling. I had ever been a harsh and undutiful son, and from my childhood gave them inconceivable distress. I was disobedient, careless, insolent, and tyrannical. The domestics hated me, and I believe I was the cause of almost the whole of them leaving the family. None, except an old housekeeper, who had served us from the time of my grandfather, ever remained with us above twelve months. My mother was a woman of a high order of intellect. Her feelings were delicate, and her sentiments of the most virtuous and upright kind. She might, in fact, have been almost considered an authority in matters of taste. She was not made for this world, either in frame or mind. She was beautifully but most delicately formed; and all who looked at her and then on me, could not help thinking what bitter fruit had sprung from so goodly a stem. I wish to extenuate nothing, but to unveil the whole of my guilt with an unsparing hand, that others may avoid the rock on which I split—and I must make the dreadful avowal that *I broke her heart.* —I broke the heart of this best of parents, and she died, blessing me with her latest breath. But I cared nothing about it. I never had a soul for affection, and I saw her borne to the grave with an indifference which shocked all, but astonished none, for my depraved and heartless character was universally known.

My father—but why need I speak of him? When I recall from other years his noble and manly virtues, I shrink at the sense of my own worthlessness. He

did not long survive his wife. He loved her with deep affection. Indeed, who, with the heart of man, but would have loved such a woman; and when she was taken away, he found that he had parted with that which tied him most powerfully to the earth. I was going to say that he died broken-spirited for her departure—but no, the soul of man is not so easily bowed down. It sustains such losses with triumphant force, while the sensitive heart of woman sinks beneath them. Man's spirit is not less feeling than that of the other sex, but it is more vigorous and abler to rise above calamity. That of woman is like the dew of heaven upon the flower, and is melted away by the breath of misfortune. My father did not pine, and weep, and sigh, like a love-sick girl. He triumphed apparently over his loss, and entered into life anew, but his heart, though not crushed, was blighted—and a sad melancholy hung over him which he never got rid of, till death released him from the world and all its cares.

This, it may be supposed, melted my heart to something like sorrow, but it was likewise unavailing, and I beheld my father expire with the same indifference. I rather felt glad on the occasion, for it put into my possession that which was the deity of my worship —wealth. Nor was it for the purpose of enjoying these riches that I rejoiced in their acquisition, but for accumulating them to satisfy my inordinate and uncontrollable avarice.

My house stood in the midst of a plantation of elm

and pine. Its situation was considered romantic by those who had an eye for the beauties of nature, but such I never had. It was a large isolated building, white and airy in its appearance, and decorated in front with a portico of four Ionic pillars. Before the door was a plot of green ground, bordered with flowers, and in the centre of this a fountain of clear water. Behind the mansion-house there was a spacious garden, and about fifty yards to the right flowed the little river of ———, murmuring among rocks, and shaded over by bowers of the birch and chestnut tree.

Few places were so retired and beautiful, and here, if my miserable tone of mind had permitted, I must have been happy. I had no companion but an only sister, and heaven assuredly never formed two beings so completely different as we. Poor Eliza! she was every thing that is amiable in woman. Fair, beautifully proportioned, and graceful in her movements, beyond even the most gifted of her sex—her light and airy form—her blue, deep-blue eye—her lip ever crossed with smiles, and her complexion clear as heaven itself. Of all these things I could speak, but it avails not. They are gone, and nothing save their remembrance remains behind. Memory may do much to hallow even the divinest beauty, and Imagination may touch with more delicate hues what the former brings up from the depths of time, but their fairy power were useless here. My sister had a form and a mind which fancy never excelled, even in her brightest dreams.

Strange to say, she loved me. I say strange, for what heart but that of an angel could bear affection towards a being so malignant—so horribly wicked as I! I can now recall how harshly I returned all her little acts of kindness. She would try, by every art, to bring from me some deed of tenderness. She would smile, and come out with some mirthful story. She would sit down beside me, and throw her delicate arms around my neck in a mood of gaiety and love. She would flatter me, and watch over my concerns, and anticipate my wishes, but all in vain. My ungrateful heart refused to acknowledge her attentions: her fondness became painful to me, and I repulsed her. Nor when I was stretched on a bed of sickness did her tenderness abate. When the burning fever rioted in my veins, and but a step lay between me and eternity, she attended me with more than a mother's care. Night after night she sat watching over my couch. I have seen her, when she little thought I so remarked, weeping in my dimly illumined chamber, and raising her fair hands to heaven in supplication for my recovery. And when I did recover, who can paint the joy that lighted up her beautiful countenance! All saw it with delight save one, and that was her wretched and ungrateful brother.

She had a friend named Mary Elliston, also a beautiful girl. Their friendship had commenced in childhood, and their souls were knit closer together by succeeding years. Mary lived with us, for she was an orphan; and being originally of a respectable but

unfortunate family, my father gladly adopted her as a companion to his daughter. She was tall and exquisitely made, and all her movements were full of female dignity. Her form wanted the richness and voluptuous swell of Eliza's, but it was more airy, and, if possible, more graceful. My sister's complexion had the brightness and bloom of northern beauty. Her yellow hair waved like streaks of sunshine over her temples, and her blue eyes, deep and lucid as the sapphire, were full of animation and mirth of soul. Mary had more of the Italian cast in her countenance, which was of a darker and warmer hue. Her hair was black and shining, and her eyes, of the same complexion, were full of melancholy. Never were two lovelier beings associated together under the same roof. Eliza was all affection, and smiles, and innocence, and she showed them on every occasion. If she loved, she expressed in bright and undisguised language the emotions of her soul. Mary was not more lovely, for that was impossible, but she was evidently a being of profounder and intenser feelings. Her spirit was more full of pathos. Her fervour was not so easily excited, but, when once aroused, it flowed in deeper channels, and its influence upon all the passions was more striking and irresistible.

I know not how it was, but this pure-minded and intellectual girl conceived for me a strong affection. God knows, there was little in my society to attract the love of any one, and, above all, of such as she. I never did her an act of kindness. I scarcely ever spoke

to her with common civility ; yet, strange to say, I unknowingly gained her heart, and she loved me at last as if I had been the most deserving object upon earth. How my grovelling soul came to be invested with such power, remains a problem which I have never been able to solve. In all other respects, the mind of Mary was pure and heavenly. That spirit so full of poetry and romance—that mild enthusiastic spirit, conversant only with lofty thoughts, and whose existence had passed in a world of fancy and feeling —how did it descend from its high estate to seek companionship with a base earth-born heart like mine? In this only she erred—in this only she showed that tinge of humanity which clings to all below. Perhaps she might have been influenced by her affection for my sister. Be that as it may, I saw her feelings, and, with the true villany of my nature, resolved to take advantage of them. It would be sickening to relate all the schemes I put in practice to ruin the virtue of this unfortunate girl. She loved me to distraction, and I but too well succeeded. But how was my poor, hard conquest gained? By a proceeding the iniquity of which no language can characterize. I invoked the Most High to witness that my future intentions were honourable; and swore, in the name of all that is sacred, to make her my own. I never intended to keep my promise. What were oaths to me! What were broken hearts and ruined hopes to one who looked upon virtue and honour as baubles, and whose polluted soul seemed born for the atmosphere of the blackest iniquity!

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for aught I cared, might be trumpeted to the uttermost ends of the earth. But till then—till that decisive—that irrevocable moment, it behoved that all should wear the aspect of integrity—that all should run smooth as the unruffled sea. I covered my hypocrisy with the semblance of virtue, as the ashes of the dead are covered with flowers, and crawled, like the viper, under cover, the better to entrap my prey.

That no evil report might injure my reputation till that time, I had Mary sent off about ten miles to a small country-house on the banks of the Forth. There the sorrows of that unhappy girl only became more pungent—she felt the misery of loneliness. Deprived of my sister's society and mine—and this last, strange to say, she prized above all other—her heart became more desolate and broken. She wrote me a letter: the paper was stained with tears, and every word breathed unutterable affliction. It implored me to take compassion on her wretched state, and fulfil the promises I had so solemnly made: "I know you are addressing another, but if she has the spirit of a woman, never will she listen to you after what you have done to me."

Such were the concluding lines of her letter, and they fired me to revenge. Suspicion lowered upon my heart, and the thought came across me that they were but the prelude of a discovery. "And must my plans be thus thwarted by that wretched girl? Must a fortune be torn away from my grasp? Shall she unveil to my affianced bride what for a time must rest in

for on her knees she conjured me, as I valued the welfare of a wretched creature—as I valued the honour of our house—as I valued my own eternal happiness, to render that tardy justice which uprightness and virtue demanded. The appeal was as eloquent as beauty and affliction could make it; but it was in vain. I heard it with contempt.

About this time, a young lady of considerable fortune came to reside in our part of the country. She was rich, and I considered that now or never had an opportunity occurred of gratifying my passion for money. My situation in life was well known, and I was cordially received as a visitor into her mother's house. I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible, and in a short time had the satisfaction of thinking that I was listened to with not an unfavourable ear. There was only one bar that stood in the way, and this was Mary Elliston. My faith was plighted to her in the most solemn manner; and I well knew that if this reached the ears of my new mistress, my prospects in that quarter were at an end. Besides, Mary was now in that state which rendered her misfortune palpable to all eyes. No one as yet knew the author of her misery, but he could not remain concealed much longer; and his name once mentioned would sink him to infamy and degradation. I cared little for exposure, on the score of honour or virtue, but I dreaded it on that of self-interest. Let me get possession of my object—let her wealth be once fairly secured in my iron hand—and my shame,

was sinking down gloriously, and mellowing nature over with his last departing beams; but I remarked it not. I saw nothing—I heard nothing. A tumult was in my heart; my ears were stunned, and I hurried over the earth with reckless fury. Night came down, and I found myself at Mary's door. I entered but she was not within. She had gone out to walk by the banks of the Forth.

I went to find her. Her lovely and interesting form was seated upon a rock which overlooked the stream. When I came up, she was in tears; but she threw her arms around me, and kissed me with unspeakable fondness. How romantic was the scene! O how unfit for a deed of villany! The moon was up in the vault of heaven. The firmament was silvered over with her chaste beams, and the light of the planets dissolved and lost in a flood of pale and celestial glory. One solitary star twinkled by her side. And how beautifully were the rays reflected by the stream that murmured amid its rocky channel, and gave forth a melancholy music, which was the only sound that disturbed the unbroken calm of nature! Could crime linger here? Could vice pollute such a scene with its accursed presence? Base, cruel, treacherous was the deed. Was there no bolt of heaven to consume my coward heart? While she clung to my bosom, and called me her own—while her deep melting eyes were thrown so expressively on my savage countenance,—yes, the deed was then done—done at a moment when any heart, but that of a demon, would have been dis-

armed. I drew slowly the dagger from my pocket, and—my spirit shudders while I relate it—stabbed her in the back! A shriek, and she fell to the earth. "Oh! do not destroy me! William, William, that was a cruel stroke. Spare me; do not kill my poor unborn babe!" She clung to my knees, but I spurned her away, and she again fell exhausted. There was no time to be lost. I laid violent hands upon her, and pitched her over the rock. I heard her rustling among the branches which opposed a feeble resistance to her fall; and then a dash among the waters, and a feeble cry—and all was silent.

I stood for a moment petrified at the deed I had done; but every instant was hazardous; and, throwing the bloody weapon into the stream, I rushed with headlong violence through the plantation, and gained the public road. From that moment horror seized upon me. The night, which had been hitherto calm and clear, became suddenly overcast with clouds. A vapour passed before the moon, as if to hide from the face of nature such consummate wickedness: the silence of creation was disturbed, and a sullen moan like that of the angel of death, seemed to fill the air. The winds began to swell on every side, while the trees nodded mournfully to the blast that swept through them with low and melancholy murmur. A clap of thunder burst above my head like the sound of the last trumpet, and a flash of lightning followed. As I hurried distractedly along, a thousand phantoms and forms of darkness seemed to dance before my eyes.

I was pursued with unutterable despair, while a voice like that of my murdered victim rung incessantly in my ears, " Spare me—spare my unborn babe!—pity, pity, pity." I stopped them, but in vain: the same sound, the same agonizing voice pursued my footsteps wherever I went.

I reached at last my door: it was closed, and all the inmates had gone to rest. I knocked, and the old house-keeper opened; but, on seeing me, she started back with affright. " Goodness, Mr William, what have you been doing? You are deadly pale, and there is blood on your hands and forehead." I mustered strength to tell her that I had been attacked on the high-way, and knocked down. She brought me water, and I washed myself; but when the signs of my recent guilt were cleansed away, there was no mark of injury. I thought then I could perceive suspicion settle upon her countenance.

I went to bed, but for my eyes there was no rest. The night was horrible—inexpressibly horrible. The torments of hell took possession of me, and I rolled and tossed about in delirious agony. A vision came before me—it was the pale spirit of Mary—the same which has nightly haunted me since that awful hour. She did not come in wrath, or like an angel of vengeance to punish. No—anger never had its abode in that gentle bosom. She still wore the beauty and mild melancholy of her living hours. Her eye was soft, and rolled upon me with a look of compassion and love; and had her face been less pale, and her garments unstained with blood, I should have supposed-

that she inherited life. "REPENT!" was the only word she uttered. It came from her lips with an aerial softness, such as we may suppose to clothe the language of spirits. Though scarcely audible, it thrilled through my soul and overcame it. I uttered a loud cry, and fell into a trance.

How long I remained in this swoon I know not. When I awoke from it, I beheld a lovely female hanging over me in an attitude of pity and affection—it was my sister. She had heard my voice, and risen to give me assistance. Tears streamed from her beautiful eyes; but there was a shudder over her frame. I had, unknown to myself, muttered something of the dreadful truth, and she had heard it.

Next day the body of Mary Elliston was found, and the news spread like a whirlwind over the country. They reached Eliza's ears, confirming the awful ideas she began to entertain. I passed the time in a state of mind which no language can depict. It was not fear of punishment which distressed me so bitterly, but the terrors of an awakened conscience. Two days passed on, but nothing was elicited to throw light on the transaction. On the third day my house was entered by the officers of justice, and I was hurried to the prison of Stirling. It were vain to attempt to relate my state of mind during my confinement in the felon's cell. I had no consolation—no comfort. I saw an ignominious death before me. I saw the gallows with all its dreadful accompaniments, I already heard, in dreams, the sentence of the judge pronounced upon my

guilty head. I felt myself led out to execution amid the execrations of the multitude. In perspective I beheld my form hung in chains, like the pirate's upon the shore, and saw the passers-by point frightfully at my withered bones, saying, "*Behold the murderer!*" And to increase my horrors, the phantom would not stay away. Nightly she came before me as at first, and gazed upon me with her dark and melancholy eyes. It was in vain to try to forget her. That dreadful monitor refreshed my memory with tenfold force, and drew up anew what I would have given the universe to plunge into eternal forgetfulness. "REPENT! REPENT! REPENT!"—the same words swept for ever over my imagination. They were the only sounds that came from her lips, and a thousand echoes gave them back unto my heart.

My trial came on, and the evidence adduced was most convincing. My housekeeper and one of my servants saved my life. They swore an *alibi* in my favour, declaring in the face of irresistible facts, that I was in bed at the time the murder was alleged to have taken place. Never was perjury so grossly criminal. Poor wretches! it was love to my sister which made them guilty of so dreadful a step, and they risked their eternal souls to save one whose crimes deserved a thousand deaths!

I was discharged, but never did criminal come out of court with a blacker character. By the verdict of the jury, and the admonition of the judge, the mark of Cain was virtually set upon my forehead. The

Scottish jury consists of fifteen. Of these, seven voted for a verdict of "Guilty," and eight for a verdict of "Not Proven." I thus escaped the gallows by one solitary vote; and even those who saved me from that last punishment of the law, did not acquit me of the crime. They dismissed me to the world, to be pointed at by mankind with the finger of scorn; and the judge, from the seat of justice, denounced me in no equivocal language as a murderer, and plainly hinted, that, had he sat on the box of jurymen, his verdict would have been widely different from that delivered.

My life has been marked with desolation; and another being was soon doomed to feel the effects of its fatal career—it was my sister. My crime, discharged as I was by the laws of the country, was too evident to admit of doubt in any mind. She knew this, and her heart was convulsed, no less at the thought of my guilt, than at the loss of her friend, and the ruined honour of our family. She faded away like a flower beneath some pestilential vapour. She felt that she was kin and blood to a murderer, and shuddered at the thought. Still she did not hate me nor shun me; but as she herself drew nearer to the grave, she seemed to cling with greater ardour to the last and worthless remnant of our line. She died, and her last words to me were to seek for repentance.

Years have rolled away since that fatal parting; but it is yet fresh in my memory, and will remain uneffaced till life is extinguished within me. I sat by night in the room where her corpse was laid out in its last mournful dress. The smile which crossed her lips

when the angel of heaven bore her better portion away, still lingered there. A halo of immortality seemed to float around her. Never to my eyes did death appear clothed in such beauty. I thought the expression of living nature was lurking within; but alas! the cold lip, the icy cheek, and the soulless eye, proclaimed that the flame of existence was quenched, and that the grave had triumphed. Several flowers, such as she was wont to love, were laid upon her bosom: I plucked them with my own hands and laid them there. It was the only kind action I ever did towards poor Eliza; but my heart was now broken down, and I felt at last some sympathies with humanity. I never knew my sister's value till I had lost her: I never loved her till now. As I looked on her form, beautiful even in death, I remembered what she had been to me, and recalled from other years the image of my mother. "Yes, poor Eliza! I shall do my last sad duty to thee at least with a sincere heart. I shall perform thy mournful wake alone. I shall weep in atonement and repentance for what I have done to thy gentle bosom. None shall hear me, unless, perchance, thy spirit, hovering nigh, may catch the tones of remorse and affliction from thy wretched brother."

Such were my thoughts, and I burst into tears—the first that had watered my eyes since childhood. I felt desolate, companionless, and hated upon earth; and the fountains of sorrow now broke forth at this sad spectacle of the only one who loved me being so bitterly taken away.

It was the fatal hour, and I remarked it not, so ut-

terly was I occupied with my own meditations, but it passed not by undistinguished. It was the hour of ten—to me so full of sorrow and of crime. I heard it strike, and when looking intently on the body of my sister, I saw—no, it was not a phantom of imagination—I saw the pale and bleeding form of Mary. She was still the same as she had hitherto appeared to my eyes; but her visit seemed not to be for me, but for the corpse of her friend. She looked with unspeakable affection over it, and kissed it again and again. I was transfixed with fear and astonishment. I tried to weep; but I could not. I tried to speak; but my tongue was tied. I tried to move; but I remained stupified and bound to my seat, as if by enchantment. Then the form threw her arms around my sister, who got up to receive her embraces. The pale cheeks of the latter became flushed with primeval beauty—her eyes were re-animated and sparkled as bright as ever—her lips burst the silence which had enchained them—she spoke and smiled delighted, while she returned with ardour the embraces of her friend. I could stand it no longer: my heart was overwhelmed with joy, and I started up to clasp Eliza to my bosom. I threw my arms around her, and kissed her; but, horror-struck, I shrunk back. My lips were laid upon her frozen cheeks—I had laid hold of her corpse. She lay stretched out in the shroud. The candle was fading in its socket, and the chamber of death, faintly illumined by its expiring glow, was more ghastly than ever. Where was the phantom? She had fled, and left no token of her presence

behind, save the cry of "REPENT," the echo of which, like a knell of the dead, still rung in my ears!

My sister was interred by the side of her parents in the cemetery of the parish church. I invited all with whom we had previously been on the footing of friends to the funeral, and they all attended. I did not expect this, and flattered myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honour and pay their last respects to her ashes; but not to favour me. When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

I raised, in the burying-ground, a monument to Eliza's memory. It was of marble and of virgin whiteness— an emblem of her own purity. I had it encircled with a railing, and planted within with flowers. It stood in the centre of the church-yard, and was altogether a beautiful and affecting object. On the Sabbath, the congregated multitudes who came to worship the Lord, would assemble around it; and many a tale had they to relate of the lovely being whose ashes slept beneath. My house was not far off; and they would point to it, embosomed among its trees; and tell how I had broken her heart—how I had destroyed her friend—and how, as a memento to her worth, I had caused this sepulchral column to be raised. I have perhaps spoken of these things as events which had once existence; but they exist still. The tomb is yet visible from my parlour window, and

I do nothing but sit there from morning till night, gazing upon it. Sometimes, at midnight, I have ventured out to Eliza's grave, and walked around it, and whispered her name. Sometimes I have even tried to pray; and if my heart is anywhere filled with the Divine Spirit of repentance it is there.

But the spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and in all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have tried every scheme. I have gone to foreign lands, and plunged headlong into society. I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears, and the unvarying word comes from her mouth—"REPENT!" I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy. When I mingle with mirth, and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness, she seems more sad and afflicted, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When, however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trial that attends upon it, her melancholy is tinged with a sort of placid delight—her black eye rolls more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips, comes upon my ear like a strain of not unpleasant music!

But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb. I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept at the recollection of former days, and the deeds I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse,

and raised my hands to heaven, while I entreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church sturck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leapt for joy, for I found that what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of a fellow-creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice. The appearance of Mary is no longer terrible—now that the change has commenced within me. She has been my good angel since the moment of my crime till the present day. She has hovered around me; and, by appearing at short intervals, has terrified me from a commission of iniquity. She has kept my conscience awake, and at last melted its stubborn nature to virtue and repentance. Heaven did not send her to be my punishment, but to be my guide. For years I regarded her as a demon come to torment me; but this was only while I was hardened in sin. Without her warning voice, I had travelled on in my former ways, and perished unforgiven. Even now, I feel I could not do without her. I cannot trust my own strength, and nothing but her nocturnal visits could keep my spirit in the true path to wisdom and happiness.

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

ONE night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thickset man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honour to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *embonpoint;* and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock-coat, and brown small-clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind, and at each side underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door

roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke-maker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged, "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless peradventure your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedgehog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his

short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner; and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favourable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, sir, that I could shave any man but——"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave *you*." And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbour. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the Barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave *me!*" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of

wrath was tremendous. The Barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it, but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave *me!*" He was silent as before.

"Not shave *me!*" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and starting from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire, and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped, and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantel-piece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the Barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Donner und Blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the Barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who the devil may he be?"

"He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the Barber, not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Ay—and a pretty dunderheaded fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me, I shall shave you." And suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the Barber by the nose, and placed him by sheer force upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing with a mixture of rage and amazement at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soapsuds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears bespattered with saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out, were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving-brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the Barber managed with great difficulty to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave

his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good-will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind, but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged everything; that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "*avaunt!*" The Barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat?" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hands in one of the large pockets of his frock-coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numskull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the Barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen-leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the Barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still em-

ployed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily; and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not at once forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate Barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread at last wore off. His hand became steadier, and

he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell like thunder upon his ear.—" Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the Barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and as yet he saw no more chance of his labour terminating than when he began. The same toilsome never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labour; —the eternal " Brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard bye, with which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if in the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition

to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the Barber of Gottingen University.

"Brush away," cried the stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and, before the Barber was aware, forced one-half of it down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labour—again was the brush loaded with

a supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms, forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing-stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer, notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment

the place was becoming darker; and at last the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from its spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long-drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could with difficulty perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random like a blind man—some-

times hitting, and sometimes missing the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces; the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and his "Brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and between each, a long deeply-drawn "Br—u—sh a—way" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also remurmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his

fearful companion. His house opened into the college churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the Barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like

a thunderbolt, and froze the very spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now become more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed with unabated vigour his old system of singing and whistling and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. "A'n't fatigued I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of elixirs," ejaculated the Barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see anything finer, old boy?"

The Barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the colour of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within his en-

trails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the Barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-box, he rushed out at the door, exclaiming in an agony of desperation, "O lord! O lord! I have shaved the devil!"

Away he ran through the churchyard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over hillicks, tombstones, ditches, and everything that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "Brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose: the steps behind gained upon him, and on looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap-suds—the towel tucked under chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out "Brush away," as he pursued the wretched shaver with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the Barber turned his footsteps to the tower of the steeple, the door of which

stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. It was too late ; the other was close at his heels and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly and exclude his pursuer from coming farther. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and " Brush away," of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eyes glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door: the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet ; below them yawned a gulf of as many more. The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by " Brush away ! nothing like shaving !" The Barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

" Ha, ha !" exclaimed his tormentor ; " what dost thou think now, old boy ? Brush away ; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides and laughing at the mortal fear of the Barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thrown them away! Dunder and blixum, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be a mighty pretty thing to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

"So saying, he took hold of the barber by the nose as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulf may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy as well as his pinced nose would admit of —promised to shave his honour to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved, for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and forefinger by which the Barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner—body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down, down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his

feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace, with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated "Brush away," coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illumine him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the Barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne, as on the wings of light and music, to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the barber found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I was two-and-twenty years of age before I made up my mind as to what business I should follow for life. My father wished me to pursue his calling of a lawyer, but I hated law. My mother proposed bringing me up to the church: this I disliked also. It was then suggested, but with no better success, that I should study physic. Law was too sedentary for my disposition. I could not think of it without bringing to mind musty papers, equivocations, and endless chicanery. I had imbibed the common and absurd notion that all lawyers were rogues. I remembered the sharp, meagre, sallow figures who haunted our legal courts at Dublin, and if I saw a man unusually crafty, or expert at overreaching his neighbour, I set him straightway down as a lawyer. It was strange that I should possess such notions, for my father was one of the honestest men in existence, and one of the fattest.

The church. This was something better, but it would not do. Parsons were associated in my mind with fat paunches, and unmeaning indolence. The

life of a parish priest, confined to one spot of the earth, and having no associates but country bumpkins and old maids, was intolerable. I knew several clergymen, and they were fat, pious, heavy-headed fellows. The parson of our parish, moreover, was a blockhead —at least, so I, in my wisdom, thought proper to consider him. This knocked on the head all hopes of turning my attention to the church.

Physic. I loathed the idea. Surgeons, physicians, apothecaries, men-midwives, were my dislike. Pills, potions, and pectorals, might be very well in their way, but to me, the very thought of them was abomination. My father's patience was at an end. "Tom," said he, "you are now a man, and it is high time you should think of doing something for yourself. Suppose you follow my profession?" I begged to be excused.

"Suppose you become a parson?"

"Never. Parsons are fat, stupid, and gormandizing."

"Or a physician?"

"Worse than all." My father could contain himself no longer. His plump face, for he was very choleric, was flushed to a deep crimson. "Tom, I shall give you but two days to consider of it. You have befooled your mother and me long enough. What the devil, sir! do you mean to do nothing for yourself in this life? Before I was a year older than you, I was married, and in the receipt of two hundred a-year. If you are not prepared to give me a decisive

answer by the day after to-morrow, by heavens, I will——" He did not finish the sentence; so much the worse. It was his anger which prevented him, and I knew that something serious was in the wind.

I did not sleep well that night, how could I? Things were come to a bearing. I knew my father's temper too well to think that he would wait any longer. By one means and another I had procrastinated and put off for more than a twelvemonth, and a greater delay it was impossible to expect. Next day I was unusually dull, and so were my father and mother. I saw that I had offended them, but in what manner to recover their good graces, without doing injustice to my own inclinations, I was at a loss to conceive. Lawyer—parson—doctor, floated alternately like motes through my brain. I must be one of the three; so my worthy parents had determined. Never, in the course of my life, did I make so many wry faces; the more I considered the matter, the more intolerable did it seem.

How things might have ended, it is difficult to say, when my mother's eldest brother, Colonel O'Shaughnessy, arrived at our house. He had just reached England, from India, with his regiment, after an absence of ten years. Perhaps the whole army could not furnish such an admirable illustration of the ludicrous, both in person and manner. In stature he rose to six feet two inches, and was, without exception, the thinnest man, to be in good health, I ever saw. His legs were like spindle-shanks, and his long lank

arms dangled from his shoulders, as if stuck there artificially, instead of being natural members. His nose and chin were both inordinately peaked: his mouth large, and his cheeks hollow, and marked with strong lines. In addition to this, he squinted oddly with both eyes. His complexion was of a brownish yellow. The fore and lateral parts of his head were quite bald, but the hair which still clung behind, was gathered into a *queue*, which descended about a foot down his back. This strange caricature of the human form was dressed in a long military coat, with a golden epaulette on each shoulder. On his head he wore a cocked hat, surmounted by a white feather a couple of feet high. His lower limbs were cased in immense Hessian boots, reaching above the knee, and tight buckskin small clothes—while a sword sheathed in a steel case, and hilted with silver and shagreen, dangled at his side. Such was the exterior of Colonel O'Shaughnessy.

I had always been a favourite with this military relative. I was called after him, and, during my boyhood, he showed me many marks of kindness. I remember the very day on which he left us twelve years before—I was then ten—he filled my pockets with pence, because I had beaten a boy bigger than myself. He swore it was what he had done when of that age. To him I communicated the awkward situation in which I was placed, and begged his advice.

"So they propose," said he, "to make a parson of you, boy? No, blood and wounds, that will never do. We have got plenty of them in the army. As for a

doctor, every regiment has a brace of them: there is no need for you to add to the number. A lawyer do they talk of making you?"—here my uncle squinted horribly, and grasped the handle of his sword—"I tell you, Tom, if you become a lawyer, you are no nephew of mine. Thunder and lightning, did I not once loose a hundred pounds by a rascally attorney! I tell you, Tom, there is no such commission in the service as that of a lawyer. No, boy; they are going to spoil your fine genius. You must enter the army. That is the only place for a lad of spirit." I caught, without a moment's delay, at this suggestion, and expressed my willingness to follow his advice. In truth I had always a *penchant* towards a military life, and was glad to adopt any scheme which promised to rid me of the detestable professions for which I was destined by my parents. But would they accede to my wish? I expressed my doubts to my uncle: he squinted at me a look of anger, as much as to say, "So you question my influence with your father and mother?" In a trice he was closeted with the former, and laid the proposal before him—no more anticipating a refusal, than to be disobeyed by his own corporal on parade. He did not know the old lawyer, who point-blank objected to the scheme. I know not how my uncle looked on this occasion; I have no doubt it was very grim. High words, it is certain, ensued between them. The Colonel's notions of military discipline were too strict to enable him to digest any opposition to his wishes. I was in the next room trembling for

the result, and I heard him bestow the appellations of ass—blockhead—ninny, very profusely upon my father, who retorted, by threatening him with an action at law for an assault. Thereafter the door opened, then was dashed fiercely to by some one who passed out. It was my uncle. I heard his sword rattling and his heavy Hessians trampling loudly as he descended the stair. He betook himself straightway to my mother, with whom he had an interview of half an hour. Whether his eloquence prevailed more with her than with her husband, is unknown. Certain it is, that he left the house in high dudgeon. I saw his tall gaunt form, surmounted by his gigantic feather, pass out at the front door. His servant carried his travelling bag, boot jack, and portmanteau behind him —and he sojourned to the nearest inn, there, as he said, to take up his quarters during the remainder of his stay in the city.

In a short time a military gentleman waited upon my father, with a challenge from the Colonel. The worthy lawyer got alarmed,—so did my mother.—so did I. I was even more than alarmed; I was irritated against my uncle, whom, notwithstanding all his well-intended kindness, I could not but deeply censure for such an outrage on my own flesh and blood. No danger, however, ensued. My father could fight any man with a law-paper, but he had a mortal aversion to powder and shot. The consequence was, that he made a humble apology to his brother-in-law—promised to let me have my own way—and begged

of the Colonel to return to his house. The whole business was settled within an hour. My uncle came back to dinner, and shook hands with his relation, congratulating me at the same time upon my approaching change of life. I have reason to believe that a reconciliation would not have ensued so easily but for the circumstance of the Colonel having upwards of eight thousand pounds in the stocks. My father knew this; and, like a true philosopher, thought it a pity that he or his wife should run any risk of losing his future prospects in the same for the sake of a quarrel. He therefore wisely pocketed the affront, and sacrificed his own feelings to a sense of personal interest.

I got a commission in my uncle's regiment. I found that he was both laughed at, and loved and respected by his brother officers. It may be wondered how such opposite feelings could exist with regard to one man; but so it was. They all liked him for his good nature; they laughed at him for his oddities; and esteemed him for his courage and integrity. By the men he was called the Squinting Colonel; but this was done from sheer good-humour, and not, as is too often the case, from malice or spleen. My pay did not permit me to indulge in wine at the mess-dinners; but he placed me alongside of himself, and filled my glass from his own bottle. The only fault which he had, was that of shooting with the long bow. Day after day he regaled us with stories of his exploits in India, and elsewhere. The mess-table was kept in a

roar of laughter with his extravagancies. His face, always a perfect fiddle, was at these times irresistibly comic in its expression. The squint of his eyes increased—his nose and chin approached each other like nut-crackers—and his long mouth was drawn up into a grim smile of delight. He told the same story dozens of times over, and every time it was different. The humour, however, never evaporated; it was always rich and racy; and when he had concluded any of his extraordinary recitals, the whole mess rubbed their hands, and "Excellent!—Devilish good, Colonel!" resounded from one end of the table to the other. My uncle was one of the very few bouncers whom I have ever known to be, at bottom, brave men.

It was an odd sight to see the Colonel on horseback. His horse was something like himself, tall and lean; but this attenuation was not, as his master alleged, the result of bad feeding. He was thoroughly provendered, only he did not take flesh kindly on, according to the fashion of well-fed horses in general. Be this as it may, he was of the Rozinante breed: and his rider, making allowance for difference of accoutrement, would have made no bad representative of the Knight of La Mancha. Wherever he was quartered he became speedily an object of attraction. Mounted on his tall, meagre charger, he rode like a military phantom—a shadow of war—and was everywhere known as the Squinting Colonel. The children would bawl it after him as he rode along; and he would throw down half-

pence, for the purpose of seeing them scramble for the treasure.

Nothing in my uncle's character equalled the dexterity with which he accounted for defects. He squinted, because his eyes were struck by a *coup-de-soleil*. He was thin, because the fat of his body had evaporated from hard exercise under the burning sun of India. He lost his hair in a brain-fever, and got his yellow-brown complexion in consequence of liver-complaint. He had always a reason for everything; —he was, in fact, a philosopher.

About a year after I joined the regiment, we were ordered to the continent. Buonaparte had broke loose from Elba, and was organizing his armies to try once more the fate of war with the congregated powers of Europe. Our voyage affords nothing worth relating. Suffice it to say, we marched to Brussels, and enjoyed for a time the luxuries and amusements of that pleasant city. My uncle had here occasion to fight a duel with a French officer, who thought fit to cast some practical jokes on the obliquity of his vision. The Frenchman insisted on fighting with the small-sword, and the Colonel gratified his desire. The result was singular enough. *Monsieur* lost an eye,—his adversary's foil having penetrated nearly an inch into that valuable organ. My uncle, with his usual philosophy, imputed the whole as a punishment from Heaven upon his presumptuous enemy, for insulting the optics of his neighbour.

This pleasant life could not last for ever. The

storm was gathering around us, and we daily expected to commence "war's bloody game." However, we thought of it as little as possible, and drank the rich wines of Belgium, and sung merry catches, with as much apparent unconcern as if we had been in quarters at home. I believe there was not a mess like ours for humour and brotherly feeling, in the whole army.

I remember the particular time when all this gay scene was changed into bustle and lamentation. My uncle had invited the officers to supper, and placed before them the firstlings of a large supply of capital Volnay and Champagne, which he had purchased from a French *marchand de vin*. Never did I behold him in better spirits. He related, with infinite humour, his exploits in India against serpents, tigers, and Pindarees; and varied the tales, which he had often told before, with such consummate ingenuity, that they no longer seemed the same things. The whole mess was convulsed with laughter. His wine, which they laid in in proper style, they pronounced to be "devilish good;" but his stories were "a d—d deal better." Pity that such delightful moments should be broken in upon—but so it was. In the midst of one of his most interesting adventures he stopped short, as if something caught his ear. He listened, and heard the distant report of firing. In a moment after, the bugles were sounded through the streets, calling to arms. "Gentlemen," said he, "we must move; the enemy is at hand.—I will finish my story at some other time." Alas! we never all met together again.

Many gallant fellows, who that evening laughed at the eccentricities of their worthy Colonel, were in a few hours stretched out cold and lifeless upon the field of honour.

I shall not attempt to describe the appearance which Brussels presented on this memorable night. All was deafening noise and confusion. We were taken unawares;—the French, with their characteristic promptness of movement, had come upon us sooner than we expected, and we cursed their unmannerly intrusion from the bottom of our souls. We did not mind fighting; but to be taken away from our wine was more than could be easily endured—and we swore sundry deadly oaths to be straightway revenged upon them for their impertinence. Let no one blame my uncle for being off his guard: if he was so, so was every one else. The Duke of Wellington was quadrilling it at a ball, and the Colonel was amusing his friends with wine and mirth at his own supper-table.

We were marched to Waterloo. I must candidly confess, that my sensations were far from being of a pleasant kind, and I believe those of my comrades were not much more agreeable. We knew that a doubtful battle had been fought at Quatre Bras, and were assured that the Prussians had sustained a signal defeat at Ligny. This knowledge did not contribute much to raise our spirits; and when we observed the remnants of the gallant Scotch regiments, which were almost annihilated at the former place, and the number of wounded brought in, we became convinced that

we had our work cut out for us, and that the French were not to be so easily beaten as we had expected. However, no one said a word. Each moved on in dubious silence, resolved to do his best; but inwardly cursing the ill luck which brought him there, and wishing himself at Dan or Beersheba.

We were placed, as ill luck would have it, in the very front of the battle. Our regiment was known to be a good one, and the Colonel steel to the backbone; and, in truth, we needed all our qualities, for we were drawn out opposite to a formidable artillery, backed by a strong body of foot and cuirassiers. My uncle rode up to me. "Tom, you dog, mind your colours."—"I wish you and the colours were at the devil," said I to myself—I could not help it, for I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. The battle, a considerable time before this, had commenced in various parts of the line: the rest was joining in it rapidly; and it now became our turn to take part, as the enemy opposite was advancing his iron front to the attack. At last his artillery, succeeded by showers of musketry, opened upon us. We returned these compliments in the same style, and doubtless with good effect. I shall never forget my feelings on the first discharge of the French guns. In every quarter of our line an opening was made, and a number of men seen to drop, some killed outright, and some desperately wounded. The gaps were instantly filled by others, who stepped forward from the rear ranks. It was the first of my battles, and I felt, in spite of

all my efforts, the trepidation and anxiety of a noviciate. The noise, smoke, confusion, and destruction, were horrible. "Keep steady, my brave boys—fire away," was heard on all sides from the officers encouraging their men. The gallant fellows needed no encouragement: they fought like lions. Not a man thought of flinching: the same indomitable British spirit animated them all.

During the whole of this time I stood in the very heart of the fight, the *King's* colours waving over my head. The men were dropping fast around me. I heard the balls whizzing like hail past my ears. In a little longer I was so stupified that I hardly knew what I did or where I was. At last I heard the voice of my uncle calling out, "Well done, Tom—that's a brave boy. Take care of your colours, and stand fast." His words aroused me, and I looked up, and saw him in the act of leading on his men to the charge. At this moment the ensign who bore the *regimental* colours fell dead about ten yards from my side. The standard was raised by a serjeant, who was almost instantly killed. "Fine encouragement," thought I, "for flag bearers; I suppose my turn will be next." I now began to reflect how much better I should have been at home, following after some pacific profession, than standing here to be pinked by any rascally Frenchman who fancied me for a shot. Honour is a very pretty thing to talk of on the peace establishment, but during war it is one of the ugliest things in the world; and so little of a soldier am I, that I would

rather, any day, die like a Christian on my bed, than be killed in battle in any manner, however honourable. But this is a digression.

My uncle, as I said, was leading us on to the charge, but the smoke was so thick that I could perceive nothing but his long, gaunt physiognomy—surmounted with his cocked hat and white feather—rising above it. The lower part of his body, and the whole of Rozinante, were enveloped in darkness. We were guided entirely by his upper region, and followed him *en masse*. I advanced with the rest, because I knew that staying behind would serve no purpose. Don't suppose it was valour that led me on—devil a bit. It was rather the blind impulse of insensibility which rushes to danger, without knowing what it is about. I rushed forward as if the French were at my heels. I was so confused that I verily believed our men to be the enemy, and that I was endeavouring to get out of the way. We had not proceeded far when I perceived my uncle's head, cocked hat and feather, which towered above the smoke, disappear like the snuff of a candle. "The Colonel is gone," cried several voices: they were mistaken. It was only Rozinante that had been shot under him. He was extricated by two grenadiers, and got upon his legs in the twinkling of an eye. He did not wait to be remounted, but led the attack on foot—rushing with such immense strides towards the foe, that his men could scarcely keep pace with him. "All is over now," I thought, "the Colonel is taking to his heels, and why should not I do

the same?" Still did I, in my stupefaction, suppose that the French were behind us, and that it was a duty to get out of the way as soon as possible. I therefore redoubled my speed, but I never let go the colours—being told that the honour of the regiment consisted in their preservation. My uncle long as his strides were, was left behind. No sooner had I passed him than he shouted out, "Well done, Tom! There is a gallant boy! You'll be promoted for this!" The soldiers who were advancing after me with fixed bayonets, set up at the same time a cry of admiration. "Hurrah for Ensign Fogarty," resounded along the whole line. "What the deuce," said I to myself, "do the French speak English? They are mocking my flight, no doubt, but I care nothing about it if I only get clear of their cursed clutches." So away I went, improving my speed at every step, when all at once I was brought to a pull up, by coming in front of a forest of bayonets, bristling from a dense body of infantry before me. I was close upon them ere I noticed my mistake: they were the enemy, and stood prepared to receive the shock of our soldiers who were coming up to meet them. What took place here I know not. I have merely a dim recollection of a dreadful shock between two bodies of men. I seemed to be the centre of a struggle ensued, and was levelled to the earth by a violent blow on the temple. This is all that I saw of the battle of Waterloo.

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There is here a blank of some weeks in my exist-

ence. I awoke as from a long sleep, and found myself stretched upon a bed, in a darkened chamber. A moment before I seemed to be in the midst of slaughter: now I lay in the quietness of a sick-bed. I was certainly ill, for I felt weak beyond measure, and could scarcely turn upon my couch. My head swam, a faint cloud floated before me, and ringings and whisperings fell upon my ears. On looking around more attentively, I perceived a beautiful female form seated beside me. I gazed on her as on a vision from heaven, and attempted to speak. She observed my endeavours, and, rising up, placed one slender finger upon my lips, in token of silence. I repeated my attempt at utterance, when she shook her head, and whispered with a smile of the most affectionate tenderness, "*Ne parlez pas, mon cher. Vous etes encore trop faible.*" For some time I could do nothing but gaze at this lovely apparition. Her countenance was lighted up with the beauty not only of form but of feeling; and appearing, as she did, under such strange circumstances, she seemed to my wandering imagination more a creature of the sky than of this earthly planet.

Days passed, and I was still waited on by this ministering angel. She sat by the bedside, bathing my heated temples and administering nourishment. Nor was she the only one who performed such offices of kindness. A lady older than herself, and seemingly her mother, would frequently enter the room and lend her helping hand. I had also the consciousness

of being waited on by a physician, who came to visit me often during the day. At times, also, I perceived through the thin curtains at the foot of the bed, the shadow of a tall military officer with a cocked hat, and a lofty feather which towered almost to the roof of the chamber. My senses rallied. I began to think correctly, and was at last by my gentle nurse permitted to speak. I found that both she and her mother were French, and understood no other language. Fortunately I was well versed in that tongue, by which means our intercourse was easy and agreeable. In the course of ten days I was permitted by the physician to sit up; and it was then I was told by my kind attendants, in answer to my anxious inquiries, that I had been wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and lodged in their house by a strange English officer, who also resided there, but of whom they knew nothing.

I now began to reflect whether my uncle was in the land of the living, and came to the melancholy conclusion, that he must be killed, or he would have made some inquiry after me, and doubtless found me out. Scarcely had these painful ideas crossed my mind, when, the door of the chamber happening to be opened, I heard shouts of laughter in a room apparently at some distance. "Excellent, Colonel—Devilish good—ha, ha!—Here's to your health in another bumper of your Burgundy." These words I distinctly heard among the laughter, and knew they could come only from one source, viz., from some of the members of our mess. I was right; they were not all dead; and

the Colonel still survived, to amuse them with his Hindoo adventures, and share with them his wine.

My uncle was at last admitted to see me. He complained mightily of being kept out so long by the two ladies and the medical attendant. There was not the least alteration in his appearance since I last saw him, with the exception of his cocked-hat, which was somewhat battered about the tips, and his Hessians, which were beginning to look rather the worse of the wear; his regimental coat and buckskins were nearly as good as ever. Till I introduced him as my connexion, the ladies were ignorant of his relationship or degree. He understood nothing of French, and did not think it necessary to let it be known that he was my kinsman He was the strange officer to whom they alluded, who had caused me to be transported hither. The physician was a friend of his own, belonging to another regiment, and had been employed by him to wait upon me during my illness.

My uncle gave me a piece of information, which surprised me a good deal. I had been promoted to a Lieutenancy for my good conduct. Good conduct, indeed! It would be too much to relate all the praises which he bestowed upon me. My valour he described as beyond all belief. The act of leading on the regiment after he had been dismounted, and rushing forward with the colours in face of the enemy, he looked upon as one of the gallantest things ever done. He recollected nothing to equal it, except an exploit once performed by himself in India, when he run his sword

down the throat of a boa constrictor, after his assistants, twenty in number, took to flight. I learned, moreover, that I was gazetted in the English papers. The regiment, in truth, was proud of its standard bearer; and nothing was talked of among the men but the valour of Ensign Fogarty. It appeared farther, from his discourse, that when I approached the French line there was an immediate attempt made by *Mounseer* to dispossess me of the colours. In this they would certainly have succeeded but for the coming up of our men, between whom and them a furious struggle commenced. The French resolved to take the standard; the British were determined they should not. I was thus the centre of a conflict, and gallantly, according to all accounts, did I demean myself in it; holding the staff like the very devil, till one of the enemy gave me a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his musket, and I lay for dead. My uncle, however, assured me, by way of consolation, that he thrust the fellow through with his sword, who committed this assault upon my person. What became of me till after the battle, nobody knew. I was given over for lost; but, on searching for my body, he found me lying, with some sparks of life, among a heap of slain. With much difficulty, he managed to have me conveyed to Brussels, and lodged in the house of a benevolent lady, who, with her daughter, were my constant attendants ever since. Such was the sum of his information, which he communicated with a gesticulation peculiar to himself. It may be added, that the greater

part of the regiment had by this time gone on to Paris, but he had obtained permission from the Commander-in-Chief to stay where he was till my recovery. Never was praise less deserved, or more absurdly obtained, than mine. The very mention of it became loathsome to me; but as confessing the true state of things would serve no purpose, I kept it to myself.

I was now heartily tired of a military life, and resolved to quit the army. Indeed, I would have been obliged to do so, as my right arm was materially injured, one of the bones having been broken during the battle, but in what manner I never could learn. For this I obtained a pension, which, with my half pay, I conceived sufficient for all my wants. My uncle also resolved to sell out and retire. This he did, three months after returning to Ireland. But before bidding adieu to the Continent, an event took place which I must mention—I took a wife to myself. The reader will probably think of the beautiful creature, whose presence first greeted my return to sensation in the sick chamber; it was indeed she. I had no merit in loving her, as anybody who saw her would have done the same thing; but I of course was bound to her by a thousand ties of a more attractive nature than usual. She was both a Protestant and an anti-Buonapartist; and we were joined together in the Lutheran church of St Etienne, at Brussels, my uncle giving away the bride. I daresay she was very fond of me; she was, at least, proud of getting so valiant a man for her husband.

Shortly after our marriage, we went, in company with the Colonel, to England, and from thence to Ireland. My uncle hesitated for some time, whether, as he was a bachelor, he would take up house himself, or live with my father in Dublin, or with me. The former was too dull and monotonous a life for him, and he soon therefore laid the idea aside. He would have liked very well to live with his sister, but unfortunately my father's ways of thinking and his were so dissimilar, that there was no prospect of their harmonizing together, the former being Whiggish in his principles, and the Colonel a staunch Tory. He, therefore, resolved to ensconce himself under my roof. I forgot to say, that, the week after our arrival, he made me a present of two thousand pounds.

It is now ten years since these events have taken place. My pretty Louise and I live very happily together, and she now speaks English as well as her native tongue. We have a couple of fine boys and a handsome girl—quite as many children as a military man has any occasion for. The Colonel lately made his will, in which he has left the whole of his property, with the exception of some small legacies, to me and my two sons. He says I must provide for my daughter as I think proper. Among the country-people round about—for we live in the country, six miles to the north of Belfast—he is much liked. He is still the Squinting Colonel of the children, whom he sometimes amuses, by grinning in their faces, and telling frightful stories. The farmers around think

him a man of prodigious valour—as he undoubtedly is—and stare woundily at his extraordinary exploits in India, which he still relates with unimpaired humour and veracity. He is, in fact, a favourite with everybody, and with none more than my wife and children. His mind is a perfect storehouse of military marvels, which my boys are perpetually urging him to relate. It is, indeed, delightful to see the young rogues staring, wonder-struck at the old gentleman, while he is pouring forth upon their imaginations his miraculous deeds. Sometimes we have a visit from such of our messmates as survive—and then the old affair of "Capital, Colonel—devilish good," is sure to be renewed, as when, ten or eleven years before, we sat at the regimental table.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY IN INDIA.*

You have doubtless often heard me talk of India. It is at this very moment, twenty-three years, two months, and five days, since I sailed for that country in the Blunderbuss transport. I was not then a Colonel. No, confound my ill stars, I was only plain Captain O'Shaughnessy. The regiment was with me, or rather I was with the regiment: and a pleasant time we had of it during our passage from the Downs to Calcutta. Our Colonel was a fat, lusty, little man, of some five feet, or thereabouts, with a paunch like an alderman—broad across the shoulders, and with legs as round and brawny as an elephant's. He had a large, lumpish nose, red like claret, and as irregular in its outilne as a bunch of grapes. I am sorry to say that Colonel M'Mulligan, for that was his name, was anything but esteemed in the regiment. His temper was something like his nose, very fiery. The least

* Colonel O'Shaughnessy is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends, over a bottle of wine. In the preceding paper, the reader will find a description of the worthy Colonel.

thing put him into a passion; and plague take him; when he once got into one, he never got out of it.

A very different sort of man was Major O'Dunder. He was a countryman of my own, as you may know by the name: indeed I rather think he was distantly related to me by the mother's side. Like the other, he was a little man, but the Colonel would make three of him, the Major being as meagre as his superior was corpulent. In addition to this, he had a snub-nose, and was bandy-legged. He was withal a good-tempered and worthy man. Such were our two commanding officers. What I myself am, I need not say. You know me well; and some things concerning me, which you do not know, will appear before I am done with my story.

We entered the Hoogly on a September evening, and were safely landed at Calcutta,—not a soul of us having died by the way. We were four hundred strong; and I will take it upon me to say, that a finer body of troops never entered India. There was not a man among them under five feet ten, with the exception of the Colonel, the Major, and one of the regimental drummers. Some of them were even as tall as myself.

We were reviewed by his Excellency the Governor-General, who was pleased to express his high satisfaction at our martial appearance, and the able manner in which we went through our evolutions. In a particular manner, he complimented *my* company for the dexterity of its manœuvres, and hoped to see the

day when I should be at the head of the regiment. His words were prophetic; although, at the time, the prophecy had little chance of being accomplished, as there were several Captains older and richer than I; and my two superiors were healthy men. How I stepped into the boots of the latter gentlemen you shall soon see. The praise of the Governor, whether merited or not, it does not become me to say. Our men swore that I deserved it all, and O'Dunder said the same thing.

In Calcutta we were thrown, as it were, upon a new world. Everything was different from what we had been accustomed to see. The men were different; the women were different; the very reptiles and insects were different. I cannot say that I much liked the manners of the people. Nobody there does anything for himself. Walking is quite abolished. You will see great, fat, unwieldy Europeans, carried through the streets, not in carriages but in palanquins, and not by horses or bullocks, but on the shoulders of men. On my arrival, I was advised to get a palanquin, and to be sure, I got one; and a pretty business there was the very first time I got into it. My bearers, four in number, were carrying me to the Government-House, to pay my respects to his Excellency, when all at once we came bang against some opposing substance, with a concussion like that of an earthquake. Before I could account for this extraordinary greeting, an immense body, like a feather-bed, tumbled upon the top of me, and brought not only myself, but my palanquin to the

ground. I could neither see, nor speak, nor breathe. I was, in truth, well nigh smothered, and no wonder; for I lay beneath an auctioneer's wife, full twenty stones in weight—and was literally overwhelmed under a burden of fat and petticoats. I must have been stifled for ought that the black fellows did to the contrary. The servants in this most unchristian country will do nothing but what they are engaged for. Now, those bearers are only employed to carry people *within* palanquins, and not to lift up those who tumble *out* of them. My case coming under the latter description, I must have perished, but for the circumstance of Major O'Dunder and two corporals passing accidentally by at the time, who pulled me out from beneath, and saved me from certain destruction. Since then, I have never entered a palanquin; and even now I cannot think of them, without calling to mind the auctioneer's fat wife, as she covered me, like an immense German sausage, with her ponderous corporation.

People talk of the good pay to be had in India, but they know very little of the matter. It had need to be good, considering the establishments required to be kept up. In my own house I had no less than a hundred servants. You stare, gentlemen, but upon my honour it's true. First I had eight for a palanquin, which for decency's sake, I was obliged to keep, although I never used it. Then I had one to rub down my horse, another to feed him, a third to water him, and a fourth to saddle and bridle him. I had one to

clean my boots, one to keep my spurs and stirrups in order, one to shave me, and another to dress my hair. I had one to fan me at night, and another in the morning. To drive away the mosquitoes in the morning, I required two; and as many at tiffin, and dinner, and supper,—in all eight. Then I had a brace to make sherbet; a brace to go errands; and the same number to announce visitors. There were two for dusting my parlour, two for watering it, and ten for doing the same duty to the other apartments of the house. But to enumerate the whole set would be endless; and therefore I shall say nothing farther about the matter.

I would advise everybody who goes to India to learn the language; and for this purpose, there is nothing like a Pundit. I got one of these into my house; and a mighty learned man he was, for he taught it me in three months. I say, gentlemen, *in three months* I spoke the Hindostanee tongue, so as not to be distinguished from a native. I was the only man in the regiment that did it. The Colonel made an attempt to master the thing, but he failed *in toto*. His brain was too stolidified, and too conversant with wine and good eating, to achieve impossibilities. O'Dunder tried it, but, after hammering away for some time, he gave up in despair.

Calcutta is a very pleasant place to live in, so far as eating and drinking are concerned; but of what use is either meat or drink when a person has no appetite? I tell you, there is no such thing as a good ap-

petite in all India. When I left England, I could have eaten the moon to dinner, and half a dozen of stars as a dessert after it; but I was not three weeks in this hot, stifling, mosquito country, when I had no more relish for my victuals than a new-born babe.

Then such sights as I have seen, of serpents, sharks, crocodiles, and hippopotami swimming about in the Hoogly! A most dangerous place to bathe in, that Hoogly—and yet, such is the cursed infatuation of the people, that they bathe in it daily, although scores of men, women, and children, are every hour swallowed up before their eyes. It is a *well attested* fact, that the monsters which inhabit this abominable stream are so accustomed to human flesh that they will eat nothing else. Fling a dog or a pig into the water, and he is safe, but no sooner does a rational biped fancy a dip, than he is straightway transported to Abraham's bosom, in the fangs of an alligator, or some other of the ravenous fraternity.

The interior of the country is not a bit better. It swarms with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and tigers. The very air teems with life. Nothing is more common than a shower of fishes. I have seen them fall in millions in the streets of Calcutta. And a devilish good dish these cloud fishes are—no cooking is required. They are broiled in their descent by the sun's heat, and on reaching the ground are fit for the table. They are of different sizes, varying from six inches, to a couple of feet in length, and weighing in proportion.

I have told you at the beginning, that Colone. M'Mulligan was abundantly ill-natured. I know not what to compare him to. He was a sour-plum, a crab-stick, a scorpion, a viper, a ferret, or what you will. He never spoke at the mess except to O'Dunder and me; and when he did so, it was with such an air of superiority, as set us wellnigh beside ourselves. One day, after smoking eighteen cigars, and drinking two bottles of port—his usual allowance—he announced to us, in pompous terms, that he resolved to introduce a gong into the band of the regiment.

"A gong!" said I, with a long stare, "and what the devil is a gong?" The Colonel looked for some moments as if astounded at my audacity. His red nose grew redder: the crimson of the port mounted to his cheeks, till they became like burning coals; and he stared at me as if I had been a fiend incarnate. "You will soon see what a gong is," answered he withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, and emitting I know not how many cubic feet of tobacco smoke. "Something is in the wind," whispered O'Dunder, at this exhibition of wrath. "The Colonel will give you a dig some of these days; so have a care of your soul, O'Shaughnessy."

I thought no more of it at the time; but a few days thereafter, the regiment chanced to be on review before the Commander-in-Chief. My company was placed close by the band, who were ordered to play up the Duke of York's march, in honour of the occasion. They commenced as usual, but in such an in-

fernal style of loudness, that the regiment stood aghast. On looking to ascertain the cause of this uproar, I saw that the whole was occasioned by a Sepoy of a fellow, beating time upon a circular instrument, by all the world like a tambourine, or the lid of a pot, I did not imagine that the whole earth contained anything capable of producing such discord. I thought the fellow had come there to insult the troops—so rushing forward, I gave him a kick on the seat of honour, and sent my fist through his machine in the twinkling of an eye.

"By Jasus!" exclaimed O'Dunder, who stood by at the time, "what is this you have done!"

"What have I done?" said I, with astonishment.

"Ay, Tom O'Shaughnessy, what have you done? Don't you see you have broken the Colonel's gong?"

"The Colonel and his gong may go to the devil," was my answer. "My ears are not made of brass more than other people's; and no man shall insult them with impunity."

So much for the gong, but the business did not end here. I was reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief, and a new gong set a-going the very next day. It would not do to demolish this as I did the first. I would have run the risk of a court-martial; and was obliged to put up with the nuisance as patiently as I could. Matters, however, did not remain long in this state. Not satisfied with carrying his point against me, and every man of sense in the regiment, the Colonel showed his revenge in a manner so virulent and

mean, that I could no longer brook the indignity. With a view of annoying me, he ordered the gong-beater to take up his station opposite to my window every morning by day-break; and there to thump away at his diabolical instrument till he could thump no longer. I bore this for two mornings, but on the third, my indignation got beyond all bounds; and springing half-naked out of bed, I got hold of the gong, and broke it to pieces over the rascal's head. This was an insult which military etiquette could not overlook. I was challenged by the Colonel, and met him, with O'Dunder for my second, about two miles from the city. We never fired, a *coup de soleil* having struck my adversary dead as he was taking his station. Some alleged that he died of apoplexy, produced by excessive rage, but I have no manner of doubt that he owed his death to a *coup de soleil.*

This event occasioned a vacancy, as you may readily suppose, and Major O'Dunder was appointed to fill it up. He became Colonel to the regiment, and I succeeded as Major. Such a promotion, you will perhaps conceive, added to my happiness; very far from it. I was confoundedly miserable; and what with grief and the heat of the climate, I became from a lusty man, a mere scarecrow, as I am at this moment. The truth is, gentlemen, since I must out with it, I was the victim of remorse. The canker-worm of care got into my heart, and made it as soft as a frosted potatoe. It may well be said, with the poet, that grief preyed upon my damask cheek; for my cheeks

were at that time as plump and rosy as a parson's cushion, till that infernal liver complaint tinged them all over with yellow and brown. The mess could not make out what was the matter with me. Some said that I was ill of home-sickness, and longing after the pleasant fields of Connaught; some that I was labouring under the blue devils, and others, that I was in love. But the plain statement of the matter was, that I felt remorse for the death of the Colonel. True, I did not absolutely kill him, but indirectly he died by my hands; and if I had not insulted his gong, he might have been alive this day, smoking his cigars, and drinking his port, as usual.

I need not describe to you what is meant by remorse. You will get a very good definition of it in Johnson's Dictionary; but no lexicographer that ever wrote could define what I felt on this melancholy occasion. Wherever I went, the image of Colonel M'Mulligan haunted my imagination. I could think of nothing but him. He appeared to me in dreams,—his face dilated with rage, and his nose swollen out to two or three times its natural size. I tried every means to get rid of the phantom, but in vain. If I smoked, I saw his face staring at me in the fumes of my tobacco. If I sung, I heard his hoarse, ill-natured voice muttering maledictions during every pause of my chant. I took to gin with no better success. I tried arrack and date-brandy, and the result was the same.

In this deplorable state of mind, I was one even-

ing waited on by O'Dunder. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am grieved to see you—upon my *sowl* I am. You are as pretty a man, and as brave a man, as any in the regiment; but you are dying away like a farthing candle—and, by Jasus, if you don't take care of yourself you will soon go out."

"And what would you have me to do?" asked I, putting down a glass of brandy, which I was in the act of raising to my lips. "What would you have me to do, Colonel O'Dunder?"

"What would I have you to do?" said the Colonel, repeating my words. "Why, Tom O'Shaughnessy, I would have you to marry. This is the only cure for your melancholy that I can think of."

"And whom would you have me to marry?" I demanded, as I raised the glass to my lips, and emptied it at a single gulp.

"Neither more nor less than Mrs O'Higgins, the commissary's widow," answered the Colonel.

"She squints with both eyes," said I.

"No matter," observed he. "We shall all be squinting by-and-by in this infernal country. There is never a day but some one or other gets a *coup de soleil* upon his eyes, and he straightway squints like an owl."

"But she is as fat as a whale."

"Fat!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Leave her alone for that. She will get rid of her corporation when she has been a little longer in India.

"Then her temper," rejoined I hastily.—"I am

told she is as ill-natured as a crab, and as dangerous with her claws: and, moreover, that she scolds her servants from morning till night."

"A fig for her temper," replied O'Dunder. "Hasn't she five lacs of rupees, and arn't all women ill-natured? Besides, to let you into a bit of a secret, —she loves you to distraction."

"Loves *me?*"

"Yes, loves *you*. And let me tell you something more, we are to have a tiger hunt to-morrow. I have told the widow that you will attend; and she has agreed to accompany us upon her elephant, to see the sport. We shall knock you up at five in the morning: so adieu for the present." And the Colonel stalked out of the room, leaving me all in a puzzle by the nature of his intelligence.

It was at this time nine in the evening,—my usual hour of retiring to rest; but although the pundit had come in, and announced that my couch was ready for me, I did not make the slightest effort to rise. With my hand I motioned him away, and remained upon the seat. My brain was now in a greater turmoil than ever. I could think of nothing consistently. Sometimes my fancy wandered to one point, and sometimes to another. At this moment I was wrapped up in a delirium of delight: at that, I was plunged into the abyss of misery. I sometimes doubted whether I was sober or drunk—whether I was asleep or awake—whether I was dead or alive. I even doubted whether I was myself or another per-

son. Every sort of change took place within my spirit; and the longer I sat, the more numerous and extraordinary these changes became.

Meanwhile, the night wore on apace. The sun had sunk like a vast ball of fire beneath the horizon; and the shades of night flung themselves like a curtain over the cupolas, and minarets, and towers of Calcutta. I sat alone in my chamber. Before me, in the centre of the table, stood a bottle of brandy: at one side, was my unsheathed sword; at another, my holster pistols, loaded with ball. A gloom, such as veils the evenings of the tropics, prevailed around. It was obscure enough to prevent small bodies from being seen, but not sufficiently dark to shroud the outlines of large ones. Accordingly, although my hat, which hung upon a peg of the opposite wall, was invisible, I could discern the more prominent objects of the room—such as the chairs, the tables, the eight-day time-piece, and my regimental cloak, which appeared suspended with its ample folds of blue like an apparition in the middle of the gloom.

This was truly a time and place for meditation; and if ever man attempted to turn his opportunities to good purpose, it was I. During that night, I reflected more, and was more bamboozled with my reflections, than any philosopher that ever existed. My brain was in a regular jumble, and the ideas ran pell-mell through it like peas in a pot. For the purpose of assisting my thoughts, I had recourse to the brandy-bottle. Glass after glass did I swallow, to rally them

and make them steadier. It was in vain. Every moment they became more mystified,—every glass that was poured down only rendered them more refractory. My mind was in a sort of rebellion—military discipline was at an end within it. Fancy and feeling, which are at best subordinate to judgment, (who is commander-in-chief of all the faculties,) broke out into open mutiny against their general, and there was the devil to pay.

All this was not the work of a moment. It was the work of minutes, perhaps of hours. Everything went on gradually, and proceeded from bad to worse. I cannot tell the sights that I saw, or the sounds that I heard, or the feelings that I felt. The shades of night seemed to thicken about me, but, strange to say, objects were not rendered more indistinct than before. As the darkness around them increased, they also became more dark, as if to outbrave the gloom and make themselves visible in spite of it. My cloak, the chairs, the tables, and the time-piece, put on a blacker livery, and refused to be hidden in the womb of the surrounding night. I heard the pendulum of the latter as it swung from side to side—I heard the hour strike once and again.—My ear was acute——painfully acute.—Every tone, however feeble, was caught by it.—The cricket chirped with monstrous loudness;—the mosquitoes and fire-flies buzzed and hummed like the sound of an organ around my head —and the gentle zephyrs seemed to sweep by and howl against the half-opened casement, as if a tornado tri-

umphed in the air. Nor was my nose much less sensible than my ears and my eyes. The fumes of brandy, and wine, and tobacco, were strangely jumbled with the scent of the odoriferous plants which were growing upon the window-sill.

Sometimes I laughed in the ecstasy of delight as my fancy was caught by the ludicrous; sometimes I wept as it was touched by the pathetic; and sometimes I shuddered as the pangs of remorse shot across it. At one time I was full of Colonel O'Dunder. I saw his snub nose and peaked chin peering beneath the canopy of an immense cocked hat—then I laughed at his bandy legs, his little meagre person, and the huge sword dangling from his side. Then the redundant figure of the widow O'Higgins would appear before me. At one time she would be standing with her arms a-kimbo, and her face on fire, passionately scolding her black domestics, who jabbered at her with unearthly voices, their white teeth shining like pearls from the interior of their sooty physiognomies. At another, she would be mounted upon an elephant, smiling with delight, and having one of her fat arms thrown around my neck,—for I too was on the top of the elephant, in the same car as the widow, and on my way with her to the tiger hunt. I was there, and I was also, at the same moment, in my own chamber, in the midst of darkness. I thought that I possessed ubiquity—that I was in different places at one time—that it was broad day-light at one of these places, and darkness at another;—and that at the one I was in a car on an

elephant's back, cheek-by-jowl with Mrs O'Higgins, and in the other, drinking brandy at home. This both tickled and astonished me; and I thought that I laughed aloud with downright mirth.

But my laughter was soon checked, for this gay undefinable scene flitted past, and in stalked Colonel M'Mulligan. In a moment remorse came upon me. The glass, which I was raising to my lips, I replaced upon the table, gave an involuntary shudder, and gazed, horror-struck, at the apparition. I would have bid him avaunt, but I could not speak. I would have sheered off, but I could not rise. I would, perhaps, have run him through with my sword, or discharged my pistols at him; but I could not lift my hand. All I could do, was to gaze upon him, and listen to the maledictions he would doubtless pour out against me.

He looked horribly ill-natured. His little sharp fiery eyes darted at me like a basilisk's; and, as he saluted me with these lightning glances, his face became redder, his nose larger, and his whole attitudes more threatening. He was dressed in uniform. His cocked hat, red coat, blue small-clothes, tasseled boots, and patent spurs, were perfectly visible and distinct, although all around was darkness. For some time he did nothing but gaze upon me, and I, in self-defence, gazed at him with equal intensity. Meanwhile, he seemed to increase in size—he dilated on all sides—his body becoming ten times thicker than Daniel Lambert's, his stature twice as great as O'Brien's, and his face seven times the diameter of the regimental

bass-drum. Altogether, the little, fat, ruby-nosed Colonel M'Mulligan assumed the appearance of a monstrous giant—swelling out till he filled the whole room with his hideous dimensions. During this tremendous process the air was filled with dreadful sounds, which came from the lips of the phantom. "O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy! —beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" These were his words; and as he employed the language of Shakspeare, I endeavoured to do the same in reply. "Thou canst not say I did it," trembled upon my lips, but refused to proceed farther. I could not get them uttered, and they rushed back to my heart, from whence they came. For the first time in my life did I feel something like fear; and I make no doubt I should have been mortally afraid, had not indignation at the grins and vile glances of my adversary kept up my heart.

This vision, like the others, vanished away. I breathed freely, and managed to fill another glass, which I swallowed with additional energy. Scarcely had I done this, when the sound of a gong fell upon my ears. A glow of anger swept over me when I heard it, for it was the same loud, detestable sound which had brought on all my calamities. Ere I had time for reflection, the gong-beater stood before me —the same whose impertinence I formerly chastised. On his head he wore a white turban; and his sable brow was stained with the mark of the peculiar caste to which he belonged. He was dressed in wide linen

trowsers, and wore sandals upon his feet, but his arms to the shoulders were bare. Boom—boom—boom went his gong, with a loudness which nearly deafened me. The ticking of the clock,—the chirping of the crickets,—the buzzing of the mosquitoes,—the fluttering of the fire-flies,—all these were in a moment drowned by the noisy deluge which emanated from the abominable gong. Nor was this the whole, for in a short time Colonel M'Mulligan appeared in his natural form, grinning at me as at first, and, with diabolical malice, encouraging the fellow to make as much noise as possible. In addition to this, the latter skipped about the room, laughed at me with his ugly black mug, put out his tongue in derision, and thumped away within a foot of my nose. You will wonder why I did not at once kick him to the shades below; but, deuce take me, if I had the power to move or do anything—except lift the glass of brandy to my lips.

A change, as Lord Byron says, came over the spirit of my dream. It was now the queerest thing you can imagine. It was a wholesale dream, and gave to my view everything I had formerly seen, and a great deal more. First, the room became as solitary as at the beginning. Then I saw Colonel O'Dunder make his appearance. He walked up and down before me, with his hands behind his back, his cocked-hat and other regimentals on, and his long sword trailing on the ground. He was as meagre, as snub-nosed, as bandy-legged, and as little as ever. Then entered Widow O'Higgins in a violent passion—scolding a crowd of

black servants, who jabbered and laughed at her, and jumped about like so many lunatics. Then, to my horror and dismay, appeared for the third time, Colonel M'Mulligan, with his sour, crabstick, backbiting, physiognomy: then the gong-beater, and, last of all, an elephant with an empty car upon its back. And when all the company were assembled, there were quadrilling, and waltzing, and heaven knows what among them. Widow O'Higgins became all at once good-natured, and ceased scolding her domestics; and Colonel M'Mulligan became as good-natured as she. And he went up to her smiling, and led her out to dance; and they danced a minuet, Colonel M'Mulligan and Widow O'Higgins. And the black domestics danced around the gong-beater, who played upon his instrument in the middle of them—the elephant and Colonel O'Dunder looking quietly on, and enjoying the scene.

Confound these visions of mine! I think I shall never get to the end of them. The spectacle, somehow or other, became changed. I now saw an elephant in the open air—the same elephant that I saw in my house; and Widow O'Higgins was upon its back, in the centre of the car; and she had her plump arms thrown around the necks of two men; and she smiled, and kissed them, and seemed mighty fond of them. And one of these men was Colonel M'Mulligan, and the other was myself; and yet the other was not myself; for all the while I was conscious of sitting in my own dark chamber, drinking my own

brandy. I cannot say how it was, for I was both here and there; but which of the two O'Shaughnessys was the real one, I could not have told you, although I got all the islands on the lake of Killarney to myself. Now, what do you think the Widow O'Higgins was about? She was endeavouring to reconcile us to each other, and make us friends for the rest of our lives. This same reconcilement puzzled me as much as did my double self, for I knew that the Colonel had died of a *coup de soleil*, and was already buried with military honours. However, she did reconcile us; and we kissed each other, and promised to be enemies no more.

This scene, like all the rest, melted away; and, for a time, I was left in the solitude and darkness of my room. But my bewilderment was far from being at an end, and imagination soon conjured up fresh phantoms. The two colonels, the widow, the gong-beater, the elephant, and the black domestics, once more stalked before me—sometimes in one character, sometimes in another. At one moment the elephant seemed to carry Mrs O'Higgins, at another, she seemed to carry the elephant. Every character underwent a process of multiplication. There were as many O'Dunders as would have stocked the British army, and the M'Mulligans were still more numerous. The widow appeared in different capacities—scolding at this corner, smiling at that, and dancing and flirting at a third. Nor were the gong-beaters fewer in number: the scoundrel, like the rest of the company, pos-

sessed ubiquity, and so did his gong; thereby multiplying the vile discord fifty-fold. But what perplexed and angered me most, was Colonel M'Mulligan. He beat the others hollow, appearing in as many places as there were hairs in his wig. I was conscious that there was not a soul in the chamber but myself, and yet it was full of people; and the greater portion of these were multiplications of the Colonel. At some places, he flirted with the widow; but in general, he employed himself looking at me with the most hateful expression of malice, and with calling out in a low, sepulchral voice, "O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy!—beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" When you consider, that this was repeated from five hundred different quarters—that it was accompanied with the sound of fifty gongs—with the voices of fifty O'Dunders, and fifty O'Higginses, and fifty elephants, and, Heaven knows how many scores of black domestics—you may be sure that I was regaled with a pretty tolerable specimen of harmony! In fact, I became stunned, stupified, and overcome with the tumult, and, I must own it, somewhat afraid at the hideous phantasmagorias which were gathering around me; for all the furniture in the room was becoming instinct with life. My chairs, my time-piece, and my cloak, parted with their inanimate character, and assumed the voice and the form of M'Mulligan. To complete my confusion, when I was putting out my hand to lay hold of the brandy bottle, the latter suddenly stretched itself out, and be-

came adorned with a human head and a human body. In a word, it turned an additional Colonel, and stood upon the table mocking maliciously at me. The glass did the same thing; and when I let it go with horror, on discovering the change, it fell to the floor with a shock that convulsed the house; and arose, puffing and blowing, from the ground, a genuine Colonel M'Mulligan! This defection of my two best friends went to my very heart. I could bear with tolerable composure the disloyality of my cloak and furniture, but any falling off in the bottle and glass was too much for my feelings; and, overcome with such base ingratitude, I fainted away.

How long I remained in this faint, I know not. I was awakened from it by a loud noise at the outside of the house; and on opening my eyes, I found the chamber bathed in the lustre of an eastern morning. The zephyrs breathing mildly through the casements, filled the house with coolness and perfume. The phantoms of the preceding night had vanished with the darkness. Everything was disenchanted, and wore its natural shape. Even the glass and the bottle appeared *in propriis personis*.

The cause of this noise was O'Dunder and his cavalcade, who were proceeding to the tiger hunt, and who, on their way, had called upon me, for the purpose of knocking me up. On looking out, I saw an elephant, with Mrs O'Higgins and the Colonel on the top of it; but I neither saw myself nor M'Mulligan —a circumstance which, I assure you, afforded me no

small degree of satisfaction. There were Sepoys on horseback, and Sepoys on foot, to the number of forty —some armed with hunting-spears, some with fire-arms, and others with sabres. In addition to this, there were cymbal-beaters, and trumpeters, and sherbet-makers, and cooks, and, Heaven knows what else: —all were bound to the tiger hunt; and their hallooing and music, together with the roaring of the elephant, and neighing and trampling of the horses, produced a discord only inferior to that by which I was saluted in my visions.

"Come up alongside of us," said O'Dunder, "we have kept a birth for you on the elephant's back."

"Ay, do, dear Mr O'Shaughnessy," added the widow, popping her fat face over the side of the car, and ogling me with her squinting peepers. "You can sit on one side of me and Colonel O'Dunder on the other." But it would not take. No sooner had she spoken the word, than I called to recollection my dream; and such was the influence of fancy, that O'Dunder seemed to assume the form of M'Mulligan; and I thought she only wished to bring me face to face with my malignant enemy, and make me kiss him and swear eternal friendship. These vagaries, it is true, did not long continue—a moment dispelled them; but still I considered the very circumstance of their taking place, as an evil omen. I therefore declined the invitation with all due politeness, and resolved to accompany the cavalcade on horseback.

We all set out at a moderate trot, my black char-

ger taking the lead, and the elephant bringing up the rear. In twenty minutes, we were out of Calcutta, and in twenty more, we got into a wide plain, covered in some places with a turf of rich verdure, and in others with fine sand. A few banian trees spread their ample foliage here and there over its surface, curtaining from the burning rays of the sun whatever spots they shaded with their canopy. This was the place where we expected to rouse the tiger—our Sepoys having intimated to us that one of those ferocious animals had been seen prowling in the plain the evening before. However, no tiger made its appearance. We beat up every quarter without success, and sent scouts in different directions to get intelligence. In this fruitless chase, we continued till eight o'clock, when the state of our cattle warned us it was time to take some rest; and our stomachs hinted, in equally strong terms, that a little refreshment would not be amiss. We, accordingly, sojourned beneath the umbrage of the nearest banian tree, and breakfast was prepared in the twinkling of an eye—the widow and the Colonel having previously, with some effort, dismounted from their elephant.

But we did not long enjoy our meal in silence; for about the middle of the feast, the elephant was observed to become fidgetty—raising his trunk portentously in the air, moving from side to side, and uttering a peculiar cry. Scarcely were these signs observed, than a hideous growl fell upon our ears; and, looking to the quarter from whence it proceeded, we per-

ceived a pair of fiery eyes glaring upon us. They were those of the tiger, which was circling the outskirts of our encampment, and evidently waiting for an opportunity to dash in. At this apparition, the widow screamed aloud, O'Dunder drew his sword, and the Sepoys betook themselves to their fire-arms. For my part, I neither did the one nor the other. My first step was to get mounted, and give chase to the enemy. There is no use in waiting for the attack of a tiger. If you do not kill him, he will kill you; and it is too much courtesy to give him the compliment of the first onset.

No sooner had I backed my charger, than I clapped the rowels in his sides, and dashed on towards our adversary. For a moment he looked as grim as if he would have made minced meat of us both; but as we neared him, his valour seemed to abate, and turning round, he fairly took to his heels, and scampered over the plain. Away went he, and away went I in the pursuit. But scarcely had I got a hundred yards from the encampment, than a volley of exclamations came after me from O'Dunder and the widow. They were calling me back; but so interested was I in my object, that I took no heed to their entreaties.

It was a regular race between my steed and the tiger. Both ran as if they were contending for the plate at Newmarket; and I make no manner of doubt, that, upon good ground, the former would have distanced his opponent. This was so much the case that whenever he came upon the turf he made such

advances, as wellnigh to tread upon the tiger's kibee; and the latter would unquestionably have been beat all to sticks, but for the circumstance of the plain being in many places sandy, and, therefore, better adapted to his velvet paws than to the hard hoofs of the charger.

Away we went through thick and thin, sometimes trampling over the firm verdure of the soil, at other times knee-deep in sand. We leapt over trenches, gullies, trunks of trees, and every impediment. During the whole of this race, the sun shone forth with extraordinary vigour. There was not a cloud to stain the sapphirine dome of heaven, whose vast amplitude was filled with an universal gush of golden glory. The heat was intense, and, I believe, that had it not been for the ardour of the parties engaged, we must inevitably have sunk under it. Never, I believe, since the creation of the world, was a tiger so completely bamboozled. He had caught a Tartar with a vengeance; and could not, with all his cleverness, get rid of him. Away he went, panting and blowing, and foaming, as if perdition was at his heels; and away went we after him, with all our mettle. There was nothing for him, but either to be trampled to death, or surrender at discretion; and he did not seem inclined to relish either alternative. At last, as fortune would have it, we approached a deep ravine, fringed with jungle and brushwood, and watered below by a small stream which ran through its centre. The tiger saw that the only safety for his soul was in this difficult retreat, and he strained every nerve to gain it. In spite of all our efforts,

he was successful—clearing, with one desperate spring, the verge of the gulf, and rolling like a ball down its sides, till the river below received him in its bosom.

The question now was, what ought to be done? My horse had wisdom enough to see that it would never answer to plunge into the ravine: and he drew up, of his own accord, and stood snorting and panting by its side. After a moment's reflection, I resolved to dismount, and make the attack. Having, therefore, taken my pistols in one hand, and my sword in another, I wound my way cautiously downwards, and beheld the ferocious animal slaking his thirst at the pool. At first, I was apprehensive that I would not get at him, and that he would take the opportunity of my being disqualified for pursuit, to steal off and escape scot free. I was mistaken: so far from shunning the encounter, he no sooner saw me, than he set up a horrid growl, showing his long white fangs, and couching like a cat when it is about to spring upon its prey. "Ah, ha! *monsieur le tigre!*" said I, "you are not such an ass as I supposed. You have shown yourself a fellow of some sense, in getting me away from my friends; and you doubtless anticipate the pleasure of enjoying a *bonne bouche* upon the body of Tom O'Shaughnessy. But, by Saint Patrick, I have not been educated at Trinity College for nothing; and I shall perhaps show you a trick as good as your own!" So saying I advanced towards him, holding out my sword at arm's length, when he made a violent spring forwards, and received the weapon a full foot into his body. It pe-

increased the chase, and he recoiled roaring with pain and unabating animosity. I did not pause a moment with my operations. I gave him a second thrust, then a third, and lastly, with the rapidity of lightning, discharged both my pistols at his head. The balls took effect: and the poor devil rolled into the stream, and expired in less than a minute.

While engaged in this business, I heard overhead the trampling of steeds and the sound of human voices. I hallooed aloud, and was answered by the friendly voice of O'Dunder. In another moment he stood at my side, accompanied by half a-dozen of Sepoys. They were so astonished at what I had done, that they could hardly believe the evidence of their senses. The Colonel informed me, that when he saw me get after the tiger, he became alarmed for my life; and instantly mounted with a party of the retinue, to afford assistance in case of need; but that I rode at so furious a rate, as rendered it impossible for them to keep pace with me. He mentioned farther, that when he observed my horse standing without its rider, he had given me up as dead—and that, if I had not called, they might have wandered bootlessly all over the country in search of my mangled remains.

"But O'Shaughnessy," said he, "what is the matter with your eyes?"

"What is the matter with my eyes?" rejoined I. "Why, there is nothing the matter with them."

"Then my own have deceived me," was his answer, "for as sure as my name is O'Dunder, you have

had a *coup de soleil.*" And I could see him wipe away a tear which stood upon his own eye, and look as melancholy as a mopstick. At this I became alarmed, and asked him what was the matter, but he would say nothing. He only shook his head, and the Sepoys did the same, and gazed at me with glances of unaffected pity. This state of suspense was more than I could endure. A horrible suspicion came across me, and I said, with a faltering voice, "Do I—do I—O'Dunder, do I really——." I could not get out the word, to such an extent had the frightful thought stifled my utterance.

"O yes, you do," said the generous Colonel, anticipating what I was about to say. "My dear O'Shaughnessy, you really do, but be not cast down about it; we shall all do the same if we remain much longer in this accursed country."

"Do I then squint?" ejaculated I at last, with a tremendous effort.

"You do, indeed, even worse than Widow O'Higgins," answered my friend, while a second tear rolled down his cheek; and he again shook his head, and assumed a look of the profoundest melancholy.

No language can describe the state of mind into which this announcement threw me. Upon my honour, I wept like a babe, and beat my breast, and beshrewed the hour I was born. I was now a squinter. My eyes, on which the young girls of Coleraine used to doat, were irrevocably distorted. I was no longer "the handsome O'Shaughnessy"—I squinted

like an owl, and would not only be abhorred by myself, but made the laughing-stock of all mankind. What now to me was the merit of having destroyed the tiger? What would avail the praises which would, doubtless, be poured upon me for that remarkable action? could they remove the obliquity of my vision? could they give to my countenance its former dignity of expression? Alas! no—that must for ever remain as it is, and I must be pointed at by the finger of ridicule, and called "the Squinting O'Shaughnessy."

O'Dunder did what he could to console me, and so did all my friends, except Widow O'Higgins, who, now that I had undergone such a metempsychosis, would have nothing more to say on the subject of love. Base woman! she set a pair of distorted eyes in the balance against the glorious exploit of having killed a Bengal tiger.

Altogether I was miserably depressed in spirits: and, what with the exhaustion attendant upon my adventure, and my increasing agitation of mind, I was seized with a brain fever. For ten days did I rave in the agonies of delirium. All the visions I had seen before were nothing to those which now haunted my imagination. Every person around me seemed to squint. My physician, my pundit, my household domestics, all squinted horribly. Even O'Dunder, who waited upon me with fraternal kindness, did the same. And to increase my horrors, the form of M'Mulligan would not stay away. He appeared more terrible than ever—for he squinted. The gong-beater came,

and he squinted also, and beat upon his gong. Then the elephant would enter the room; and he, too, squinted, and so did his drivers, and all who came along with him. I had visions of crocodiles, which lifted up their cold, gaunt heads into the air; and of serpents, that wound their scaly folds around the posts of the bed. And they all squinted alike—both the serpents and the crocodiles. Then my old enemy, the tiger, would glare upon me, and gnash his teeth and howl in my ears; but I minded not his gnashing, or his howling, or the apparition of his bloody fangs. It was the squint of his eyes which went to my very soul, and froze it with horror. I saw crabs, and centipedes, and scorpions, and cock-roaches, crawling upon me, and covering the walls and curtains with their detestable presence—and they all squinted. Nothing around me but did the same. The buttons of my military coat, which hung at the foot of the bed, were converted into squinting eyes. My misery was supreme; and to crown all, came the knowledge that I myself squinted more than any other being.

Perhaps the whole of nature could not furnish such another scene of horror. The chamber was filled with every thing hateful and impure. Mrs O'Higgins, at one quarter, sat upon her elephant—at another, she scolded her domestics. In a third, was the villainous gong-beater, stunning me with his more villainous instrument. In a fourth, walked O'Dunder—his hands behind his back, and his long sword trailing upon the floor. In a fifth, appeared M'Mulligan,

grinning at me with his fiery eyes and claret-coloured nose; and pouring out imprecations upon my wretched soul. Every one of them squinted. Man, woman, beast, and reptile seemed smitten with the same disorder; and all, as it appeared, for the express purpose of annoying the wretched O'Shaughnessy.

To relieve myself from such torments, I would pray aloud sometimes to one deity, sometimes to another. I was a heathen, and called upon Jupiter and Apollo, and they came—the one with his thunderbolt, and the other with his lyre. But, far from giving me assistance, they laughed me to scorn, and invoked Ate and Tissiphone, and the headless Medusa from the depths of Tartarus—and these furies appeared at their bidding, and tormented me anew. I then became a worshipper of Bramah, and Vishnu, and Seeva. They came, but only to load me with increased cruelties—for they commanded the iron wheels of the car of Juggernaut to pass over my body. Juggernaut, himself, was likewise there, seated within his car, wreathed with snakes, and lowering with fiend-like malice. I then flew for assistance to the gods of the Egyptians—to Apis and Osiris. In my despair I became a Papist, and prayed to the Pope, who came forth with a whole retinue of Cardinals and wanton girls; but instead of assisting me out of my detested purgatory, he mounted the car of Juggernaut, and embraced the God as a brother. What I had formerly seen, and what I now saw, were strangely commingled. The Pope and his Cardinals walked or stood beside Grecian,

Hindoo, and Egyptian deities, conversing familiarly with them.—And M'Mulligan, and O'Dunder, and O'Higgins, and the other *dramatis personæ*, did the same thing. And they all squinted alike—both gods and men—both beasts and reptiles.

I recovered at length from this disorder, but it was only to find my body in a worse state than before I was taken ill, for I was almost completely bald—having lost every hair on my head except a small tuft behind, which is now woven into a *queue*. Before that time no man had a better chevelure than I. However, I was, upon the whole, rather a gainer, than otherwise; for I got entirely rid of the pangs of remorse which had haunted me so fearfully ever since the death of Colonel M'Mulligan.

A few weeks after my recovery, I was waited upon by O'Dunder, who informed me that since Mrs O'Higgins and I were on such bad terms, he was resolved to marry her himself. This he did some days thereafter; and I had reason to wish him joy on the event. He left the regiment, and took a passage to England with his wife, almost immediately after. As a reward for my services, his Excellency, the Governor-General, was pleased to grant me his commission without purchase. And thus did I step into his boots, and became Colonel of the gallant twenty-ninth.

I was now in an important situation, and had an active part to perform in the concerns of India; being engaged with my regiment in the war against the Pindarees. For my assistance in this business, I was

publicly thanked by his Excellency, and had my name honourably mentioned by the Government at home. During the war, two remarkable events happened to me. First, I slew, with my own hand, a boa constrictor, thirty feet in length; and, secondly, I was seized with liver complaint. As I detest self-praise, I shall say nothing more about the former subject, than that I thrust my sword down the monster's throat after a score of cowardly Sepoys had taken to flight on the occasion. With regard to the second, it damaged my constitution considerably, and changed my complexion from its natural ruddy tint, to the vile brown-and-yellow one which it wears at the present moment. But if I were to relate all that I saw and did in India, it would fill a volume. By and by, I mean to submit my observations to the public in print; when, I flatter myself, I shall be able to give a better and more impartial account of this important country than any which has hitherto issued from the press.

WHO CAN IT BE?

One evening last summer, as I sat at my window, which looks into the northern court of the University of Glasgow, I saw a man walking backwards and forwards, who excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. I know not why I became so interested in him, for his person and dress, though somewhat singular, were by no means so remarkable as to attract any very uncommon degree of notice. He was a short thick figure, dressed in a suit of black, with a cocked or rather three-cornered hat upon his head, and a long *queue* descending for some space down his back. The only thing further which it is necessary to detail, was his paunch, which boasted of dimensions truly orthodox;—and his nose red and lumpish, and spanned over by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which he looked with that pomposity of expression, which the civic dignitaries of all cities are apt to assume, on entering upon their authority.

The evening was hot, and a glare of sickly light filled the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive. My window was in the shade, and stood open for the purpose of attracting as much coolness as the air af-

forded. I had just finished half a bottle of Port, after dining heartily on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni. Altogether, I was languid, heavy, and disposed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to doze. My whole frame was nervous; and the mind, sympathising with the state of its tenement, in a full condition for dreams, nightmares, and other chimeras of the imagination. Altogether, I believe, I would have slept, had not the man with the long tie and tortoise-shell spectacles caught my observation.

He was walking on the opposite, or sunny side of the court, and his pace was sedate and orderly. He was evidently a person of importance, and too well satisfied with himself to increase his speed. No sooner did he move athwart the window, than the languid lids which were falling slowly over my visual orbs, were lifted up, and I turned them involuntarily upon him. "That," thought I, "is a man who would not quicken his step one jot to save the College from destruction." Again did I look at him, and again did I behold the self-same consequential form treading the sunny side of the court. He carried a stick in his right hand. It was not for any ordinary purpose that he carried it, for it was a rough orange stick, with a brazen cramp at its lower extremity, and an embossed silver cap at its upper. Neither was it to sustain him in his perambulations, for his lower limbs were brawny and athletic, and made to scorn such assistance. The use of that stick must be—to support his dignity. Had it been a crabstick, a hazel sapling,

a supple-jack, or even an oaken cudgel, I could have passed it by without notice, but it was none of these. It was an orange stick, shod with brass, and capped with silver; and as he walked along he struck its point upon the earth with a firmness which made the echo to resound through the court. "It must be to support his dignity he has that stick. No person but one of some consequence would wear such a baton, or walk with it so pompously."

Having made these reflections, I closed my eyes and tried to fall into a slumber, but I could not. I heard the slow solemn pace of the stranger as he walked alone. I heard him well, for he had creaking shoes; and every step he made was accompanied with a response from his stick, as it struck the flag-stones with its brazen extremity. Up went my eyelids, and turning to the sunny side, there did I behold him walking backwards and forwards as at first.

I looked at him for some time, for I was interested in the man. His face—it was impossible to analyse its expression. It was plump and rosy. "He must," thought I, "be a good liver. Such cheeks, such a nose, such a double chin is not to be obtained for nothing. No, he understands living well; he has read Apicius in the original, and is no doubt familiar with Meg Dods and Kitchiner. Perhaps he is Kitchiner himself." Unfortunately for this hit I recollected that Kitchiner had died the month before. "At any rate, he must be a *bon vivant*, and has, peradventure, dined on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni

like myself. Who knows but he may be Doctor Redgill, spoken of in 'Marriage,' or the Nabob Touchwood, fresh from 'St Ronan's Well?' I looked at him till my eyes grew tired, but I could perceive no alteration in his movements or appearance. The same step—the same pompous air—the same knocking on the earth with his baton—there was not an atom of difference. "Verily, that man's dignity is great," thought I once more, as I closed my eyes, uttered a long yawn, and fell into a slumber.

A slumber! it was but the shadow of one—the reflection of a dream. I was neither asleep nor awake; for though my eyes were sealed in oblivion, my ears were not—and I heard, as in the depths of nightmare, the distant and confused noise of the street, beyond the College gates—the voices of fishwomen—the ticking of my own time-piece, and the sound of my own breath. All these things I heard; but they were as nothing to the tread in the court—to the creaking shoes and brazen-shod stick of the stranger. There was something about this man which scared slumber away, and I was obliged to open my eyes, which were once more fixed upon him with increased curiosity.

I could not understand it. There was apparently nothing remarkable about the man. He was clothed in black, it is true, and had a three-cornered hat, a long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. Well, and what then? are not many men clothed in black, and do not some wear three-cornered hats, long *queues*,

and tortoise-shell spectacles? Then, to extricate myself from this dilemma, I called the orange stick to my assistance, and endeavoured to extract from it something sufficiently marvellous to account for my curiosity—then the pompous gait of its bearer—then his creaking shoes, and lastly, his rosy physiognomy. It would not do. There was nothing odd in any of them. What then was there about the man to attract my notice so irresistibly? Apparently there was nothing, and yet there must be something—for it was clear that my notice had been irresistibly attracted.

Altogether I was perplexed. My corporeal and mental functions were clearly opposed to each other, the former inspiring me to sleep, the latter striving to keep me awake. I felt a weight fall upon my spirit. I was hot, thirsty, and comfortless; and, what with the tendency to fall into slumber, and the effort not to do so, I resembled the ass between two bundles of hay, and remained like Mahomet's coffin, poised by the influence of resisting powers. In the atmosphere there was something insufferably hot; not a breath of wind filled the court; everything was stagnant; and a drowsiness fell upon the face of nature, like that rendered immortal by Thomson, in his Castle of Indolence.

Did I say that everything was stagnant? If I said so, I erred. There was one object that bade defiance to this universal languor; and that was the man with the tortoise-shell spectacles and long *queue*. Wonderful man!—while all nature was sinking into *en-*

nal, he continued his endless and interminable walk. He had been at work for half an hour; the time-piece was opposite me, and I knew it to a minute. What could be the meaning of this? there was something unfathomable about him; his name was Mystery, and the longer I looked at him the more miraculous did his whole appearance seem. Never was fancy and reason so preposterously opposed. The latter told me there was nothing about the man particularly worthy of observation; the former hinted that he was clothed with wonder as with a garment, and that he must be —somebody.

"Who can it be?" This was the first problem which it was imperative to solve. I had already found out that he could not be Kitchiner, seeing that this worthy gastronome was dead. Then Doctor Redgill and Touchwood came in review, but, without knowing anything of the persons of these gentlemen, I arrived somehow at the conclusion, that it could not be any of them. He must be a contributor to Blackwood, and certainly a celebrated one. Perhaps he is Christopher North; but no—he is not old enough for that; or Timothy Tickler—but he is not tall enough. He cannot be Hogg, no—nor O'Doherty—that is evident; nor can he be Delta—for he, I am told, is a tall young man, with light hair. He is perhaps Ebony himself; yes, he is Ebony. But no—confound it—he can't be that either, for Ebony neither wears a three-cornered hat nor has he a long *queue*.

In this manner did I cogitate, while the important

subject of my meditations walked opposite, apparently unconscious of my presence. There was—I love to repeat it—an air of awful dignity about him. It was clear that he was a man of importance, or, what is the same thing, that he thought himself one. Nor did this look of profound dignity seem to diminish as I gazed upon it. On the contrary, its influence increased. Every minute the person rose in my estimation; and I became certain that he must be one of the great men of the earth.

Nor was my admiration confined to his person alone; there was something interesting in his very habiliments. "That three-cornered hat," I thought, "is such as Raymond Lully, or Erasmus must have worn. There is something antique in its cut, and it could only fit the sconce of a man of genius." I now began to conjecture who could have made it; and I verily believe that had it been at this moment in the market, I would have given as much for it as for the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. My cogitations descended from the cocked-hat to the walking-stick. While looking upon it, I called to mind the rod of Moses, and the wand of Esculapius. It was none of your vulgar, ill-natured crab sticks—none of your hazel staffs. It was an orange stem, probably of Seville, or Montpellier growth; perhaps St Michael or Jamaica produced it. Nor was the coat of this mysterious man less worthy of observation. Stultze made it not; he never made such a coat. It was a goodly garment, of noble dimensions, and buttoned with ample swell over the cir-

cumference of his lordly paunch. There was an air of knowingness about it—something of erudition. The tailor who contrived it, must have been a grave and learned man—not the ninth part of humanity—not a fraction of his species, as tailors from time immemorial have been known to be. What a mass of dignity is contained within its embrace! Elijah's mantle must have been somewhat like this. Were it mine, I would not exchange it for the Pontifical robes, nor for the purple of Cæsar himself. Lastly, his nether garments, compassing in their colossal volume so glorious a rotundity of thigh: Heavens, such a pair of unmentionables! Were they mine, I would cause them to be handed down as an heir-loom to my family, even till the latest generations. Breeches!—yes, the word sounds hard to polished ears—that man, I will be bold to say, wears his own, and is most assuredly—not henpecked.

Never was I so interested in any being; but human interest will flag at times, and the mind must now and then give way to the dictates of the body. In the midst of my meditations a renewed languor came over me, my eyes closed involuntarily, as if I sat in an atmosphere of poppy or night-shade, my hands fell powerless into my lap, and I lay back in the chair, with my mouth half-open, and my whole spirit absorbed in one mysterious perplexity. I know not whether it could be called sleep; if it was, never did slumber come down upon the soul in more quaint and fantastic fashion. I had a perfect consciousness of

what was going on, and yet I could not move nor take any part in it. I felt the glow of the evening sun as it warmed my frame with its sultry breath. I heard my clock ticking, and the noise of flies buzzing and fluttering around me; and now and then felt them settling with annoying pertinacity upon my nose and forehead.

But a truce to such sounds as those of buzzing flies and time-pieces. There was one sound, not perhaps more loud than these, which yet drowned them in the magnificence of its moral loudness, and in its effect upon the mind. I allude to the tread of the man with the long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. He was still at work, pacing the court with slow and solemn dignity. I knew it, though I saw him not. I knew it, though well-nigh asleep; for I heard the creak—creak—creak—of his measured step, and the no less monotonous tick—tick—tick of his brazen-shod baton, responding to the music of his feet. I continued in this state of dozing somnolency for fifteen minutes, and was aroused from it by my clock striking the hour of seven. During my half-slumber, I was in a state of fascination, from which I found it impossible to liberate myself. I was in a trance; an incubus hung equally upon my body and spirit; and the sounding of the seventh hour seemed as the voice of a good angel, commanding the spell by which I was fettered to depart.

I awoke, opened my eyes, yawned, stretched myself, and looked out. The man was still there—Zounds, I

never doubted it! Who but himself could produce the tread I have been describing? whose stick but his, could beat the ground with such dignity? Upon my honour, the man was still there! By accurate computation, he had walked forty-five, ay fifty minutes. He had gone all this time in the sun too—on the sunny side of the court, be it remembered, when the thermometer stood at eighty. I formerly wondered who he could be: I now began to marvel what he wanted. Judging from his gait, he was surely a great man, and it was only rational to suppose he had come on some great occasion. "He must be one of the Commissioners," thought I, "appointed by the King to examine the state of the Scottish Universities, and is doubtless here upon his commission. Which of them can it be?—let me think. The Earl of Aberdeen is one, and so is the Earl of Lauderdale, but it is neither of them. Lord Melville is another, as likewise the Lord President." It would not do: these noblemen were all of the Commissioners whose names I recollected, and unluckily I knew them all by sight. Had there been any one of them with whose appearances I was unacquainted, I would have fixed upon the stranger as him, beyond a doubt. I now began to recollect that sundry learned men from Germany were shortly expected at our Colleges; among others, Gall and Spurzheim, and the celebrated Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, of whom honourable mention has been made in my Metempsychosis. For Gall, the man was too young; for Spurzheim, he was too short; for Doctor Dun-

derhead, he was neither old enough nor short enough, although in other respects he closely resembled that eminent professor. At last the idea struck me that he must be Dr Scott the Odontist, or Professor Leslie, when the pigtail descending beneath his three-cornered hat demonstrated how much I was mistaken. That eternal *queue* was the stumbling block to all my surmises. I knew nobody that wore a *queue* but the Duke of Hamilton; and his grace could not for one moment be mistaken for the man—nor the man for his Grace.

The more I reflected on the subject the greater my perplexity became. I had still a strong inclination to sleep, but I combated it for the sake of unravelling the secret. Meanwhile the stranger continued his pace. He went like a horse in a gin, only his course was backwards and forwards, instead of being round about. Nor in the whole of his walk did he abate one jot of his dignity. He still preserved the same pompous, consequential step which had first attracted my notice—carrying his head as high as ever, looking as proudly through his spectacles, and placing his baton with unmitigated firmness upon the earth. Altogether, there was a mystery about the man which I would have given the half of what I was worth to be acquainted with.

I have spoken of his person, of his dress, and of his gait, and have descanted upon them with sufficient copiousness; but there were some other things which there was no resisting the wish to know. I had al-

ready settled the point that he was a *bon vivant;* his amplitude of paunch and claret complexion established this beyond a doubt. "He is probably," I thought, "fond of roasted beef not overdone, and of beef-steak cooked *à l'Anglaise.* That he likes a draught of London porter after dinner is, I should think, likely; that he likes wine is certain; spirits I do not believe he cares much about. What kind of wine does he prefer—Claret, Malaga, or Hermitage? Neither. These are too watery and Frenchified for the rich current of his blood. Old Port and Madeira are his favourites, take my word for it. Talking of politics, the man is a Tory. His air is too lordly and aristocratic for Whiggism, which he would blow to the earth with the breath of his nostrils."

While reflecting in this manner, I got into better humour with myself. I had made some hits which pleased me, and I thought that the mystery would straightway dissolve like snow before the fire of my ingenuity. But, after all, they were only hits—mere guesses. They might all be wrong; instead of being a great man, he might be a very little man; instead of being a Tory, he might be a most egregious Whig. The only thing certain was—that he loved good things. This there was no denying, as his corporation was a living witness to the fact.

For more than fifty minutes had he by this time paced the opposite side of the court; and the circumstance of his being a *bon vivant* was—I must repeat it—in reality the only fact I had discovered about him.

The other surmises might be right, or they might be wrong. He might be Touchwood, or Redgill, or one of the University Commissioners, for anything I knew to the contrary. I was going to repeat that he might be Doctor Scott, but no—his pigtail set that for ever at rest.

Could he be a Bailie? It was possible, for he possessed much of the awful dignity which characterizes these functionaries; his paunch, his step, the air with which he looked through the glasses of his spectacles —all were magisterial.

A Methodist preacher? Impossible. If he be a preacher at all, he must be a bishop or a cardinal. That important look, that air of condition, that atmosphere of good living which floats around him, cannot savour of the sour, lank, vinegar aspect of Methodism.

A lawyer? A moment's thought convinced me that I was again at fault. What lawyer ever possessed such a lordly bearing, such a consciousness of superiority, and such freedom from care and calculation as reposes in the expression of that face.

A physician? The very idea savoured of absurdity. The time-serving smile, the insinuating address of the practitioners of physic, were awanting in his bold pompous front. The man was too full of his own importance to undertake the task of wedging himself into the graces of the sick.

A quaker? Fudge!

What then, in the name of miracle. was he? It was impossible to tell, and I tortured my brain for no pur-

pose, in the vain endeavour to solve the difficulty. All I could ascertain to my own satisfaction was the profession to which he actually did—not belong; and that he neither appertained to the tribe of lawyers, doctors, quakers, nor methodists, was as clear as mathematical demonstration could make it.

"I must discover him. There is something about the man, which cannot be allowed to remain in obscurity; and, if I die the moment after, I shall have the secret out of him." Such were my determinations, and I resolved to hit upon some plan to effect the purpose. But what plan could I adopt? Could I ask him his name and business? it was impossible to take such liberty with so awe-inspiring a personage. Who knows but he might read me a lecture from the Philippics of Demosthenes, and send me quailing back beneath the lightning of his eloquence? I could not doubt that he was a great orator. Notwithstanding the overpowering dignity of his demeanour it was possible he might descend to sarcasm and rebuke, to punish impertinence. Who knows if he would even be above applying his stick to my unfortunate numskull?

These reflections had their due weight in deterring me from so hazardous an experiment; but while they deterred me, they also excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. The desire for information augmented with the difficulty of procuring it. I no longer sat like a fixture at the window: my agitation was too great to admit of so sedentary a position, and I got up in a paroxysm of intense anxiety, and walked about

the room—rummaging every nook of my brain to find out some way of coming at the object in view. I was literally haunted—I could not drive the strange man from my head. If I looked out, I saw him walking with my bodily eye: if I turned away, I beheld him equally well with the eye of the mind. Nor did the sound of his footsteps for a moment escape me. I heard them creaking upon the court, accompanied by the attendant and ghostlike responses of the everlasting walking-stick.

My anxiety at last attained such a pitch, that I verily believe I should have died upon the spot, if a copious flood of tears had not come to my relief. "Can nothing be done?" said I, weeping bitterly. "Must I remain in ignorance of this extraordinary man? who is he—what does he want—is he Whig or Tory—does he drink Port in preference to Malaga or Hermitage—has he dined like myself, on oysters and macaroni—does he write to Blackwood?" Such were the questions that crowded on my imagination; but, alas, there was no one to answer them but the man himself,—with the tortoise-shell spectacles and the long *queue!* What could I do? I was ashamed and afraid to put them to him. Good breeding and caution alike forbade so extraordinary a proceeding. In this dilemna I threw myself upon the sofa, and buried my tear-bedewed face in one of the pillows, while I sobbed like the child who broke its heart because its nurse could not give it the moon as a plaything.

But I did not long give way to idle sorrow. Resentment took its place, and inspired my heart with deadly energy I felt myself insulted by the stranger. "He must be a villain," I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, "thus to tamper with the agonies of a fellow being. Notwithstanding his dignity, he is neither more nor less than—a villain." Would it be believed that in so short a time I threw away all my late feelings of reverence and admiration!—but the human heart is a strange piece of mechanism, which is constantly getting into disorder, and turning disloyally upon itself. From the bottom of my spirit, I thought *him* a villain, whom I had just wondered at, and reverenced, and admired. "Yes, he is neither more nor less. He has haunted me till my brain borders on distraction. He *shall* account for himself:—by heaven, he shall tell me who he is." My mind was wrought to a pitch of frenzied excitement—anger lent me courage—insatiable curiosity led me on; and I determined either to make him open his oracular lips and reveal himself, or to join with him in mortal death-grapple. Full of these terrible resolutions, I put on my hat, buttoned my coat, set my teeth, and descended the stair with portentous speed. On reaching the front door I paused a few seconds before opening it, to rally my ideas and collect my energies into one powerful focus. This done I opened the door, stepped into the court, and looked around me. Horrible to relate—the man was gone, and I never saw him more!

THE MAN WITH THE MOUTH.

"NEVER did I behold such a mouth!" This was my internal exclamation, as I gazed upon the man who sat opposite to me in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. He was an elderly personage—tall, meagre, long-chinned, hook-nosed, pale complexioned, and clothed from top to toe in a suit of black. It was wearing towards twilight, and the noble apartment in which I was seated had been forsaken by all its loungers, save myself and the man who called forth my observation. We were alone, he perusing the Morning Chronicle, I engaged with Blackwood's Magazine. The article I was reading was a capital one. It was —let me see—"Streams,"—that exquisite creation of Christopher North's matchless pen. But admirable as the article might be, it was not so admirable as the man's mouth—who perused the Chronicle. For some time, indeed, there was a combat between the mouth and the article, both soliciting my regards with equal ardour, and compelling me every moment to turn my eyes, first to the one and then to the other. Each possessed a magnetic property; and my mind was,

gulf. He never turned his eyes from the paper: they were rigidly fixed upon its lemoerane columns: and, but for the motion of his hands, as he shifted it up and down, I should have supposed him an image carved for some Dutch college by Chantry, or Thorwaldsen the Dane. I had no curiosity about the man: his name, his country, his profession, his character, were alike matters of indifference. I would not have given the toss of a farthing to know all about them. My attention was engaged with a nobler theme. I was analyzing his mouth, admiring the blandness of its expression, wondering at its hugeness, and envying its happy owner the possession of so magnificent a characteristic. It was not an ireful mouth; the corners were not turned down in the attitude of wrath or contempt, but curled upwards, in that benign flexibility of curve, which Charles Bell has so well illustrated in his Anatomy of Expression. He did not laugh—he was too sedate for that—but his mouth was clothed with a gentle smile, betokening inward tranquillity of spirit. Never did I gaze upon a being so full of mildness—so void of gall; and the longer I looked at him, I became convinced that those lips had been nurtured with milk and manna, and that the mind to whose thoughts they gave utterance was one which knew not guile or bitterness.

When I first noticed this marvellous man, it was six o'clock, which at that very moment pealed from the clock of St Giles; and the room, as I have already stated, was becoming obscured with the shades

his mouth—that mouth—wonderful as Versailles, and beautiful as the Sistine Chapel—which carried my sympathies away, and led me a captive worshipper at its shrine.

Such were my first impressions on beholding the Man with the Mouth. They were those of unmingled awe and pleasure, and appealed with resistless effect to my imagination. They came upon me like a rainbow bursting out from the bosom of a dark cloud—as a stream of sunshine at midnight—as the sound of the Eolian harp in a summer eve. But they appealed to the fancy alone; they touched the heart, but not the head; and it was some time before the latter could bring its energies to bear, so completely had it been overwhelmed with the tumult of passions which agitated the feelings. It did act at last; and as soon as the incipient impressions subsided a little, I felt an irresistible desire to ascertain why such wonderful effects should spring from such a cause. But it was in vain; and being neither casuist nor phrenologist, I was obliged to drop a subject, to which my powers were altogether unequal. I wondered, and was delighted: but what the remote springs of such wonder and delight might be, baffled my philosophy, and set my reasoning faculties at naught.

Meanwhile the man continued opposite to me, reading the Chronicle, and I continued to look at him, marvelling at the dimensions of that feature which had vanquished Christopher North in single combat, and absorbed his beautiful "Streams" in its insatiable

guilt. He never turned his eyes from the paper; they were rigidly fixed upon its democratic columns; and, but for the motion of his hands, as he shifted it up and down, I should have supposed him an image carved for some Dutch college by Chantry, or Thorwaldson the Dane. I had no curiosity about the man: his name, his country, his profession, his character, were alike matters of indifference. I would not have given the toss of a farthing to know all about them. My attention was engaged with a nobler theme. I was analyzing his mouth, admiring the blandness of its expression, wondering at its hugeness, and envying its happy owner the possession of so magnificent a characteristic. It was not an ireful mouth; the corners were not turned down in the attitude of wrath or contempt, but curled upwards, in that benign flexibility of curve, which Charles Bell has so well illustrated in his Anatomy of Expression. He did not laugh—he was too sedate for that—but his mouth was clothed with a gentle smile, betokening inward tranquillity of spirit. Never did I gaze upon a being so full of mildness—so void of gall; and the longer I looked at him, I became convinced that those lips had been nurtured with milk and manna, and that the mind to whose thoughts they gave utterance was one which knew not guile or bitterness.

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of approaching eve. The light which glared in at the windows was sullen and sepulchral, and flung a broad, dull radiance, upon the fluted Corinthian columns, that extended their double rows along the Library, supporting its painted roof upon their foliaged capitals. Within and without, all was calm. Save our two selves, there was not a soul in the apartment. The librarian had gone, Lord knows whither—the advocates had bidden their literary *sanctum* adieu, and the man with the mouth and myself were left in undisputed possession of the premises.

We had now sat for a considerable time together, he reading the Chronicle, I admiring his mouth. It was certainly the most extraordinary mouth ever created, and challenged observation in an uncommon degree. His whole face was absorbed in this mighty feature. He had, it is true, ears, and eyes, and cheeks, and nose and chin; but they were pigmied to nothing in such a lordly neighbourhood. He was, in fact, earless, eyeless, cheekless, noseless, and chinless. To speak comparatively, he had neither the one nor the other: he was all mouth.

I must say that I felt gratified in having it in my power to witness such a spectacle. By heaven! I respected the man, or rather his mouth. He was, it is true, a sad radical, as his newspaper reading testified, but then he had vanquished Christopher North; and after so great an achievement, what feats might he not perform? I began to think that there was no exploit in the world beyond his accomplishment.

That mouth was to him the brazen head of Friar Bacon—the sword of Achilles—the mirror of Merlin—the wand of Prospero—the griffin of Astolpho—the Elixir Vitæ—the Philosopher's Stone. He could rule the nations with it; terrify the Gouls and Dives with its grin; convulse the universe with laughter, beyond the power of Liston, and draw more tears from Beauty's eyes, than Siddons in Belvidera, or O'Neil in Juliet. The mouth was in fact omnipotent: it would be wronging it to say that it belonged to the man, for the man belonged to it. It was to him body and soul: and the other parts of his frame, such as trunk, limbs, and head, were merely its appendages.

Such were the reflections which, in spite of fate, arose in my mind on witnessing this extraordinary phenomenon, when a circumstance occurred which gave rise to a new train of ideas. Hitherto the mouth had been quiescent: not a muscle of it had moved, while its appendage, the man, was employed at his occupation. It was fixed, rigid, and apparently as incapable of change as the eternal rocks. I had even begun to wonder whether it possessed the power of motion—whether it could open and shut like other mouths—whether, in a word, its powers were equal to its pretensions. But these unworthy surmises were soon put to flight; for, on looking attentively, I perceived, with a feeling of intense awe, that it began to move. Upon my honour, the lips began to separate, first a hair-breadth—then two—then three—then a whole line, and at last half an inch. There was a so-

lemn grandeur about the process of opening. The mouth was unquestionably one of too much importance to open itself on trifling occasions, or in a trifling manner. It performed the operation slowly, deliberately, sublimely; and I looked on with the same breathless anxiety, as when listening in the Great Glen of Scotland to the expectant bursting of a thunder-cloud, which hangs in threatening mood over the summit of Bennevis. To say that it resembled a church-door would be doing it injustice—no church-door, even the main one of Notre Dame or St Paul's ever expanded its huge jaws with such deliberate majesty. Reader, if you have seen the opening of the dock-gates at Portsmouth, or of the locks on the Caledonian Canal, you may form some idea of that of the mouth.

I think, I said it had opened half an inch; to do so it took no less than three minutes—this I particularly noticed. "Now," said I, "this mouth is capable of expanding at least twelve times that length, or six inches. Three minutes to half an inch make six minutes to a whole inch. Six multiplied by six, make thirty-six. In all, one half hour and six minutes must elapse before this glorious mouth can attain its *ne plus ultra*."

While this process was going on, day waned apace, and twilight was on the point of being succeeded by darkness. Those broad floods of light which bathed the pillars with their lurid lustre, were becoming fainter and fainter—and nocturnal gloom threatened, in a

few minutes, to reign "Lord of the ascendant." But this approaching obscuration was no impediment to the mouth. It opened wider every instant. At last it attained the climax of its extension; and, wide as it was, would stretch no farther. The mouth, after all, was not so omnipotent as I supposed. There were limits to its powers, and after thirty-six minutes of incessant operation, it had done its best.

I now began to wonder what object my opposite neighbour could have in opening his mouth to such an apocryphal extent—or rather what could tempt the mouth itself to perform so extraordinary an exploit—for, somehow, I could never think of it as being under the control of the man. It could not be to eat, for eatables abound not in libraries; nor to speak, for speech requires not such oral dimensions. It was for neither: the purpose for which it condescended to open itself was nobler far. It was to give a *yawn*, which sounded through the apartment—shook me on my seat, and made the proudest folio quiver, like an aspen from its firm foundation. I never heard such a yawn: it was worthy of the great source from whence it emanated: it was worthy of the Advocates' Library; and, as its echo sounded from shelf to shelf, from pillar to pillar, and from table to table, I thought that it would rival the loudest yawn ever uttered by luckless wight, while luxuriating in the recondite pages of that profound philosopher, Dr Black. Kings might have owned it, heroes claimed it as their own, sages contended for it, poets sung about it. In one word, it was worthy

of the Man with the Mouth. Need more be said? Answer, "No."

Nor was this the only yawn. There were one, two, three, each louder than his predecessor. The last in particular was tremendous, and filled me with awe and admiration. I even yawned myself in hopeless rivalry, but I might as well have tried to outbrave the thunders of Jove with a pop-gun, as enter the lists with this most doughty opponent.

These mighty yawns being at an end, I naturally concluded that the mouth would resume its former condition—that it would close and be as when I first beheld it. But it closed not. Dark as the evening was, I saw that the man still gaped—that his mouth was as wide as ever: he seemed, in truth, yawning though inaudibly. He no longer perused upon the Chronicle: this the darkness rendered a hopeless attempt; and he quietly deposited the paper upon the table and looked at me—not with his eyes but with his mouth. I cannot describe the feelings which pervaded me at this time. The room was almost pitch dark; no relict of the solar influence remained behind; the pillars had lost the gaudy lustre lent them by the twilight, and stood like rows of sable giants in their respective places, while a silence, dread and drear as the grave, prevailed on every side. My admiration—my love—my respect for the mouth was as great as ever, but in a short time they began to be coupled with fear; and had it not been for some mysterious witchery exercised upon my understanding, I

believe I should have taken leg-bail, and left the man to yawn and gape till the "crack of doom." The Library was robed in darkness—true—but that did not prevent me from seeing him. Obscurity could not shroud him. He still gaped prodigiously. His mouth was large, round and deep, and formed a circle in the centre of his face—a black circle, only broken at the top of his nose, which peeped over it—and below by his chin, which protruded forward as if to harmonize with the nasal protuberance, and render the symmetry perfect. I saw also his eyes, that shone like two lambent lights, and shed a sepulchral lustre around the boundaries of his awful and mysterious mouth.

Altogether I felt alarmed—still respect for the remarkable object of my meditations bound me to my seat; and though minutes and hours passed by, I was yet gazing intently at it. I could perceive no diminution of its size: it was still the same yawning gulf —the same "antar vast," which gave birth to the portentous yawns. On one side I sat rapt in a frenzied awe; on the other, sat the Man with the Mouth, like an idol, commanding and compelling my adoration. I knew not what to make of him—or rather of his mouth. There was something surprising in the whole business; and now for the first time, did I feel my respect for this wonderful feature beginning to decline. The gradual opening of the feature was fine—the yawning magnificent—but such a persevering system of gaping seemed to me absurd. There was something in it which shocked my casuality; and I began

to suspect that, after all, the man was somewhat of an ass, and his mouth a very so so affair, scarcely worthy of the time and trouble it had cost me.

At last, what with violent excitement, and the fatigue of gazing, my imagination got violently agitated. I no longer saw things with my own eyes, but with the optics of fancy, and revelled in a profusion of extravagant and unbridled thought. The man who at first seemed nameless and unknown, was now invested with a "habitation and a name." His habitation was Eternity, and his name was TIME. That mouth was the gulf of oblivion into which all things must pass, save those doomed to endure for ever. The day before I had seen the frontispiece of George Cruickshanks's Illustrations of Time, where the insatiable monster is feeding upon the works of nature —where he has an elephant in one hand, and a church in the other, raising them to his ruthless maw; and where cities, pyramids, and temples are spread out before him for his next repast. This then was Time who sat before me; and his mouth, I doubted not, was expanded to receive whatsoever was unstamped with the seal of immortality.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." In a moment the Library, which had been silent, dark, and deserted, was lighted up, and crowded with wonted visitors. Three hundred advocates in their gowns paraded its vista—three hundred gentlemen learned in the law! I was amazed at it—not so Time. He chuckled with delight, and *(mirabile dictu)* gaped wider than before.

It was a night of miracles. Those thousands of tomes which crowded the shelves, seemed stricken with a dead palsy. The shelves themselves shook with trepidation, and their inhabitants tumbled with "hideous ruin and combustion" upon the floor. Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and some others, kept their accustomed berths, but the multitudinous mass started from *theirs* in dismay, as if some dreadful angel had pronounced their doom.

What did Time? He raised his right hand, and the volumes, as if borne upon some mighty stream, came rushing towards him. I heard their leaves fluttering in agony; and commingled with their agitations, came the groans of living and dead authors, bewailing their luckless offspring. The mouth, as they approached it, grew wider; and into its abyss sunk reams of paper innumerable, blackened with oceans of printer's ink.

Another freak of Time. He again raised his hand, and the three hundred gentlemen learned in the law, approached him by an irresistible impulse, and were instantly sucked into that mouth from whose vortex there is no return.

One caprice of imagination leads to another. A table was spread in the centre of the room, and a knot of worthy souls were busily enjoying themselves. They were the members of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. North was there, and Tickler, and Hogg, and O'Doherty, and Mullion, and the rest of that illustrious band. And when the mouth saw them, he elevated

his dexter-hand a third time—but its spell was unavailing now. North shook his crutch at him in derision—the Shepherd saluted him with a guffaw of contempt—Mullion snapped his fingers in his face—O'Doherty discharged a brandy bottle at his head,—and Tickler swore he did not value him a pipe-stopper.—Poor mouth—he was quite chop-fallen!

I pitied him. There is something painful in witnessing the failure of one who has been invariably victorious; and in spite of my respect for those excellent friends who had set him at defiance, I would rather have seen them sucked into his Lethean gulf, than witnessed his overthrow. I pitied him profoundly, for his faculties of devourment were next to boundless; and it was lamentable to think that there dwelt on this ball of earth any power capable of saying, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Time, or the Man with the Mouth, or whatever name we choose to call him by, felt his situation bitterly. He did not gnash his teeth; that would have been a tedious business to one whose mouth required thirty-six minutes to open, and doubtless as many to shut—but the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, and deep long-drawn sighs of anguish and disappointment proceeded from the bottom of his heart.

To assuage sorrow was always one of my principles. My heart is ever open "to the sweet music of humanity;" and I resolved to pour consolation into the spirit of this injured one. "Yes, Mouth! I shall assuage thy matchless griefs," said I, weeping bitterly,

while I buried my eyes in my handkerchief with one hand, and seized that of the object of my philanthropy with the other. Scarcely had I done so, than the Mouth uttered these awful words—"*Friend, thou art more free than welcome!*"—and, on looking up to see what they could import, I found that I was seated in the travellers' room of the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, and had caught by the nose a worthy quaker, who was at that moment occupied in devouring a savoury dish of pork-chops, and sausages.

THE WIG.

ONE day last summer, happening to be at Belfast, I was shown into the traveller's room of the inn at which I put up, where half a dozen of strangers were seated round the table listening to a tall, military-looking gentleman, who seemed in the act of amusing them with some story or other which he was relating. At least I judged that they were *amused*, from a loud peal of laughter set up by the whole body of listeners just as I entered the room. He who appeared to afford this entertainment was a very singular personage. He might be about sixty years of age, was considerably above six feet high, and one of the thinnest men I ever met with. His head was bald, except behind, where a few remaining grey hairs were drawn into a *queue*, which descended down his back. His countenance was of a brown or dingy tint, his nose and chin hooked, his mouth large, and he squinted powerfully with both eyes. He was dressed in a blue military surtout, long Hessian boots, and buckskin breeches. In addition to this he wore huge, brazen

spurs, and held in his right hand a long jockey whip. Altogether his appearance was striking; and when he spoke, his body was in incessant motion, his mouth drawn up into a grim smile, and his language rich, fluent, and Irish. His appearance, I must say, interested me; and, by a sort of involuntary movement, I placed myself at the table beside the rest, resolved to hear a little of that amusement which seemed to have such influence upon the risible faculties of the audience. As soon as the laughter had subsided, the old gentleman recommenced nearly in the following strain,—what truth there may be in his narrative I know not, —"I tell it as 'twas told to me."—

"What I have told you, gentlemen, proves that great events sometimes spring from trifling causes; but I shall relate to you a circumstance still more wonderful, and I pledge my honour that every word of it is true.

"It chanced, then, just thirty years ago, that the East India Company, in whose service I at that time was, declared war against the Peishwa of Surindab. The cause of this war was never made public, but I knew well what gave rise to it; and you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that the whole continent of Hindostan was convulsed, a thousand lacks of rupees expended, and a hundred and fifty thousand human lives lost, on account of a wig! Yes, by the powers, a wig! This was the cause of the war. A wig, —a wig,—a wig! Let it be written in letters of brass, that the continent of India was convulsed, a thousand

lacks of rupees expanded, and a hundred and fifty thousand human beings sacrificed, about a wig!—You will perhaps wonder how all this botheration could proceed from so inadequate a cause, but I shall tell you how it happened.

"The baggage of the Governor-General was one night robbed, and a patent peruke belonging to his wife taken out of it. This patent peruke was sold to the Peishwa of Surindab for half a lack of rupees; and he, considering that it became his own by purchase, put it upon his bald pate, and acquired thereby much dignity in his own estimation, and much honour in the eyes of his subjects. No sooner was the wig amissing, than the Governor's wife fell into a dreadful passion, and caused proclamations to be posted up through Calcutta, in the Hindoo, Persic, Syriac, Coptic, Sanscrit, Arabic, Hebrew, and Chinese tongues, offering a large reward for the recovery of the same, and threatening to immolate those in whose possession it should be found, at the altar of the great god Juggernaut. I assure you gentlemen, that the people of Calcutta were in a devil of a stew. The Hindoos turned up the whites of their eyes, and commended themselves to the crocodiles of the Ganges; the Mahometans chewed an extra allowance of opium, and smoked with redoubled zeal, ejaculating between every puff the name of the prophet, and consoling themselves with the thought, that if they did die on account of the wig, they would be straightway transported to the arms of the houris in the bowers of Paradise. As for the Chinese, they

invoked the god Fum to their assistance, and vowed in good round style, that, if any evil were done to them, their celestial emperor, the mighty Kien Long, would come with his multitude of immortals, and sweep Calcutta from the face of the earth.—How the business might have ended no human being can tell, when word was brought to the lady, that her wig adorned the royal head of the Peishwa of Surindab. This enraged her more than ever; and, sending for me one evening, she commanded me to proceed to the capital city of the Peishwa, and demand the peruke. I accordingly set out with an elegant equipage, which her ladyship ordered to be prepared for me; and, after hard travelling, reached the palace of his highness, to whom I communicated my message.

"The Peishwa was a short, squat, flat-nosed, mahogany-faced fellow, of about fifty-three. His limbs were cased in wide linen trowsers and sandals. He wore a white jewelled turban upon his head; and from his shoulders flowed a loose robe of purple silk, inwrought with all the mysteries of the Hindoo mythology. Around his waist, a girdle, studded with amethysts, was bound; and in his girdle were stuck a diamond-hilted hanger, a long scymitar, and a brace of Spanish pistols. He was seated on a throne of gold and ivory, surrounded by a crowd of grim-looking fellows, with sabres in their hands, and daggers at their sides, after the fashion of their master. On being introduced, I was desired to prostrate myself, and make a certain number of *salaams*; but this I declined, al-

leging that I would not bend the knee to any man on earth except my own sovereign. This boldness, I thought, staggered him a little; and he put on such an iron aspect, that I looked for nothing short of the bow-string, or bastinado at least. However my contumaciousness was allowed to pass unpunished, and he asked me, with as much civility as he could muster, what was the object of my mission.

"'Most noble Peishwa of Surindab,' said I, 'I come hither as the appointed ambassador of that chaste and virtuous lady, the spouse of our invincible Governor-General of all the Indies, to demand a wig, which some of your people have purloined, and which I have good reason to know is at this moment on your royal head.' Such was my speech, and at the conclusion of it his highness looked as if struck with a *coup de soleil*. His face grew as black as logwood, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and his teeth gnashed together with absolute amazement. He even laid his hand upon his sword, then upon his scymitar, then upon his pistols. Altogether I could not help apprehending some dreadful consequences, and every moment expected to feel either a foot of cold steel, or an ounce of lead, riddling my body. At last he grew somewhat cooler, and after conversing with his vizier, spoke to me as follows:

"'And pray, young sir, what if I refuse to surrender the wig which the chaste and virtuous spouse of your invincible Governor-General of all the Indies, has thought fit to demand of me?'

"'In that case,' said I, 'I am commanded by her ladyship to assure you that war will be instantly declared against your highness; that, like many other native princes, you will be stripped of your dominions, which will be added to those of the Company; and farther, that your name will be declared infamous, and yourself tried, condemned, and executed, as a resetter of theft.'

"I believe I never spoke in my whole life with so much energy. My language was absolutely sublime, and made the Peishwa's copper face assume all the colours of the rainbow. It was black, blue, brown and green by turns, while the foam rolled in volumes from his mouth, and he cursed me in the name of Brama and Vishnu, and Seeva, and swore to hand me over to the priests, who would offer me up as a victim, to appease their offended deities. 'Away with him,' said he, as soon as he could speak, 'throw him into prison! Thus to insult the dignity of Surindab?—thus to outbrave the cousin of the moon, the brother of the sun, the ruler of the stars, the king of ten thousand crocodiles, the commander of elephants, the father of snakes, the famous drinker of wine, the illustrious eater of buffaloes' flesh—who weighs twenty stones, who has five hundred wives, nine hundred concubines, and a whole army of eunuchs! Away with him, cut him in pieces, bow-string him, bastinade him, shave his head, put out his eyes!' Such were the frantic exclamations of the infuriated Peishwa; and I was hurried off without ceremony, and thrown into a dismal vault some twenty feet under ground.

"As soon as I was fairly lodged in this place, I began to reflect upon my situation, and soon came to the conclusion that it was far from being an enviable one. I had got into the tiger's den, and how to get out of it puzzled me in no small degree. To tell the truth, I considered death as inevitable; in all likelihood I had only a few hours to live, and I resolved to behave like a man, and not disgrace my country and profession by playing the coward in my last moments.

"Death, however, is death; and let people put what face they may upon the matter, it is not a thing to be sneezed at, or treated with indifference. It is very well for those who have never been in danger to philosophize upon the subject, and vaunt what they would do in this situation or in that. So long as our bodies are flesh and blood, and our minds compounded of hopes and fears, and other passions of a like kind, the grim tyrant will be an unwelcome visitor. For my part, young as I was and full of high expectations of future fame, I had not the least wish to shake hands with him; and would much rather have been smoking at Calcutta with my fellow-comrades, than roasted at the stake, or even strangled, for the sake of my illustrious mistress and her patent peruke. Full of these cogitations, time wore on; hour after hour went by, and I was still alive, having neither been beheaded, burned, bow-stringed, bastinadoed, or even shaved, all of which terrible punishments were contained in the threatenings of the Peishwa. Day at last closed: the few beams which found their way into my grated pri-

son, gradually melted into darkness, and I was left in the solitude and silence of the tomb. What could I do?—pipe I had none for smoking—liquor I had none for drinking. Deprived of these invaluable friends to misfortune, I felt dull, drooping, and melancholy, and, had not the guards taken the precaution of removing my arms, I verily believe I should have committed some act of violence. My mind became sad, bewildered, and visionary. I felt that all my gay hopes were crushed in the bud; that the grave was opening its jaws to receive me, and that the darkness in which I was now immured, was but a type of that last and sepulchral gloom which would soon be mine. Nor when slumber came down upon my eyes was I better off. Instead of flinging a veil over my future lot, it only rendered it more painfully distinct and revolting. I fancied myself led out to execution in the presence of the revengeful Peishwa. I saw all instruments of punishment before my eyes—the scymitar, the cord, and the rack. I saw my adversary seated on his throne, surrounded by barbaric splendour, by thousands of armed and obsequious slaves, while the gods of his country looked down with an approving aspect from their tabernacles in the sky, and urged his dark spirit to slaughter and revenge. These visions continued for some hours, when I was awakened from them by the opening of my prison door. 'Now,' said I, 'the horrors of fancy are to be exchanged for those of reality—the hour of death is at hand.' Such were the thoughts which possessed my understanding, and I

must confess that the appearance of those who now entered had no great effect in dispelling them. They were a party of the Peishwa's guards, each with a drawn scymitar in his hand, and the foremost having, in addition, a coil of rope twisted round his arm.

"You will probably think that these fellows came with the charitable purpose of strangling or beheading me, in compliance with the commands of their sublime master; but not at all, for after pinioning me with the cord, in spite of abundance of kicking and bawling on my part, they proceeded with the utmost coolness to shave my head, and so effectually were their operations performed, that not a single pile of hair was left remaining. Having accomplished this ceremony, in a way that would have done honour to the most dexterous tonsor, they unbound the cords which tied me, led me to the prison door, and, giving me a parting kick on the seat of honour, they advised me to betake myself home as soon as I pleased, for that if I were found another day in the territories of the Peishwa, I should assuredly be put to death, and my body left a prey to the vultures.

"Behold me now, shorn of my locks, stripped of my armour and of my retinue, a poor pennyless, houseless wanderer in the country of the vindictive Peishwa. My heart was boiling with indignation, and I longed, with intense ardour, to revenge the insults heaped upon me. I would, had I followed the dictates of passion, have challenged my enemy on the spot; but I was not mad enough to resort to an expe-

dient which would only hurl destruction upon my own head, 'No, base ruler of Surindab, I shall take a surer plan with you,' were the exclamations of my wounded spirit. 'I shall return to the city from whence I came, and lay my wrongs before my illustrious mistress; and if she refuses to make my cause her own, justice does not abide on the earth, and truth and honour are empty names.' Such were my resolutions; and my first step was to endeavour to find out some of my comrades, that we might travel home together, and lay our complaints at the feet of her by whom we were assured of being avenged. But no comrade was to be found: my retinue was as utterly gone, as if it had been swept away from the face of the earth, or had never existed. In this predicament I had no recourse but to pursue my journey alone.

"Most fortunately, a few hours after quitting the capital of the Peishwa, I observed a fine charger, thoroughly caparisoned, walking about as if it had lost its owner. Considering the dreadful circumstances in which I was placed, I made no scruple of mounting this animal—which seemed as if sent by Heaven for my use—more especially as, by the cut of its accoutrements, I was satisfied that it belonged to the cavalry of my oppressor, by whom I had been so harshly used, that to take anything appertaining to him could scarce be deemed a robbery. Thus mounted, I pursued my way, sometimes by the glare of the fierce Indian sun, sometimes by the cool lustre of the moon,

which shone in the deep vault of heaven, as a kind spirit attempering the ardour of her fiery and magnificent lord. After a multitude of adventures—after being pursued, times without number, by hordes of roving Pindarees—after witnessing the huge boa-constrictor and the gaunt tiger writhing on the sand plains, in the agonies of unendurable thirst—after having scaled mountains, whose bases basked in the heat of perpetual summer, whose zones were bound by the girdle of ceaseless spring, and whose summits shot up into the cold empire of ice—after witnessing all these, and going through innumerable hardships, I arrived at last at Calcutta, the termination of my pilgrimage, and the fountain from which my vengeance was to rush in one vast deluge upon the head of the Peishwa of Surindab.

"The first thing I did was to call upon the lady, and lay my complaint before her. When she saw my bald pate, my tattered dress, and my body worn and emaciated in her service, she was seized with pity, and wept aloud; but when I informed her of the cause of my misfortunes, and how contemptuously she had been treated by his highness of Surindab, she changed her tones of pity for those of rage and vengeance.

"'The villain shall suffer for it!' said she, in the first moment of passion; 'he shall, by heaven, and that in a shorter period than he is prepared for.' So saying, she went, followed by me, according to her orders, into the presence of the Governor-General, who was busy smoking his pipe, and listening to his

Pundit, who was reading to him a parcel of dispatches. His excellency was a little, snappish man, ill-natured to the world in general, but to his wife the most submissive creature in existence. He tyrannized over India, and she, in her turn, tyrannized over him. He was, in fact, wife-ridden, his good lady wearing the breeches, and being, of the two, the better horse.

" ' My lord,' said she, ' you remember the story of my wig?'

"'I do, my love,' ejaculated the Governor, emitting at the same time a huge puff of tobacco-smoke, and looking at her with an expression of intolerable peevishness, mixed with dread. And no wonder, for that eternal wig had been forced down his throat, till he was utterly sick of the subject; and, I have no doubt, he wished his wife and her peruke at the bottom of the Red Sea.

" ' Well then, my lord, it is fit you should know that not only has my wig been villainously purloined by the Peishwa of Surindab, but this young man, my messenger, whom I sent to obtain it, has been disgracefully treated. Look at him—look at his head!'

" The Governor looked at me attentively. I thought I saw his lips curled into an air of derision; and blowing out another immense cloud of vapour from his mouth, he assured his wife that he was very sorry for what had occurred, but that wigs were not so scarce but what her ladyship could get another in Calcutta. This was certainly one of the most unlucky speeches ever uttered, and failed wofully in the effect it was intended

to have, of soothing her irritated feelings. She burst forth, like a long-restrained volcano, into a volley of wrath, stamped with her feet, and so utterly terrified her husband, that he laid aside his pipe, took her affectionately by the hand, and entreated her to say what steps she would wish him to take.

"'Declare war against the Peishwa,' was her indignant reply.

"'Zounds!' said the Governor, startled at this demand, 'declare war on account of a wig? It is not possible, my lady, that you can be serious.'

"'But I *am* serious!' exclaimed her ladyship, 'and that you shall find to your cost, if you don't commence hostilities without loss of time.' So saying, she bounced out of the room, leaving her husband utterly confounded by so absurd a proposition. The poor man knew not what in heaven to do. He dared not for the soul of him disoblige his wife; but to enter into a dangerous war with a friendly state about a pound of human hair, staggered even his obsequiousness, and made him pause. For some minutes he walked hurriedly up and down the apartment with a pipe in his mouth, puffing in the most prodigious style, and muttering through his teeth, 'War about a wig—war about a wig!—The thing is impossible. —What will the Company think of me. What will the Government at home think of me?—Zounds it cannot be? He then sat down, and his Pundit being one of the most erudite men of the East, he asked him if there was ever an instance of war having arisen

in India from such a cause. The Pundit answered, that wigs, being unknown in that country, could not give rise to wars—ergo, no wars had ever arisen on account of wigs;—but that wars having frequently arisen from causes equally trifling, there was no philosophical reason why wigs might not as well give rise to wars as they. This solution pleased the Governor. He sent for his wife, and informed her that war would instantly be commenced in compliance with her wishes, but that, for various reasons, some other cause than the real one must be assigned for it.

"When the Peishwa heard of the operations about to commence against him, he was confounded. He had always been on good terms with the Company, and could not comprehend why they should so unwarrantably begin an attack. Neither he, nor any one else, save the Governor, his wife, his Pundit, and myself, had the slightest notion of the real grounds, else universal amazement and indignation would naturally have been excited. The true cause was the wig, the pretended one a mere tub to amuse the whale. The latter, even supposing it well-founded, was utterly insignificant and contemptible; but so fond are people of magnifying everything beyond its just dimensions, that the mole-hill soon swelled into a mountain, and it was proved to demonstration by all the *quidnuncs* of the day, that the Peishwa had given us huge cause of offence, and that nothing could satisfy our just resentment but his deposition, and the cession of his dominions to our own. There were in-

deed, some politicians both in India and in the mother-country, who looked upon the imputed cause as totally insufficient to justify such preparations and such expense; but these were regarded as disaffected persons—enemies to the government; and their croakings were accordingly unheard, or treated with contempt by all true lovers of their country.

"War soon commenced in sober earnest; but before quitting Calcutta with my regiment, I was sent for by the governor's lady, with whom I had the honour of a *tete-à-tete* in her private boudoir. 'Colonel,' said she, 'you are a young man, and it is in my power to do much for you, and advance your prospects in life. The cause of this war I need not tell you—that you know as well as I do—but I trust, as you value my good opinion, that you will be *mum*, and say not a word upon the subject to any human being. As I suppose you aspire after valiant enterprises, even as Don Quixote did, I shall give you one, in which if you are successful, you shall rank in my estimation even higher than that illustrious knight-errant; and I shall consider you the pink and pearl of modern chivalry, besides rewarding you well.'

"'Name not rewards, most accomplished lady,' said I, kneeling before her, and pressing the fair hand which she presented to my lips—'Name them not. I am more than rewarded in having the honour of labouring in your service; and I trust I shall so conduct myself as to win a place in your admiration, not inferior to that possessed by the renowned knight of La Mancha.'

" ' I know it, my dear Colonel,' said she, smiling ; ' but praise, though honey to a noble mind, will be yet sweeter if accompanied with something of a more solid description. What I, therefore, wish to tell you is, that if you recover that peruke, which the unprincipled Peishwa has dared to purloin, I shall give you half a lack of rupees ; and if you shall succeed in bringing me the head of the audacious traitor, as well as the wig, double the number shall be yours.' Lovely lady ! no sooner had she pronounced these words, than, suffused in blushes, she arose and went away, leaving me upon my knees, struck with admiration at the tenderness of her feelings and the nobleness of her spirit. My heart was full ; emotion stifled my utterance ; and I wept like a child at the contemplation of such perfection, and at the thought of being selected the champion of one so pure-minded, and so exalted in station above her sex. Those sweet words which she uttered fell like music upon my ear, and at the same time stirred me up to heroic deeds, like the sound of a trumpet. ' Peishwa of Surindab, beware my arm. Innocence and virtue urge it against thy bosom, and thou or I shall perish in the coming struggle.' Such were the words I involuntarily uttered as I poured out a glass of brandy, which the lovely lady had taken care to place upon the table for my use.

" The war which ensued was one of the most sanguinary that ever took place in India. The capital of Surindah was many days' march from Calcutta, and

the intervening country in every respect unfavourable for the progress of an army. It was a barren, mountainous district, studded in some places with verdure, but generally devoid of everything indicative of vegetable life. The plains lying between the hills were covered with arid sand, and bore a miniature resemblance to the deserts of Africa and Arabia, which I have more than once had occasion to pass over. Notwithstanding these disadvantages to an invading force, the Peishwa was beat at all points, the stockades which he raised up forced, his elephants destroyed, and a whole caravan of wives and concubines made captive. This last circumstance annoyed him more than anything else; and he swore, by the golden beard of his brother the sun, and the petticoats of his cousin the moon, to immolate us to his wrath, and to tumble our whole force, body and soul, into the waters of the Ganges.

"At one time he was very near effecting his threat; and had it not been for a most notable expedient which I put in practice, the whole of our army, British and Sepoys, horses, elephants, and camels, must have perished without redemption. Upon my honour, gentlemen, I saved the army;—had it not been for me, a despised and neglected colonel in the Company's service, that magnificent force, which left Calcutta with beat of drum, clang of cymbal, and sound of trumpet, must have been lost, unutterably lost,—and left not even a name behind. You will naturally be anxious to learn how this took place; well, then, it was as follows:

"After being defeated in several sanguinary actions, as I have just mentioned, the Peishwa retired with the remnant of his army towards that vast range of mountains which run between Thibet and India. They are the Imaus of the ancients, and the Himmallah or Snowy ridge of the moderns, and stand like huge pyramids of ice between the two continents. The summits of some of them are so lofty that they are hidden in eternal clouds, and are commonly supposed by the natives to be the citadels on which Indra, the god of the elements, has placed his throne. The approach to these mountains is exceedingly difficult, being intersected in all directions by rocks, ravines, gullies, sand-pits, and marshes.

"Now, what think you the Peishwa did? He intrenched himself in this abominable swamp, and so fortified every assailable point with stockades and mock batteries, as to render his position one of the most formidable ever chosen. To surround him, with such a bulwark of mountains at his back, was out of the question; to starve him into a surrender impossible, as he had many months' provisions at his command; and to drive him from his intrenchments, an undertaking of immense hazard. Our army was, in fact, brought to a regular pull-up. That valour which, in fair fight, had foiled the enemy times without number, was bootless here; and we had the mortification of seeing ourselves pointed at by those barbarians with the finger of ridicule, and every effort we made to assault them in their fastnesses utterly unavailing. Nor was this

all; for when our situation was perceived, and the inadequacy of our offensive means made known to them, they assumed new courage, and ventured to make different sallies upon us from their stockades, by which we lost a number of valuable men, without the satisfaction of thinking that we had done them much damage in return. Besides this, they sent out parties who beat up our quarters, and ravaged the country on all sides,—stripping it of whatever forage it possessed, and reducing us to the greatest straits for want of provender for our cattle. Altogether our situation was most unpleasant; and, to add to our other misfortunes, a mutiny was on the point of breaking out among the men.

"In this dreadful predicament I requested an audience of the Commander-in-Chief.

"'Most noble sir,' said I, bowing gracefully, and putting my hand upon my heart, 'it grieves me from the bottom of my *sowl* to witness the slow progress which our valiant army is now making against the Peishwa of Surindab. It is evident, that till we know the precise situation of his army among these swamps and rocks, nothing can be done against him in the way of attack. Entrenched as he is behind artificial and natural obstacles, it is clear that we are fighting against an invisible foe. A foe being invisible, cannot be seen; a foe who cannot be seen, cannot be conquered; ergo, we cannot conquer the Peishwa of Surindab. Now what I have to propose is this,—that your Excellency would please to order a balloon to be constructed without loss of time; and if I do not show

the enemy a trick worth any ten of his own, I am, as the immortal Sir John Falstaff says, a souced gurnet.'

"Thus far had I proceeded, when the Commander-in-Chief, taking out a pair of silver spectacles, stuck them upon his carbuncled nose, and eyed me with a glance in which it would be difficult to say whether amazement or admiration most predominated.

"'And pray, most sapient Colonel,' said he, with a sneer not to be misunderstood, 'what may be your pleasure with a balloon? Of a truth, you are a worthy young man, and deserve our most hearty thanks for wishing to amuse us in these dull times. A balloon—ah—so it is your august pleasure to have a balloon—to go a-star-gazing I suppose? What would you think of taking a flight across Dwalagiri to give yourself an appetite for breakfast?' These words were spoken in a tone of such derisive sarcasm that the blood mounted indignantly to my cheeks; and as I looked at the ruddy-faced, bald-pated, satirical old man, I confess it required all the consciousness that he was my superior officer, to check the retort which, almost in spite of myself, was rising to my lips. However, I curbed my irritated feelings, and answered as follows:

"'Mistake me not, most valiant sir. I am neither mad nor selfish, but have the honour of the army most deeply at heart. Let not your excellency suppose that I would so far degrade myself as to become a mere aeronaut for the gratification of spectators, and still less that, in the dreadful circumstances in which we are placed, I would ascend for my own amusement. No, my aim is nobler: my aim is to mount the sky

and gaze like the eagle upon the positions which our enemies hold in these infernal intrenchments, whose very nature is hidden in such obscurity as to render all attack upon them hopeless. My object, most excellent sir, is to map out their fastnesses in such a manner that their most intricate labyrinths may be unravelled, and a passage opened up by which our gallant troops may enter, and sacrifice them to the infernal gods.'

"'O glorious young man,' exclaimed the General, as I concluded my somewhat sublime oration; 'what a thought! what a magnificent idea! Zounds, sir, you are a man of genius! Dædalus was nothing to you—Archimedes a mere tyro—Cohorn a ninny—Vauban an ass!' And, getting up from his seat, he shook me warmly by the hand, assuring me that I was the greatest prodigy the world ever saw; that my fame would stretch from pole to pole, and that I had found out the philosopher's stone, which would cause all the fortresses in Europe to be no better than cracked pitchers. Nor did his approval of my scheme confine itself to words, for he straightway ordered a balloon to be prepared on the most approved principles, and announced to the army, that in six days my ascent would take place with all the honours. This immediately put the troops in good humour: the mutiny was quelled in a moment. Every man seemed delighted; some being tickled with the idea of seeing my ascent, and others pleased at the thought that it would be the means of ending the war, and releasing them from their unpleasant situation.

" The balloon was prepared in the stipulated time, conformably to orders. It was certainly a magnificent machine, some forty feet in diameter, and glittering all over with purple and gold. A car shaped like the nautilus, and made of bamboo, was appended to it with silken cords; and into this car did I place myself in the midst of acclamations from the assembled multitude. This was the proudest moment of my life. Surrounded by ten thousand British troops, forty thousand sepoys, and numberless crowds of Bramins, Pundits, concubines, sherbet-makers, and camel-drivers, I was the object of universal admiration. No one doubted my success; and in the consciousness of anticipated victory, they rent the air with their cries. On taking my seat, I used the precaution to place a bottle of brandy beside me, well knowing the icy coldness of those regions into which I was about to ascend; and to keep myself still more comfortable, I threw around my shoulders a mantle of rich ermine, of which one of the Peishwa's captive wives, who had taken a fancy to me, made me a present the day before. Thus equipped, I gave the signal; those who held the cords of the car relaxed their grasp; and up, up, up, like a stupendous soap-bubble blown from the pipe of Polyphemus, sprung the mighty globe towards the vault of heaven.

" There is no conveyance in the world equal to a balloon. It combines the two grand requisites of speed and ease. There is no jogging or shaking of one's bones, as occur in a coach—no stopping to pay tolls or change horses—no infernal twang of horn from

iron-lunged guard—no 'hip, woa,' from driver. Even a steam-boat, or Mr Burstall's steam-carriage is not to be named in the same breath. I have often thought that an eagle was the most glorious creature in existence, as with his broad, proud pinions he clove the winds of heaven, making for himself a passage through empty space, and soaring on his way with a majesty beyond the state of kings: but even an eagle is nothing to a man in a balloon—and, while mounting upwards, like Satan from the infernal gulf, I envied not the strongest of the feathered tribe that ever swept its way through the fields of ether.

"But, hollo! what the devil am I about? I am getting into heroics with a vengeance; and if I don't set a stopper to my eloquence, the Peishwa of Surindab will play the deuce with the British army. And to tell you the truth, gentlemen, the Peishwa was much nearer accomplishing this object than I had any idea of; but this you shall hear by and by.

"Suppose me now poised between heaven and earth, with the ermine cloak of the Sultana around my shoulders, my sextant in my hand, taking the bearings of the hostile encampment, and a sheet of foolscap before me, on which my plans and observations were to be noted down. The friends I had left below were in ecstacies. I heard their voices mellowed into a distant and indistinct hum as they struggled upwards through space to meet the object of their acclamations. The cannon, whose thunder rolled so loud in the rocks below, sounded like pop-guns; and those shells and rockets which were shot up, by way of parting salute,

seemed to me, in my vast elevation, scarcely to rise above the ground. I felt myself etherealised beyond the race of men. I was no longer a human being. I was no longer my former self. I had ceased to be a denizen of earth, and spurned the vile world on which I drew my existence. However, although I did all this, I was not so negligent of my duty as to forget the mission on which I had gone. I remembered the Peishwa and his entrenchments; and before I was half an hour in the upper regions, I had every nook and cranny of these fortresses drawn out in my chart. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'most sublime sovereign of Surindab, I have got the key to your fortifications; and if the Commander-in-Chief and his valiant army of British and Sepoys don't find their way into your inmost recesses"——

Most unfortunately, at this part of the story the waiter made his appearance, and announced to the military gentleman that his horse was ready. Upon which he got up from his seat, and made the company a profound bow, and said he would finish his adventures some other time. Our disappointment was extreme, and so, I daresay, will be that of the reader. The conjectures of us all as to his character and the nature of his story were innumerable. One swore he was Captain Bobadil, another that he was Major Longbow, a third that he was Baron Munchausen. To settle the dispute, I rung for the waiter and inquired if he knew the name of the stranger who had just left us.

"Lord, sir," said the fellow, "his name is Colonel O'Shaughnessy."

AN EXECUTION IN PARIS.

In the month of March 1825, Louis Auguste Papavoine lost his head. He was guillotined at the Place de Grêve for the murder of two children in the Bois de Vincennes. The man was mad, beyond all doubt, and in Great Britain would have been sentenced to perpetual confinement as a lunatic; but the French criminal court refused to admit the plea of insanity, and he was given over to the executioner: the Cour de Cassation having rejected his appeal from the decision of that which tried him.

To my shame be it spoken, I wished to see an execution by the guillotine. There was a sort of sanguinary spell attached to this instrument, which irresistibly impelled me to witness one of its horrid triumphs. When I thought of it, the overwhelming tragedy of the Revolution was brought before my eyes—that Revolution which plunged Europe in seas of blood, and stamped an indelible impression upon the whole fabric of modern society. There was something appalling in the very name of this terrific engine. M. Guillotine, its inventor, was also one of its

victims—he perished by his own contrivance. Let no man hereafter invent an instrument of punishment. Perillus contrived the brazen bull, and was among the first to perish by it. Earl Morton, who brought the "Maiden" to Scotland, underwent a like fate; and Deacon Brodie was hanged upon his own drop.

The day on which Papavoine suffered was beautifully fair; and, profiting by this circumstance, the idle population of the French capital flocked in myriads to witness his exit. It was calculated that there were not fewer than eighty thousand spectators. The Place de Grêve was literally paved with human beings. A person might have walked upon their heads without difficulty; and so closely were they wedged together, that had any object larger than an apple been thrown among them, it could not have found its way to the ground. Men, women, and children, were clumped into one dense aggregate of living matter; and as the huge multitude moved itself to and fro, it was as the incipient stirring of an earthquake, or as the lazy floundering of the sea, when its waves, exhausted by a recent storm, tumble their huge sides about, like the indolent leviathan which floats upon their surface. There was no spot of the *Place* unoccupied save immediately around the scaffold, where a portion was squared off, and kept clear by a strong body of mounted gendarmerie, who kept back with their horses the living wall, which was every moment threatening to break asunder by the pressure behind, and intrude its animated materials into the

proscribed area. Nor was the Place de Grêve the only spot so crowded. The quays along the Seine were equally peopled, and even the opposite banks of that broad stream were filled with multitudes. Notre Dame shone with spectators, who had mounted its beetling towers to catch a dim prospect of the sacrifice; and every window and height, which afforded the most distant view, were similarly occupied.

In Paris, as in London, it is customary to let out those windows where a good view can be obtained; and on any occasion of particular interest—as the present happened to be—considerable sums are asked, and given. Sometimes half a Napoleon is demanded for a single place; and the sum varies from that to half a franc, according to the eligibility of the situation. Many of the windows are so near to the guillotine, that a very favourable prospect of the painful spectacle can be obtained; and these, of course, are crowded with persons who can afford to pay well for the gratification of their curiosity—if there be, indeed, any gratification in witnessing the instantaneous and sanguinary death of a fellow creature. Yet the view, even from the best windows is not equal to that from within the open area. But into this space, it is no easy matter to get a footing; the few who are admitted being military men, and such of their friends as they choose to bring along with them. Indeed, at this time, there were few or no officers of any rank within the opening. It was mostly occupied by the gendarmes, who were there upon duty; and by a few

dozens of common soldiers, whom curiosity or idleness had brought together. This, however, was the spot to which my wishes led me; and under the guidance of a young French officer of hussars, I was led into the area, and placed in front of the guillotine, not ten feet from its dreadful presence. But dreadful as it is from association, and from its destructive rapidity, this machine is by no means so appalling to look at as the gallows. The same feeling of horror does not attach to it; nor is the mind filled with the same blank dismay, or the same overpowering disgust, which are universally felt on beholding the gibbet, with its looped rope, its horrid beam, and its deceitful platform, which, slipping from beneath the feet of its victim, leaves him dangling and gasping in the winds of heaven. Somehow the same strong idea of disgrace is not connected with the axe as with the gibbet; but this may be from the thought that the noble and the good have shed their blood in torrents beneath its edge, thus giving it a sort of factitious interest, and deadening even with the most criminal the ignominy of its punishment. Nor is it coupled with such inveterate disgust, and such decided outrage to the feelings of humanity. Prolonged physical suffering is at all times revolting; and to see a human being struggling with a violent death—writhing in agony, and perishing like a dog—is the most detestable sight in existence. The guillotine distracts the fancy with no such sickening imagery. Whatever agony is sustained, is the more noble and enduring agony of the spirit, previous to the fatal hour. There is no struggle here with the

grim tyrant—no painful encounter between life and death—no tortures like those which wrung Laocoon and his miserable offspring. From perfect life, the individual is transported to as perfect annihilation. He does not enter eternity by slow, unwilling steps: the spirit does not quit its fleshly mansion painfully and tardily, but leaves it with a sudden bound, and plunges at once into a new existence, there to be saved or lost, as its fate chances to be decreed in the Book of Life.

At the period of my admission, it was two o'clock —one hour exactly from the time of execution; and I had, therefore, abundant leisure to contemplate the engine of death, and to witness the behaviour of the vast multitude around it. Things were as quiet as could well be expected in so great an assemblage. There was plenty of talking, but much less disturbance than would have occurred in England upon any similar occasion. In truth, the only quarter which manifested tumult, was in the immediate neighbourhood of the area, which threatened every moment to be broken in, not so much by the fault of those directly in front of it, as by the immense pressure of those in the back-ground. Every now and then its square proportions were destroyed by a portion of the crowd which bulged inwards in a solid mass; and almost at the same moment, this violation of the straight line was repaired by the gendarmes, who kept riding along the square, and pressing back the intruding body into its proper place. The recklessness and fierce temper of the French soldiery were manifest, and formed a

strong contrast to the good-humoured forbearance of our own troops. No ceremony was used towards intruders. Whoever came, or was forced into the square by his rearward companions, was thrust back with wanton violence. Where the pressure of the horses was resisted, the gendarmes made use of the flat sides of their sabres, and belaboured the crowd without mercy. The whole scene presented a strange picture of the fearful and the ludicrous. While it was distressing to witness the terrified crowd recoiling before the soldiers, it was amusing to witness the dexterity with which the latter treated the refractory—sometimes pushing them back with their steeds, sometimes beating them with their swords, and sometimes dexterously pitching off their hats into the assemblage. When any unfortunate fellow lost his *chapeau* in this manner, or received a salutary blow from the weapon of a gendarme, a loud shout of laughter was set up among the spectators. In fact, the whole, except those within reach of punishment, were in excellent humour, and seemed to have come together more to enjoy a farce than witness the horrors of a public execution.

Things continued in this state till the hour of three, which, pealing from the clock of the Hotel de Ville, announced the approach of the criminal. Scarcely had the fatal sounds swung upon the air, than the whole host was hushed into silence. They knew that the destined time was at hand, and that Papavoine was on his way to the scaffold;—and every man held his breath with deep interest, and felt, in spite of himself, a solemn awe fall over his spirit. But this

dreadful silence did not continue long—for far off, in the direction of the bridge over which the criminal must pass, there was seen a heaving among the assemblage, which moved as if borne on the bosom of a vast wave; and murmurs like the half-suppressed voice of a remote volcano, were heard to proceed from this moving multitude. It was now evident that the procession approached; and every eye was turned towards that direction, and every ear wrought to its keenest pitch to catch the strange sounds which denoted its coming. Each moment the noise became louder, and the motion of the crowd more general. At last the trampling of horses was heard, and a troop of gendarmes, forcing a path through the recoiling people, were seen to approach. Behind them came a cart drawn by two horses; and in this cart sat Papavoine and an old Catholic priest. To the rear of this a second body of gendarmes brought up the procession.

The criminal was a small, thin man, of about five feet six. He was dressed in a shabby blue surtout, and brown trowsers, and wore a fur cap upon his head. His arms were pinioned behind him, not by the elbows as with us, but by the wrists. He had no neck-cloth on, nor shirt; and the collar of his surtout was drawn some way over his shoulders, so as to leave the neck quite bare and ready for the axe. Though pale and death-like, and seemingly impressed with the marks of sorrow and bad health, he exhibited no signs of terror or dismay. His demeanour was quiet and composed; and to the exhortations of his spiritual adviser he appeared to pay deep attention.

Now, here a scene took place which baffles description. No sooner had the wretch entered the area appropriated for his fate, than a shout of deafening execration arose from the hitherto silent multitude. No preparatory murmurs of hatred and revenge preceded this ebullition of feeling. It sprung up simultaneously, and as if those from whom it proceeded were animated with one soul, and felt one pervading vengeance thrilling through their hearts. "Wretch!" "Villain!" "Miscreant!" "Assassin!" arose in a wild swell from the crowd; and above the deeper voices of the men were heard the shrill imprecations of females, denouncing, with even more bitter wrath, the murderer. Had it been for almost any other crime, the women would have felt towards him more kindly than his own sex; but that for which he was to suffer was one of all others the most heinous to a maternal heart —and the natural fountains of woman's tears were no longer free to flow in their wonted channel.

But Papavoine did not seem to hear the imprecations which were poured like vials of wrath upon his head—nor did he even appear sensible of the presence of those who so bitterly reviled him in his last moments. The cart stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and descending firmly, he conversed for one moment with the old priest, previous to mounting the fatal steps. I was at this time only a few yards from him, and marked him most distinctly. His look was perfectly calm and composed, and, had he died in a better cause, it would have been impossible not to admire his steady heroism. He said a single word in

the ear of the priest who kissed him on the cheek, and left him, apparently much affected. Papavoine now ascended the guillotine rapidly and firmly, and committed himself to the hands of the executioner and his assistant satellite. At this part of the scene the loud execrations of the people had melted into breathless awe. Not a whisper was heard, nor even a movement among the vast and silent assemblage. The whole spectacle was dreadful—the very stillness of the crowd had something appalling in it; and the systematic dispatch with which the executioners proceeded among such universal silence, was sickening to the last degree. While gazing upon the victim, my respiration was almost totally suspended—my heart beat violently, and a feeling of intense anxiety and suffocation pervaded my frame.

The process was incredibly short. In a few seconds Papavoine was bound to a board which stood upright, and reached to the middle of his breast. The board moved on a pivot, and as soon as the malefactor was buckled to it, it was depressed, and shoved with its burden towards the groove of the guillotine, at the top of which hung the axe, ready to descend, on the pulling out of a small peg which kept it in its situation. A moveable piece of wood being now drawn down upon the root of the neck, to prevent all attempt at motion, and everything being ready, the executioner pulled a cord, and with the impetuosity of lightning, down came the axe upon its victim. Papavoine was annihilated in a moment. I saw his head slip from the body and tumble into a basket ready to

receive it, while the blood spouted forth in little cataracts from the severed trunk, and dyed the scaffold with a purple tide. From the time when he appeared upon the guillotine till the head was severed, only twenty-five seconds elapsed—such is the appalling, yet humane rapidity of a French execution.

I looked attentively to observe if there was any motion in the trunk—any convulsive start at the instant of decapitation, but there was none. It lay from the first perfectly motionless, nor exhibited the slightest shudder—the least quivering—or the faintest indication that, the moment before, it was part of a sentient being, instinct with all the energies of life. This I did not expect. I conceived that a strong muscular spasm would have convulsed it at the fatal instant: and such, I am told, was the case with Brochetti, an Italian, executed some time before, and whose trunk sprung violently from its situation, and shook with universal tremor.

The momentary silence which pervaded the crowd previous to the axe's descent was now broken, and an instantaneous movement ensued among its before tranquil numbers. The windows were deserted by their occupants; the doors poured their population into the streets; and the house-tops and black Gothic towers of Notre Dame were rid of the crowds which sat perched like eagles upon their lofty summits. But long ere this assembly had melted away, the guillotine had disappeared from the Place de Grevê. Two minutes were allowed to elapse, that the head and body of the criminal might part with their

blood. They were then thrown into a long basket, and sent in the cart—which brought them alive—to the Ecole de Medecine for dissection. And the scaffold, after being cleansed of the gore, by having several buckets of water dashed over it, was taken to pieces, and deposited in the Hotel de Ville, till its sanguinary services were again required. The execution, together with the process of cleansing and dismantling the guillotine, did not occupy above seven minutes.

Next morning, the same curiosity which led me to witness this revolting sight took me to the Ecole de Medecine, to witness the remains of Papavoine. There were a number of scientific men present—among others, the celebrated Doctor Gall, who was employed in investigating the developements of the head, and pointing them out to several of his pupils. There was no portion whatever of the neck remaining attached to the trunk. It, as well as the head, had been severed from the body. The axe had struck at its very root, and even grazed the collar bone where it is fixed to the sternum. This is not in general the case, the neck being in most instances pretty accurately cut through the middle—one half of it adhering to the head, the other to the trunk.

I am not sure that I had done right in making such a scene as the above the subject of an article. There is something in the minute details of an execution, at which the mind shudders; and it is probable the reader may think that my impressions of the spectacle just related, should have been confined to my own bosom instead of being made public.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

We were all—Julia, her aunt, and myself, seated at a comfortable fire on a December evening. The night was dark, starless, and rainy, while the drops pattered upon the windows, and the wind howled at intervals along the house-tops. In a word, it was as gloomy a night as one would wish to see in this, the most dismal season of the year. Strictly speaking, I should have been at home, for it was Sunday; and my own habitation was at too great a distance to justify a visit of mere ceremony on so sacred a day, and amid such stormy weather. The truth is, I sallied out to see Julia.

I verily believe I could write a whole volume about her. She came from the north country, and was at this time on a visit to her aunt, in whose house she resided; and in whose dining-room, at the period of my story, we were all seated round a comfortable fire. Though a prodigious admirer of beauty, I am a bad hand at describing it. To do Julia justice, however, I must make the attempt. She was rather under the middle size, (not much,) blue-eyed, auburn haired, fair com-

plexioned, and her shape was of uncommon elegance and proportion. Neck, bosom, waist, ankles, feet, hands, &c. all were perfect, while her nose was beautifully Grecian, her mouth sweetness itself, and her teeth as white and sparkling as pearls. In a word, I don't believe that wide Scotland could boast of a prettier girl—to say nothing of merry England and the Isle of Saints.

It was at this time about eight o'clock: tea had just been over, the tray removed, and the table put to rights. The star of my attraction was seated at one side of the fire, myself at the opposite, the lady of the house in the centre. We were all in excellent humour, and Julia and I eyed each other in the most persevering style imaginable. Her aunt indeed rallied us upon the occasion; and I thought Julia never appeared half so beautiful as now.

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread:
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

So saith Robert Burns; and, truth to speak, his distich was never more effectually verified than at this interesting moment. A servant bouncing by accident into a room where a gallant is on his knees before his mistress, and in the act of "popping the question," is vexatious. An ass thrusting its head through the broken window of a country church, and braying aloud while the congregation are busily chanting "Old Hundred," or some other equally devout melody, is vexatious. An elderly gentleman losing his hat and wig on a windy day, is vexatious. A young gentle-

man attempting to spring over a stile by way of showing his agility to a bevy of approaching ladies, and coming plump down upon the broadest part of his body, is vexatious. All these things are plagues and annoyances sufficient to render life a perfect nuisance, and fill the world with innumerable heart-breakings and *felo-de-sees*. But bad as they are, they are nothing to the intolerable vexation experienced by me, (and I believe by Julia too,) on hearing a slow, loud, solemn stroke of the knocker upon the outer door. It was repeated once—twice—thrice. We heard it simultaneously—we ceased speaking simultaneously—we (to wit, Julia and I,) ceased ogling each other simultaneously. The whole of us suspended our conversation in a moment—looked to the door of the room—breathed hard, and wondered what it could be. The reader will perhaps marvel how such an impression could be produced by so very trivial a circumstance; but if he himself had heard the sound, he would cease to wonder at the strangeness of our feelings. The knocks were the most extraordinary ever heard. They were not those petty, sharp, brisk, soda-water knocks given by little, bustling, common-place men. On the contrary, they were slow, sonorous, and determinate. What was still more remarkable, they were *three* in number, neither more nor less. There was something awe-inspiring in this recondite number; and the strokes themselves were sufficiently striking and solemn to excite attention, had they been even more or less numerous than they were. I should think that

between each there must have been a pause of at least seven seconds and a half; and they were given with a firmness which betokened no ordinary strength of hand. The knocker besides, I knew to be extremely stiff, so much so that on my entrance I could not make it move on its hinges, and was obliged to make my presence known by striking the door with my knuckles. All circumstances considered, I think we were justified in being a good deal fluttered by the majestic KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, occurring as it did on a Sunday evening—a time when all good people are, or ought to be, at their devotions, instead of strolling out, as was my case, to the great scandal of religion, and danger of their own souls.

Scarcely had our surprise time to subside, than we heard the outer door opened by the servant—then it closed—then heavy footsteps, one, two, and three, were audible in the lobby—then the dining-room door was opened; and a form which filled the whole of its ample aperture, from top to bottom, from right to left, made its appearance. It was the figure of a man, but language would sink under his immensity. Never in heaven, or earth, or air, or ocean, was such a man seen. He was hugeness itself—bulk personified—the *beau ideal* of amplitude. When the dining-room door was first opened, the glare of the well-lighted lobby gleamed in upon us, illuminating our whole apartment with increase of lustre; but no sooner did he set his foot upon the threshold, than the lobby light behind him was shut out. He filled the whole gorge of the

door like an enormous shade. The door itself seemed to stand aghast at such a stupendous substitute, and its yawning aperture shrunk with apprehension lest its jaws should be torn asunder by the entrance of so great a mass of animated materials.

Onward, clothed in black, came the moving mountain, and a very pleasing monster he was. A neck like that of a rhinoceros sat piled between his "Atlantean shoulders," and bore upon its tower-like and sturdy stem, a countenance prepossessing from its good-humour, and amazing for its plumpness and rubicundity. His cheeks were swollen out into billows of fat—his eyes overhung with turgid and most majestic lids, and his chin double, triple, ay quadruple. As for his mouth—

> "It was enough to win a lady's heart
> With its bewitching smile."

Onward came the moving mountain—shaking the floor beneath his tread, filling a tithe of the room with his bulk, and blackening every object with his portentous shadow.

I was amazed—I was confounded—I was horrified. Not so Julia and her aunt, who, far from participating in my perturbed emotions, got up from their seats, smiled with a welcoming nod, and requested him to sit down.

"Glad to see you, Mr Tims," said Julia.

"Glad to see you, Mr Tims," said her aunt.

"Mr Tims!" Gracious heavens, and was this the name of the mighty entrant? Tims! Tims! Tims!

—the thing was impossible. A man with such a name should be able to go into a nut-shell; and here was one that the womb of a mountain could scarcely contain! Had he been called Sir Bullion O'Dunder, Sir Theodosius M'Turk, Sir Rugantino Magnificus, Sir Blunderbuss Blarney, or some other high-sounding name, I should have been perfectly satisfied. But to be called *Tims!* Upon my honour, I was shocked to hear it. The very first principles of unity were outraged, and the most atrocious discord substituted in their place.

Mr Tims sat him down upon the great elbow-chair, for he was a friend, it seems, of the family—a *weighty* one assuredly; but one whose acquaintanceship they were all glad to court. The ladies, in truth, seemed much taken with his society. They put fifty questions to him about the play—the assembly—the sermon—marriages—deaths—christenings, and what not; the whole of which he answered with surprising volubility. His tongue was the only active part about him, going as glibly as if he were ten stones, instead of thirty, and as if he were a *Tims* in person as well as in name. In a short time I found myself totally neglected. Julia ceased to eye me, her aunt to address me, so completely were their thoughts occupied with the Man-Mountain.

In about half an hour I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. I was a mere cipher in the room; and what with the appalling bulk of Mr Tims, the attention the ladies bestowed upon him, and the neglect

with which they treated me, I sunk considerably in my own estimation. In proportion as this feeling took possession of me, I experienced an involuntary respect for the stranger. I admired his intimate knowledge of balls, dresses, *faux pas*, marriages, and gossip of all sorts—and still more I admired his bulk. I have an instinctive feeling of reverence towards "Stout Gentlemen;" and, while contrasting my own puny form with his, I laboured under a deep consciousness of personal insignificance. From being five feet eight, I seemed to shrink to five feet one; from weighing ten stones, I suddenly fell to seven and a half; while my portly rival sat opposite to me, measuring at least a foot taller than myself, and weighing good thirty stones, jockey weight. If any little fellow like me thinks of standing well with his mistress, let him never appear in her presence with such a gentleman as Mr Tims. She will despise him to a certainty; nor, though his soul be as large as Atlas or Teneriffe, will it compensate for the paltry dimensions of his body.

What was to be done? With the ladies, it was plain, I *could* do nothing; with Mr Tims, it was equally plain, I *ought* to do nothing—seeing that however much he was the cause of my uneasiness, he was at least the *innocent* cause, and therefore neither morally nor judicially amenable to punishment. His offence was unpremeditated; the reverse of what lawyers call *malice prepense*, and consequently not a penal one. It is all very well, however to talk of morality and legality. When a man's passions are up,

his sense of justice is asleep, and all idea of rectitude hidden in the blinded impulse of indignation. From respecting Mr Tims I came to hate him; and I vowed internally, that, rather than be annihilated by this enlarged edition of Daniel Lambert, I would pitch him over the window. Had I been a giant, I am sure I would have done it on the spot. The giants of old, it is well known, raised Pelion upon Ossa, in their efforts to scale the throne of heaven; and tossed enormous mountains at the godhead of Jupiter himself. Unfortunately for me, Mr Tims was a mountain, and I was no giant.

Under these circumstances, there was no help for me but to march off, and take myself away from such a scene of annoyance. It was plain I was no longer the "lion" of the night, but a feeble star dwindled into shade before the presence of a more glorious luminary—the ladies ceased to worship at my deserted shrine. I accordingly got up, and, pretending it was necessary that I should see some person in the next street, abruptly left the room. Julia—I did not expect it—saw me to the door, shook hands with me, and said she hoped I would return to supper when my business was finished. Sweet girl! was it possible she could prefer the Man-Mountain to me?

Away I went into the open air. I had no business whatever to perform: it was a mere fudge; and I resolved to go home as fast as I could.

But I did not go home. On the contrary, I kept strolling about from street to street, sometimes think-

ing upon Julia, sometimes upon Mr Tims. The night was of the most melancholy description—a cold, cloudy, windy, rainy December night. Not a soul was upon the streets excepting a solitary straggler, returning hither and thither from an evening sermon, or an occasional watchman gliding past with his lantern, like an incarnation of the Will-o'-Wisp. I strolled up and down for half an hour, wrapped in an olive great-coat, and having a green silk umbrella over my head. It was well I chanced to be so well fortified against the weather; for had it been otherwise, I must have been drenched to the skin. Where I went I know not, so deeply was my mind wound up in its various melancholy cogitations. This, however, I do know, that, after striking against sundry lamp-posts, and overturning a few old women in my fits of absence, I found myself precisely at the point from which I set out, viz. at the door of Julia's aunt's husband's house.

I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter, and, in the meantime, turned my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breath of the window-screen; nay, the shoulders shot away latterly beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing

whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts. I was carried away in imagination to the mountain solitudes of the earth. I saw Mont Blanc lifting his white, bald head, into cold immensity, and flinging the gloom of his gigantic presence over the whole sweep of the vale of Chamouni—that vale in which the master-mind of Coleridge composed the sublimest hymn ever sung, save by the inspired bards of Israel. I was carried away to the far off South Sea, where, at sunset, the Peak of Teneriffe blackens the ocean for fifteen miles with his majestic shadow dilated upon the waves. Then the snowy Chimborazo cleaving the sky with his wedge-like shoulders, arose before me; and the exalted summit of volcanic Cotopaxi—both glooming the Andes with shade.

Then Ida, and Pindus, and Olympus, were made visible to my spirit. I beheld the fauns and satyrs bounding and dancing in the shadows of these classic mountains, while the Grecian maids walked in beauty along their sides, singing to their full-toned lyres, and perchance discoursing of love, screened from the noontide sun. Then I flew away to the vales of Scotland —to Corrichoich, cooled by the black shade of Morven; to the GREAT GLEN, where, at sunset and sunrise, the image of Bennevis lies reflected many a rood upon its surface, and the Lochy murmurs under a canopy of mountain cloud.

I paused at the door for sometime, uncertain whether to enter; at last my mind was made up, and I

knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost glances of Julia. On entering the dining room, I found an accession to the company in the person of our landlord, who sat opposite to Mr Tims, listening to some facetious story which the latter gentleman seemed in the act of relating. He had come home during my absence, and like his wife and her niece, appeared to be fascinated by the eloquence and good humour of his stout friend. At least, so I judged, for he merely recognized my presence by a slight bow, and devoted the whole of his attention to the owner of the mighty shadow. Julia and her aunt were similarly occupied, and I was more neglected than ever.

I felt horribly annoyed. There was a palpable injustice in the whole case, which to me was utterly unendurable; and my wrath boiled over in fierce but bootless vehemence. The subjects on which the company conversed were various, but the staple theme was love. Mr Tims related some of his own love adventures, which were, doubtless, sufficiently amusing, if we may judge by the shouts of laughter they elicited from all the party—myself only excepted.

Perhaps the reader may think that there was something ludicrous in the idea of such a man being in love. Not at all—the notion was sublime; almost as sublime as his shadow—almost as overwhelming as his person. Conceive the Man-Mountain playing the amiable with a delicate young creature like Julia. Conceive him falling on his knees before her—pres-

sing her delicate hand, and "popping the question," while his large round eyes shed tears of affection and suspense, and his huge sides shook with emotion! Conceive him enduring all the pangs of love-sickness —never telling his love; "concealment, like a worm in the bud, preying upon his damask cheek," while his hard-hearted mistress stood disdainfully by, "like pity on a monument, *smiling* at grief." Above all, conceive him taking the lover's leap—say from Dunnet or Duncansby-head, where the rocks tower four hundred feet above the Pentland Firth, and flounder-ing in the waters like an enormous whale; the herring shoals hurrying away from his unwieldy gambols, as from the presence of the real sea-born leviathan. Cacus in love was not more grand, or the gigantic Polyphemus, sighing at the feet of Galatea, or infernal Pluto looking amiable beside his ravished queen. Have you seen an elephant in love? If you have, you may conceive what Mr Tims would be in that interesting situation.

Supper was brought in. It consisted of eggs, cold veal, bacon-ham, and a Welsh rabbit. I must confess, that, perplexed as I was by all the previous events of the evening, I felt a gratification at the present moment, in the anxiety to see how the Man-Mountain would comport himself at table. I had beheld his person and his shadow with equal admiration, and I doubted not that his powers of eating were on the same great scale as his other qualifications.—They were indeed. Zounds, how he did eat! Milo of Cro-

tona, who could kill an ox with a blow of his fist, and devour it afterwards, was nothing to him; I felt as if he could consume a whole flock of oxen. He was a Cyclops, a Pantagruel, a Gargantua: his stomach resembled the sieve of the homicidal daughters of Danaus; it was insatiable. Cold veal, eggs, bacon-ham, and Welsh rabbit, disappeared "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind;" so thoroughly had nine-tenths of them taken up their abode in the *bread basket* (vide Jon Bee) of the Man-Mountain; the remaining tenth sufficed for the rest of the company, viz. Julia, her aunt, her aunt's husband, and myself.

Liquor was brought in, to wit, wine, brandy, whisky, and rum. I felt an intense curiosity to see on which of the four Mr Tims would fix his choice. He fixed upon brandy, and made a capacious tumbler of hot toddy. I did the same, and asked Julia to join me in taking a single glass—I was forestalled by the Man-Mountain. I then asked the lady of the house the same thing, but was forestalled by her husband. These repeated disappointments overwhelmed me with rage and despair; and to add to my other pangs, the fiend of Jealousy, wreathed with snakes like the Fury Tisiphone, appeared before me—for I noticed Julia and Mr Tims interchanging mutual glances, and blushing deeply when detected. The Man-Mountain was, after all, a person of sensibility—a man of fine feelings—a reader doubtless of the Sketch Book—subject to fits of melancholy, and very sentimental.

Meanwhile, the evening wearing on, the ladies retired, and Mr Tims, the landlord, and myself, were left to ourselves. This was the signal for a fresh assault upon the brandy bottle. Another tumbler was made—then another—then a fourth. At this period Julia appeared at the door, and beckoned upon the landlord, who arose from table, saying he would rejoin us immediately. Mr Tims and I were thus left alone, and so we continued, for the landlord—strange to say—did not again appear. What became of him I know not. I supposed he had gone to bed, and left his *great* friend and myself to pass the time as we were best able.

We were now commencing our fifth tumbler, and I began to feel my whole spirit pervaded by the most delightful sensations. My heart beat quicker, my head sat more lightly than usual upon my shoulders; and sounds like the distant hum of bees, or the music of the spheres, heard in echo afar off, floated around me. There was no bar between me and perfect happiness, but the Man-Mountain, who sat on the great elbow-chair opposite, drinking his brandy-toddy, and occasionally humming an old song with the utmost indifference.

It was plain that he despised me. While any of the others were present he was abundantly loquacious, but now he was as dumb as a fish—tippling in silence, and answering such questions as I put to him in abrupt monosyllables. The thing was intolerable, but I saw into it: Julia had played me false; the "Moun-

tain" was the man of her choice, and I his despised and contemptible rival.

These ideas passed rapidly through my mind, and were accompanied with myriads of others. I bethought me of every thing connected with Mr Tims—his love for Julia—his elephantine dimensions, and his shadow, huge and imposing as the image of the moon against the orb of day, during an eclipse. Then I was transported away to the Arctic sea, where I saw him floundering many a rood, " hugest of those that swim the ocean stream." Then he was a Kraken fish, outspread like an island upon the deep: then a mighty black cloud affrighting the mariners with its presence: then a flying island, like that which greeted the bewildered eyes of Gulliver. At last he resumed his human shape, and sat before me like " Andes, giant of the Western Star,"—tippling the jorum, and sighing deeply.

Yes, he sighed profoundly, passionately, tenderly; and the sighs came from his breast like blasts of wind from the cavern of Eolus. By Jove, he was in love; in love with Julia! and I thought it high time to probe him to the quick.

" Sir," said I, " you must be conscious that you have no right to love Julia. You have no right to put your immense body between her and me. She is my betrothed bride, and mine she shall be for ever."

" I have weighty reasons for loving her," replied Mr Tims.

" Were your reasons as weighty as your person, you *shall not* love her."

"She *shall* be mine," responded he, with a deeply-drawn sigh. "You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to the grave, thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:—

Icannot deem thee dead—like the perfumes
Arising from Judea's vanished shrines,
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can tombs
A thousand, from my memory hide the lines
Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God.

She shall be mine." continued he in the same strain. "Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music of her beloved bulbul beneath the stars of night."

These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affectation with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, "Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff—thou enlarged edition of Lambert—thou folio of humanity—thou Titan—thou Briareus—thou Sphynx—thou Goliath of Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence!" The Mountain was amazed at my courage: I was amazed at it myself; but what will not love, inspired by brandy, effect?

"No," continued I, seeing the impression my words had produced upon him, "I despise thee, and defy thee, even as Hercules did Antæus, as Sampson did

Harapha, as Orlando did Ferragus. 'Bulk without spirit vast,' I fear thee not—come on." So saying I rushed onward to the Mountain, who arose from his seat to receive me. The following passage from the Agonistes of Milton will give some idea of our encounter.

> "As with the force of winds and waters pent,
> When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars,
> With horrible convulsion to and fro,
> He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
> The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
> Upon the heads of all who sat beneath."

"Psha!" said Julia, blushing modestly, "can't you let me go?"—Sweet Julia! I had got her in my arms.

"But where," said I, "is Mr Tims?

"Mr who?" said she.

"The Man-Mountain."

"Mr Tims!—Man-Mountain!" resumed Julia, with unfeigned surprise. "I know of no such persons. How jocular you are to night—not to say how ill-bred, for you have been asleep for the last five minutes!"

"Sweet—sweet Julia!"

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN MY OWN LIFE.

THE following narrative contains so much of my own history and private feelings, that I almost shrink from giving it publicity. Up till the present time, when the idea occurred to me of writing it, I had not mentioned even the most trivial of its circumstances to a single individual, considering that they were of too strictly private a nature to be communicated to others; and experiencing, besides, a delicacy in making any one a confidant in matters so purely connected with my own personal emotions. Even now, when a number of years have elapsed, and when I can look back on the events more coolly than I could have done at one time, I am not quite certain whether I am following the dictates of strict propriety in publishing them. If I am in the wrong, I beg the reader's indulgence; assuring him that I have not done so unadvisedly, or without much cogitation. I have, indeed, a hope—a faint one I admit—that the publication of this, in so extensively circulated a work as Frazer's Magazine, may possibly be of advantage, in so far as it may meet the eyes of some one who had

a knowledge of the two principal characters who figure in the narrative, and may thus be the means of clearing up a mystery, which to me has hitherto been inscrutable. Should it lead to such a result, I shall deeply regret not having sooner put the public in possession of the facts. Should it not, I must content myself with having done my best to elucidate this dark point, and possibly to enable the reader to while away an idle hour with some degree of satisfaction.

I begin then with confessing, that while pursuing my medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, I frequently had occasion to meet a young lady who interested me in a very extraordinary degree. She was tall, rather slightly made, and of a pale complexion; but withal, singularly beautiful. I shall never forget the expression of her dark, melancholy eyes. They were, I think, the finest I ever beheld—large, lustrous, and melting, like two pellucid fountains; or rather like two solitary stars gemming with sad and paly lustre the brow of midnight. I know not how it was, but from the very moment I first beheld this lovely girl, I felt singularly interested in her; and this feeling was increased by the fact of my total inability to ascertain either her name, residence, or quality. The circumstance which struck me so forcibly was, in the first instance, I have no doubt, the extraordinay share of personal attraction which belonged to her; but it was, unquestionably, the melancholy that blended itself amidst her beauty, which rendered these first impressions permanent, and made her an object of endur-

ing interest. So much did these feelings occupy my mind, that I followed her from place to place whenever she appeared in the streets, frequented those quarters which she was most in the habit of visiting, and seized every opportunity of gazing upon her charms. The oftener I saw her, the greater did my fascination become; and, from more to less, I found my heart enthralled in the chains of the most ardent love for this beautiful, yet unknown creature. I dare say the reader will be surprised at such an effect having been produced upon me. I am surprised at it myself; and at this moment can give no rational cause for the violence of my sensations. There is certainly nothing wonderful in a man falling in love with a beautiful girl, even at the first glance; but for such affection as I experienced to be formed towards one to whom I never spoke, and whom I only casually saw walking the public streets, is certainly very extraordinary. My feelings were so strong, that every thing else was forgotten in their intensity, and had a thousand of the most beautiful women stood before me, and honoured me with their smiles, they would all have been passed by—all forgotten, as things of little worth, compared with the dark-eyed girl who from time to time appeared before me, like a spirit of love, in the streets of Edinburgh. I could think of nothing but her. I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. She seemed, in my imagination, to walk in tender light, made by her own beauty, and in her presence all other forms, however lovely, were hidden in the shade, and utterly forgotten.

I have said that I was ignorant of her name or history. This, in a great measure, added to the romance with which, somehow, I invested her character. There was another circumstance which operated romantically upon my mind, and rendered her an object of still greater interest. She was dressed in deep mourning, as if for the death of some dear friend, perhaps her sister, her brother, or her parents; and was thus, perchance, thrown helpless upon the world, without a protector or a friend of any kind. This I conceived to be the main source of her sorrow, although I did not doubt she was by nature one of those sad yet gentle spirits on whom the mantle of pensive sadness sits more gracefully than that of mirth. But there was still something else which operated yet more strongly on my mind, and that was an appearance of incipient ill health, which I fancied I could see pourtrayed on her countenance. Perhaps in all this there might be a good deal of imagination, but it occurred strongly to me at the time; and, coupled with the other circumstances, rendered her, in my eyes, an object of the deepest curiosity and interest. One thing connected with her puzzled me exceedingly. By no means could I find out her name or residence. Nobody could tell me any thing about her. I pointed her out one day to my landlady, who knew almost every body, and was a gossip of the first class, but she was unable to enlighten me on the subject; I shewed her to many of my fellow students, and various other friends, but they were all in the dark; none had ever heard about

her or knew where she lived; and, strange to say, not one to whom I pointed her out had ever remarked her till that very moment. Stranger still! none of those persons ever showed any curiosity about her, or spoke to me concerning her, afterwards; she seemed to them a matter of perfect indifference. The thing puzzled me, but ought not to have done so; they were not in love, at least with her, and I was. They saw things coolly and without passion, I through the coloured atmosphere of feeling and imagination.

My efforts to find out her home and designation were unceasing but perfectly bootless. When she appeared in the streets I followed her from place to place, but never could I do this so completely, as to trace her out to any particular residence. Somehow or other, let me do as I liked, I always lost her. At one time she would disappear from my eyes in a crowd, and I did not see her again for that day. At another she would get into the curvatures of some narrow, crooked street, and thus elude my observation. The distance I was obliged to keep from her, to prevent her from supposing that she was followed, may perhaps account for this in some measure; but, certain it is, I never could keep my eyes upon her for half an hour together. She invariably evaded me, and yet seemed to go no where, for I never, on any occasion, could track her to any particular house. I could neither ascertain where she came from, where she went to, nor what she did. To add to the mystery, she was always alone; nobody knew her, and she seemed to

know nobody. One day I came rather unexpectedly upon her, and looked at her with intentness. Hitherto she had taken no notice of my attentions, but on this occasion she turned her large, dark, expressive eyes upon me in a way which went to my very soul. There was such a deep melancholy, and, as I fondly, though probably foolishly, imagined, affection in her gaze, that I stood transfixed to the spot in a sort of delirium, while the beautiful enchantress passed slowly on leaving me overpowered with the vehemence of my sensations. For a minute or two I was uncertain how to proceed; and, like Mahomet's coffin, stood poised between the influence of two equally opposing powers, the one urging me to follow her and beg her name and address, no very courteous undertaking; and the other to trace her at once to whatever place she went, and thus ascertain her residence, or at any rate the house, to which, on the present occasion, she betook herself. I at last resolved to adopt the latter resolution, but before I could make up my mind upon the subject, she had proceeded about fifty yards from me, and was in the act of entering a large court, which went off from the same side of the street, and opened into a public thoroughfare or lane at its other extremity. On seeing her take this route, I instantly walked smartly after her, for I conceived that she might, unseen, enter one of the houses which opened into the court, or be lost from my search by getting into the opposite thoroughfare, in which it was possible her place of residence might be. In this, as in

all other cases of the kind, my usual bad fortune attended me. I entered the court, but she was no where to be seen within it. I then proceeded to the lane, and met with no better success. The very thing I dreaded must have taken place: it was plain that she must have entered some house or other, either in the court or thoroughfare, but which house it was impossible to say. Conceiving that she resided hereabouts, I made a habit of frequenting the spot, yet I never fell in with her; nor, indeed, did I ever again see her in the streets of Edinburgh.

The state of feeling produced by these events, had a pernicious effect upon my spirits. I became absent, heedless and dejected; forgot my studies, lost relish for every amusement, and went listlessly about like a person who is the victim of some severe mental affliction. From morning till night I did nothing but perambulate the streets in search of the object of my affections. I sought her every where; and made her the subject, for six weeks, of the most patient and persevering investigation. My industry was unavailing. By no chance did I ever set my eyes upon her; and I could only conclude that she was confined by sickness, or had left the city altogether.

I now abandoned all hope of ever seeing her; and to get rid, if possible, of the melancholy which overclouded me so darkly, I formed the resolution of going the length of Paris, and prosecuting the remainder of my studies there. I concluded, that absence from home, and the gaieties of that splendid metro-

polis, combined with the hard study to which I proposed subjecting myself, would go far to dissipate my lowness of spirits, and make me a new man. Such a step, indeed, I found to be absolutely necessary; for, so long as I remained in Edinburgh, I not only wasted my time in apathy, and thus neglected my professional *curriculum*, but I felt persuaded that such a mental depression continuing, would not only produce a lasting effect upon my spirits, but actually throw me into bad health—more especially as I was by no means naturally of a strong constitution, and possessed a susceptibility of mind which, when vehemently excited, never failed to act painfully upon my corporeal system. Such being the case, I packed up my portmanteau, took along with me 100 sovereigns, secured a passage from Leith to London in the James Watt steam-packet, and on the forenoon of the 20th day of July 1824, found myself in the heart of London. I did not know a single human being in the British capital. Letters of introduction to several influential gentlemen were offered to me when I left Scotland, but I positively declined them, resolved to push my way as I best could, without bringing myself under obligations to others. No person, except under very peculiar circumstances, should ever give or accept such letters. The bearer of them is looked upon as a bore by those to whom they are addressed, and the writer, instead of being thanked, is heartily cursed for his pains. The *introducer* and *introducee* are thus placed on nearly the same footing, and both are very heartily wished at the devil.

I remained about a fortnight in London, to see a few of the principal lions of the modern Babylon. I was amazed at the enormous bulk of the city, but disappointed, upon the whole, with its appearance. The brick houses struck me as singularly unprepossessing after the stone palaces of Edinburgh; nor did the streets, narrow and gloomy, appear to much advantage after those of the new parts of Edina—straight as an arrow—broad as a firth—regular as geometry itself. But, altogether, I liked London. There was a continual bustle about it which stirred up the languid current of my ideas; and I became so drowned in its vastness, that I, in a great measure, lost the sense of personal identity, and felt as if I were a mere atom in the general mass—an unit whose passions and interests were so perfectly insignificant as to be unworthy of consideration even to myself.

In this mood I perambulated the crowded streets, better pleased with myself than I had been for a good while, and began to think less and less of that which had affected me so painfully. My mind was drawn off from this one theme, and directed to a thousand others widely different; the consequence of which was, that I became a new man, with better health and higher spirits than I had lately enjoyed. In visiting the different places of amusement, I proceeded upon no regular principle, and probably exhibited little taste; they all came alike to me. It was in the summer season, and the large theatres were closed; but for this I made amends by paying my devotions to the

minor ones. I went alternately through the Surrey, the Cobourg, the Haymarket, and Sadler's Wells. One day I wondered at the vastness of St Paul's, and the beauty of its marble monuments; the next, I was lost in astonishment at the architectural richness of Westminster Abbey and Henry the Seventh's Chapel. In the forenoon, I would pass my time among the swells, boxers, and blacklegs of the Fives Court; in the evening, at Vauxhall—that temple of mirth, music, and folly. One day I was in Oxford Street, the next at Wapping. Now, I might be seen strutting alongside the bucks and Corinthians of Bond Street; now, elbowing my way among the dustmen of St Giles's. Nothing came amiss. I saw every thing that money and a pair of good eyes made visible: mounted to the dome of St Paul's; ascended the monument; stared at tigers, monkeys, and parrots in the Tower; visited Exeter Change, and paid my addresses to the elephant Chuny (since defunct) and his fellows in captivity. At last, after walking about as busy as a letter-carrier, seeing every thing and doing nothing, I bethought me of the object of my travels, and stepping into a hackney-coach, drove to the house of the French Ambassador, (the unhappy Polignac's,) in Portland Place, and left my name for a passport. This I obtained next day, being the 7th of August.

Having procured this *sine quâ non* for a continental visit, I went on board the Lord Melville steam packet, at the Tower-stairs, and in eleven hours was safely landed on the quay of Calais, having encounter-

ed nothing but a severe sea-sickness while in the middle of the channel. I only stopped a single night at Calais, and set off for Paris next morning. There is no occasion for me to enter into any detail of my journey between the two places, as it did not contain a single incident worth remarking. For the purpose of getting a view of the country, I took a berth on the top of the diligence, alongside the *conducteur*, whom I found to be a civil, talkative, good-humoured fellow, as these men generally are. He had been an old soldier under Buonaparte, and amused me a good deal with his adventures on flood and field. He spoke highly of the British troops generally, and alluding, incidentally to the Scotch, I informed him that I was a Scotchman, upon which he shook me heartily by the hand, expressing, at the same time, his surprise that I was not habited *en jupes*, according to the fashion of my country. The journey occupied thirty-two hours, although the distance was only one hundred and seventy-three miles; for the French, however much they may claim a superiority over us in some things, are certainly behind in the matter of travelling, their public *voitures* moving heavily along, at the rate of less than six miles an hour. At last we reached Paris, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and descended from the diligence, in the large court of the *Messageries Royales*. Hitherto, all had gone on well. My spirits were tolerably good, and the leading idea which had influenced them so much, ceased to operate with anything like its original force, although it still asserted

its empire more or less, and was, at times, remembered with a certain degree of uneasiness. But, upon the whole, it was certainly much deadened, and I believe, would have ceased to act upon me with pain, had things proceeded as they were doing, and no fresh fuel been thrown upon the fast decaying fire of my singular emotion. But it was not my good luck to continue long under the influence of this fortunate change, for, strange to say, I had scarcely descended from my station on the top of the diligence, when the door of that vehicle having been opened, who should step out but the young lady whose beauty had in so remarkable a manner exercised a spell upon my faculties! Language cannot describe the singular variety of emotions which pervaded me at this moment. Joy, astonishment, grief—all rushed by turns over my spirit. It was, indeed, she—the very same; there was no mistaking her; the same tall, pale, melancholy creature—the same sable tresses, clustering richly over her forehead of snow—the same deep serene, expressive eyes, full of pathos and tenderness. It was she—she whom I had followed as an angel of love in the streets of Edinburgh—she, whose influence obliged me to quit my native land in search of that peace of mind, of which passion for her alone had robbed my bosom. An apparition of the dead could not have amazed me more; and I gazed upon her in a sort of phrenzied stupor, which fixed me, for some minutes, to the ground, and deprived me of the power of utterance.

I might have remained long enough in this state

had I not been roused from it by the motions of the young lady herself. She did not seem to notice me, but kept standing by the diligence for a short time, till the *conducteur* sought out her luggage consisting of a *valise*, and small portmanteau, which she desired a street porter to carry after her. I instantly felt that now or never was the time for unravelling the mystery, and, if possible, getting introduced to her. With these feelings, I hastily laid hold of my travelling bag, and followed after the fair traveller. This quarter of the city seemed to be perfectly familiar to her, for she took of her own accord, and without asking any one, or seeming in the least perplexed, a very complicated route through upwards of half a dozen of streets and lanes, and entered, at last the *Hôtel de Montesquieu*, an immense lodging-house, near the *Palais Royal*. Here the porter laid down her luggage, and went away, after receiving something for his trouble, while she herself, under the guidance of a *fille de chambre*, ascended the stairs, and disappeared.

I now thought that I had her fast, and that she who had so often unconsciously eluded my observation, must now be discovered. I did not doubt that the mystery was at an end, and that in a day or two, at most, I should get to the bottom of it. With this belief, I took up my residence at the hotel in question, and lost no opportunity of ascertaining what I so much wished to know. I ranged, so far as propriety would permit, the whole dwelling—perambulated its

extensive corridors—ascended its immense staircase, from time to time—and dined regularly at the *table d'hôte*; all in the expectation of meeting with her. To make assurance doubly sure, on going out, I never walked above fifty yards from the threshold of the hotel, and when I did so, I kept an eye constantly upon the door, that I might see every one that went in or came out. In this scrutiny I was perfectly unsuccessful: I never once beheld the young lady; and when, at last, I enquired what had become of her, I learned, to my astonishment that she had left the *Hôtel de Montesquieu* a week before, and had gone no one knew whither; in fact she only slept there a single night.

I was dreadfully disappointed; nay, more, I was irritated, not at her, for that was impossible, but at myself, on account of the stupid part I had played in the business; and vowed, secretly, that if on any other occasion my eyes were blest with a sight of the object of my pursuit, I would act in a very different manner.

The purpose of my coming to Paris had now every appearance of being defeated, for I was quickly relapsing into my old state, and felt convinced that so long as I had reason to suppose her near me, all the gaieties of this extraordinary city would fail of bestowing the least beneficial effect upon my mind. Every circumstance had a tendency to make me unhappy with myself; and the more I reflected upon the events connected with this girl, I became misera-

ble in a proportionate degree. Nothing vexed me so much as the thought that she should have travelled one hundred and seventy-three miles with me in the same vehicle, without my being aware of it; and to add still more to my mortification, I began to suspect that she was also my fellow-passenger in the Lord Melville, from London to Calais; and, for any thing I knew, in the James Watt from Leith to London. I had no evidence of either the one or the other, but, in my perturbed state of mind, nothing connected with her was too extravagant not to be imagined; and I looked upon her as one doomed to exercise some strange influence upon my fate—to haunt me like an attendant spirit wherever I went—yet destined ever to glide from my grasp—to defy pursuit—and baffle every investigation, however skilfully conducted.

Under the excitement produced by such ideas, I wandered over the whole of Paris, in the hope of meeting with her. I visited every theatre in the city, although I believe there are above twenty; and sauntered for hours at a time in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, or in the Jardin des Plantes, with the same expectation. Almost every day I frequented the gallery of the Louvre, with the idea that she might be there; then I would betake myself upon the same errand to the Luxembourg gallery; then to the gallery of Orleans. At one time I was on the Italian boulevards, at another on the Champs Elysées, at a third in Père la Chaise. No place of the least note escaped my search. The gardens of Tivoli,

Beaujou, and La Chaumière, were all visited, together with the tapestry manufactory of the Gobelins, the Museum of Natural History, and all the churches. Even places where she was not at all likely ever to be, underwent the same scrutiny, such as the Bibliothêque du Roi, Salpêtrière, Bicêtre, the Bourse, and the public hospitals.

A number of festivals and important political events took place at this time in Paris, but none of them could drive from my mind the idea of the fair unknown, or mitigate the ardours of my pursuit. I was present at the fête of Saint Louis on the twenty-fifth of August, when the whole metropolis discharged its giddy and rejoicing population into the public gardens and squares for the purpose of revelry. With thousands of others, I beheld the body of Louis the Eighteenth lying in state the day of his decease; and also his funeral—that splendid mockery of death—which extended in one unbroken line almost from Paris to Saint Denis, a distance of six miles, and at which fifteen thousand of the *élite* of the French army walked in procession. I was likewise a witness of the grand entry of Charles the Tenth into his (now no longer his) capital; and was present a few days after at the magnificent review, which took place before him in the Champ-de-Mars. These varied scenes, it may be thought, would have dispelled every melancholy feeling, but they were in this respect unavailing. It is true that I saw and visited them; it is true that I threw myself wherever multitudes were congregated

together—wherever festivals were held; but it was with no hope—no wish to enjoy the gay scenes that were passing around; but to see if, in these diversified assemblages, my eyes might chance to alight upon her who was now every thing to me, and whom I felt to be essential to my happiness, and even to my very existence.

Only on one occasion, however, had I the good fortune to see her, and this was in the vast Louvre gallery; but the place was crowded to excess, and before I could make my way to the spot where she stood, she was gone—where I knew not, but certain it is that from this moment I never again saw her during my sojourn in the French capital.

About a fortnight after this event, viz. in the middle of September, and while my feelings were still labouring acutely under disappointment, I chanced to meet in the Palais Royal, one Peter Vanderclump, a Dutch shipmaster, whom I had known well in Scotland, and who generally traded between Leith and Amsterdam. He was a short, stout, square-built, ruddy-faced man, of about fifty; was rigged in a sailor's suit of blue—had on an amazingly broad-brimmed, low-crowned, glazed hat, and sported an enormously long queue. Like the rest of his countrymen, he smoked to excess; and, indeed, at the time of my meeting him, he had a short pipe in his mouth, from which he emitted copious volumes of fragrance, to the no small amusement of the passers-by, who were a good deal diverted by his grotesque appearance. With

all his oddity of aspect, I was much pleased at meeting him, for he was a good-hearted, obliging, and humorous fellow—very communicative, albeit a Dutchman—and, for his situation in life, remarkably well-informed. I learned from him, that he had come to Paris upon some business, having left his vessel at Havre-de-Grâce ; and that as soon as he transacted what he had on hand, he would proceed with her direct to Naples. I invited him several times to my lodgings, and, from less to more, we got into such friendly terms that he offered me a free passage to and from Naples; an offer which I at once accepted of, both because I had a great desire to see Italy, and because I considered that my health would be benefitted thereby, in consequence not only of the sea air, but of the change of scenery, which could not fail to produce a beneficial effect upon my spirits. We accordingly, in a few days, left Paris together on the top of the diligence, and after a pleasant journey, reached Havre, where we went on board, and almost immediately put to sea. The name of his vessel was the Hermanstadt, a fine, strongly-built brig, of two hundred and fifty tons, laden with glass, hardware, and cotton goods, for the Italian market. This vessel has now left the Leith station, but the sea-faring people connected with that port must remember her well, from the peculiarity of her rigging, and the figure of an immense Bacchus riding upon a barrel, which adorned her bow. I am a bad hand at describing nautical affairs. I neither know the anatomy of a ship, if I may so express myself, nor that technical phraseology,

without which it is impossible to give a lively and characteristic account of events strictly naval. On this account I shall say nothing concerning the particulars of the voyage, so far as the navigation of the vessel is concerned, but confine myself to such circumstances as I am capable of describing; and these were of such a nature that I am sure the reader will feel an interest in hearing them detailed, however imperfectly. I learned from the captain that there were two passengers besides myself, viz. a young gentleman, and a lady, still younger, apparently his sister, who came on board at Leith, and were on their way to Italy. Farther than this he knew nothing. Their passage had been duly paid for at the time their berths were taken; he had never seen the lady since he left Scotland, as she constantly kept her room, he supposed in consequence of sickness; and as for the gentleman he did not see him either very frequently, as he was almost always under deck, either in his own apartment, or that of the lady. Thus far did the knowledge extend of Captain Peter Vanderclump. He mentioned, that the male passenger seemed to be a liberal, gentlemanly sort of a man, for on coming on board at Leith, as well as on their arrival at Havre, he had handed him a sum of money to distribute among the crew, and promised to give them more when the vessel reached her destination. This information interested me a good deal, and led me to form a favourable opinion of my fellow-passengers, which was still farther increased by the fact of one of them being in bad health, an event

she whose living beauty glided away from my embrace —like an evanescent dream—now lay before me, mute, motionless, inanimate, in all the beauty of death. Vain would it be for me to describe my feelings at this deplorable scene. I was struck at once with astonishment, sorrow, and despair. Every circumstance connected with the deceased was a mystery which baffled my imagination to fathom. It seemed a horrible romance—a frightful dream;—and while I reflected upon it, I sometimes doubted whether I had my waking senses about me, or whether I was not a sojourner in the land of sleep.

There was no mistaking the aspect of her who lay before me in the embrace of death. I knew her at once, and thought her hardly less beautiful than when she appeared to me in her living hours. She lay, not in bed, but upon a couch placed in the centre of the room, in front of the principal window. She was habited in an undress of black, had on a rich cap of Brussels lace, and was simply covered with a large Turkish shawl, thrown loosely over her person, only leaving the face, neck, and arms exposed. The head was supported by a common sofa-pillow; and her hands clasped loosely together, lay folded upon her b[illegible] her eyes were closed, and her face somewhat [illegible]aler than when I formerly saw her, but [illegible]e of it beauty. The ringlets, dark, ric[illegible] still clustered over her marble brow and [illegible]s with their wonted luxuriance, and b[illegible] a smile of placidness and content. At first [illegible]eared, as if [illegible] enjoying a

derclump, and was familiar both with French and Italian, as I had occasion to notice when he addressed a Norman and Neapolitan seaman, each in his respective language.

No person on board had the privilege of entering the lady's cabin except himself. He waited almost incessantly upon her, took in her meals, and was seldom absent from her side, except when he retired at night to his own room. His whole thoughts seemed to be occupied on her account; and from the progressive lowness of spirits and mental anxiety which increased upon him from day to day, we conjectured that she was getting gradually worse. Nor were our surmises without foundation; for one day, after being closeted in her cabin for an unusual length of time, he made his appearance, and informed Vanderclump and me, who were seated together in the mess-room, that she was *no more!* This intelligence, though far from unexpected, distressed me much; and the captain, in spite of the roughness of his nature, was also deeply affected, and sympathized from the bottom of his heart with the unfortunate stranger.

But if this event shocked me, how much must my feelings have been lacerated when on entering the cabin of the deceased, and viewing the body, I found it to be that of her whom I had so long sought after in vain—her from whose dark and melancholy eyes I drank in the inspiration of love! Yes, it was, indeed she—the very same—the creature whom my fancy had pictured as the perfection of female loveliness—

she whose living beauty glided away from my embrace —like an evanescent dream—now lay before me, mute, motionless, inanimate, in all the beauty of death. Vain would it be for me to describe my feelings at this deplorable scene. I was struck at once with astonishment, sorrow, and despair. Every circumstance connected with the deceased was a mystery which baffled my imagination to fathom. It seemed a horrible romance—a frightful dream ;—and while I reflected upon it, I sometimes doubted whether I had my waking senses about me, or whether I was not a sojourner in the land of sleep.

There was no mistaking the aspect of her who lay before me in the embrace of death. I knew her at once, and thought her hardly less beautiful than when she appeared to me in her living hours. She lay, not in bed, but upon a couch placed in the centre of the room, in front of the principal window. She was habited in an undress of black, had on a rich cap of Brussels lace, and was simply covered with a large Turkish shawl, thrown loosely over her person, only leaving the face, neck, and arms exposed. The head was supported by a common sofa-pillow; and her hands, clasped loosely together, lay folded upon her bosom. Her eyes were closed, and her face somewhat thinner and paler than when I formerly saw her, but it had lost none of it beauty. The ringlets, dark, rich, and copious, still clustered over her marble brow and snowy temples with their wonted luxuriance, and her mouth wore a smile of placidness and content. At first sight she appeared, as if merely enjoying a

quiet sleep. Indeed her departure seemed to have been undisturbed by pain of any kind; and she may be said to have slept into eternity with a tranquillity which could hardly be called death.

Distressed as I was by this most unhappy discovery, I found that the present was no time to give way to the violence of my feelings; and, difficult as the task was, I endeavoured to smother them, and perform with manliness the sad duty which it now became me to execute.

Hitherto our voyage had been exceedingly tedious, and though ten days had elapsed, we were scarcely four hundred miles on the passage. The wind for the most part continued steadily against us, and Vanderclump declared he had no hopes of reaching Naples in less than three weeks. Such being the case, he communicated to me the necessity which existed of having the remains of the young lady committed within a reasonable time to the deep, and begged that I would mention it to her brother with as much delicacy as I could. This I took an early opportunity of doing, and he expressed his ready consent to the painful proceeding, being satisfied that, under present circumstances, it was impossible to act in any other way. The only favour he requested was, that I would superintend the funeral proceedings, and see that every kind of respect and decency were paid to the remains of his beloved sister.

It was a sad duty this, but I undertook it willingly, both for the sake of him who requested it, and still more of her who, whether in life or death, had appear-

ed to me in such a singular manner. Circumstances —one of which was the illness of the carpenter, who had broken his fore-arm about a week before, from falling accidentally down the hatchway, prevented us from having a coffin made for the reception of the body, an event which we all greatly regretted, but for which, situated as we were, there was no remedy. To obviate this want, as far as possible, a plan was devised by Vanderclump, and carried into effect by me, with the assistance of the mate, who was a neat-handed fellow, and very well calculated to assist in such an emergency. I procured a couple of those small mattresses used in ships. On one of them—having previously cut off a ringlet of her beautiful tresses, as a token of remembrance—I caused the corpse of the deceased to be laid. The other was placed above her, and the two firmly sewed together on every side, the whole was then wrapped in several duplicatures of the thickest canvas which could be procured, and strongly tied round with ropes; and to insure its sinking at once, several heavy weights were affixed to it.

It is not necessary to enter into any minute detail of the interment, which took place next day, being the third after the young lady breathed her last. Her brother acted as chief mourner, and I read the funeral service of the Church of England, not by any desire of his, but simply at my own suggestion, for I conceived, whatever his religion might be, whether Lutheran or Catholic—and I somehow, without knowing anything about the matter, set him down as one

or the other—that this ceremony could not but prove agreeable to his feelings. It was therefore duly performed, and the body slowly lowered over the side of the vessel by the captain, the mate, and two of the crew, and committed to the bosom of the deep. It sank instantly, and I supposed for ever, but, in about half a minute after, it suddenly bounded up to the surface, and there floated for a short time. It seemed that the portion of air contained within the two mattresses gave it sufficient buoyancy to keep it afloat, notwithstanding the ponderous weights attached to promote its immediate descent. As soon, however, as the water penetrated them, the buoyancy was destroyed, and it sank to the bottom. This incident, trivial as it was, vexed me a good deal, but fortunately it was not perceived by the brother of the deceased, whose eyes were all the while intently fixed upon the deck, and who retired to his cabin the instant the ceremony was over, without once lifting them up.

It is impossible for me even to surmise what effect this most distressing event might have produced upon me, if I had not been prevented from brooding too deeply upon my own sufferings by the state of the lady's brother. That sympathy which I would have expended upon myself was turned towards him; and in looking at *his* bitter loss, and consoling him under it, I forgot in a great measure *my own*. After the death of his sister, his spirits faded utterly, and along with them his health. He lost his appetite, became wan, sickly, and hectic, and degenerated into a mere shadow of

what he had been, even when I first saw him. He was formerly thin, now he was emaciated ; his brow becoming glazed and streaked with transparent veins, his eyes sunk, his cheeks hollow and wrinkled. This remarkable change took place during the short interval which elapsed between his sister's death and our arrival at Naples, a period of only seventeen days ; and, by the end of that time, he was incurably sunk in the depths of consumption.

During the voyage I did every thing in my power to console him ; and in these attempts the captain joined most assiduously, leaving nothing unsaid or undone which he supposed might contribute to his comfort. Sometimes, indeed, in a calm day, while I had him upon deck, beneath the pure sky of that beautiful south into which we were entering, and while his cheeks were fanned by the genial breeze from the sea, he would assume even an air of cheerfulness—sympathize with the glories of the magnificent element which surrounded him, and give vent to his feelings in impassioned language. It was easy to perceive that he was a person of a very superior mind ; he possessed, at once, much both of poetry and philosophy in his temperament, and seemed well acquainted with almost every subject. But, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was a mystery about him which I could not unravel. He studiously shunned all conversation which alluded to his own country, to his profession, to his object in going to the south of Italy, or, in short, to any thing in the least degree connected with himself.

His very name was unknown to us. It is true that neither the captain nor I asked it, but it is equally true that he never allowed any expression to escape by which it could be ascertained.

The approach to Naples from the sea is perhaps the fairest upon the face of the earth. Language and painting may feebly attempt to give an outline of its beauty, but it must be seen to be appreciated. As we entered the bay, a vision of fairyland seemed to have burst upon us. To our lee lay the Island of Capri; to the right towered Vesuvius, blackening the atmosphere around it with volumes of smoke, emitted from its hideous crater—while in front of us arose the city like a spacious amphitheatre from the extremity of the bay. It is overlooked by rising grounds, which rise up behind it; on the highest of which stands the fortress of St Elmo, like a giant seamed with scars, frowning grimly over the city basking at his feet. The panorama was imposing in the highest degree, and struck not me only, but the dying stranger with sensations of astonishment and delight. Though it was the 19th of October, the weather was delightfully warm and serene, and most unlike our own cloudy clime at this season of the year.

I had him brought on shore, and endeavoured to procure suitable lodgings for him in the city; but this I found a much more difficult task than I anticipated; for the inhabitants have a mortal terror of consumption, which they regard as highly infectious, and shun with as much dread as the plague itself. From every

lodging-house keeper to whom application was made, the answer was the same :—" Any thing, signior, but the plague or consumption !" So universally diffused was this stupid prejudice, that I sincerely believe it would have been utterly impracticable to procure lodgings for my unfortunate friend, had it not been for the generous hospitality of Mr Samuel Snelson, an English merchant, and a partner of one of the most eminent mercantile houses in London. This gentleman, with whom our captain was fortunately acquainted, agreed in the kindest manner to receive the invalid into his house, and saw him watched over with as much care as if he had been his own son. I can never sufficiently admire Mr Snelson for his generous conduct on this trying occasion ; and should this paper ever meet his eyes, I hope he will not feel offended by my introducing his name into it, seeing it is done in a way which redounds to his honour for humanity—although, had he himself been consulted, I doubt not that his modesty would have shrunk at the idea of having his name thus publicly blazoned before the world. Acts of this nature, however, are so scarce that it becomes a duty to relate them, when they do occur ; not only for the honour of the individual who performs them, but for the credit of human nature itself. Alas ! how few " good Samaritans" has the earth to boast of.

Had it not been for the unfortunate state of my dying friend, I should have derived great pleasure from this trip to Naples. As it was, I visited every thing worth seeing in the vicinity. I went through the

king's palace, inspected the citadel of St Elmo, and ranged the pleasure grounds of the Carthusian convent. I was also more than once at the principal theatre, said to be the finest in Europe; and which may be so for any thing that I can allege to the contrary, for in point of extent, splendour, and design, it surpasses any thing of the kind either in London or Paris. I also visited the palace of the archbishop, the university, the cathedral—in which the priests pretend to shew the head and *some of the blood* of St Januarius—and, latterly, Vesuvius. I ascended to the summit of this remarkable mountain, looked into its crater, and afterwards explored the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, overwhelmed by one of its eruptions, and now in some measure exposed to the light of day, after being for many centuries hid under a cloud of ashes and lava. Every thing connected with Naples, is apt to strike a stranger with surprise. The multitudes of lazzaroni and priests who frequent the streets, the odd mixture of meanness and splendour in the equipages and housekeeping of the noblesse, and the lugubrious trappings of the soldiery, are at once novel and imposing. The situation of the city is unrivalled for picturesqueness—the atmosphere as clear as crystal, and the heat of the summer and autumn months finely softened by breezes from the sea. Indeed were it not for the severe spring blasts, which come off the Apennines, and the sirocco, or north-east wind, occurring about May, Naples would be equal to Rome or Pisa for salubrity, as it is superior to them both in beauty of situation. All these things,

however, were in a great measure lost upon me. While the unhappy stranger continued in his helpless state, it was impossible to possess any real enjoyment; and the splendid scenery around, with all its novelty and richness, failed to exhilarate my spirits.

Three weeks had now elapsed since our arrival, and the invalid who, up to this time, had been able to move about a little, became so exhausted by his complaint, as to be confined constantly to bed. The signet of death was stamped upon him, and it was certain, that at the utmost, he had only a few days to live. Nothing was left undone by his humane landlord to alleviate his sufferings—the best medical assistance which the city afforded, being called in, and every plan adopted. which promised in the slightest degree, to lessen his bodily sufferings, and support his spirits. Still all was mystery, deep and inscrutable. I knew no more of him—of his country, profession, religion, or circumstances, than I did at first; even his name was still a riddle, and as he continued to shun inquiry of every sort, none was made either by Mr Snelson or myself. At last he died, and with himself died the history of this most singular young man.

Shortly after his death, his luggage, and that of his sister, were carefully searched, with the expectation that some clue would be afforded to the enigma, but in this hope we were disappointed. The names and designations of neither were upon their trunks, nor did these repositories contain bills, letters, or documents of any kind, to enlighten us. His own linens had

simply the letters H. W. upon them, which we supposed to be his initials; those of the lady had no mark whatever. Some portions of her dress seemed of French, some of English, and others of Italian manufacture, and the same remark applied to her brother's. The wearing apparel of both was mostly new, very fine in its texture, and made in the first style of fashion; from this, we inferred that they were persons who moved in a high circle; indeed, their appearance indicated as much—to say nothing of other evidence in favour of the same supposition. What became of their dresses I do not, at this time, recollect, nor is it of much consequence; but with regard to the distribution of the remainder of the gentleman's property, I can speak more explicitly. The day before he expired, he made me a present of a valuable diamond ring, which he begged me to keep for his sake; and to Mr Snelson he bequeathed an exquisitely wrought opal brooch, set round with rubies and amethysts, as a mark of the deep sense entertained by him of his kindness. The money which he had with him, amounting to ten British sovereigns, twenty gold ducats, and fifty-five louis-d'or, he ordered to be distributed among the crew of the Hermanstadt and Mr Snelson's servants. I forget, at this moment, in what proportions they were bestowed on all the respective individuals, but I remember that the sovereigns and ducats fell to the share of Vanderclump, and that ten of the louis-d'or were given to his mate. No money was found among the effects of the young lady.

On the eighteenth of November, just a week after the stranger's decease, the Hermanstadt weighed anchor, and left the harbour of Naples; she was freighted by Mr Snelson, on account of his house in London, with a valuable cargo, consisting chiefly of olives, manna, saffron, wines, dried fruits, and Florentine oil, with which she was ordered to proceed direct to the Thames. There were several passengers on board, mostly English; with one of them, Mr John Haddow, head clerk to Mr Snelson, and, on this occasion, officiating as supercargo, I formed an intimate friendship, which, I am happy to say, still subsists. I may mention that Mr Haddow resided in London till lately, in the service of the company, and having been taken into partnership, he left this country about six months ago, to take the management of a branch of their business, which has long been established at Buenos Ayres. Favoured by prevailing east winds, we had a brisk run through the Mediterranean, stopping only once in our way, viz. at Minorca; and in a few days we cleared the straits of Gibraltar, and got once more into the Atlantic. Nothing particular occurred during the rest of our passage, which, upon the whole, was rapid and satisfactory, with the exception of two smart hurricanes, one of which overtook us off Lisbon, and threatened to oblige us to put into that port, but we stood it out gaily, and the wind shifting about to the southward, and moderating considerably, we held on at the rate of eight knots an hour, till we got off Cape Ortegal, when we encountered the other, which held us

aback for twelve hours; this, also, gave way, without doing any damage, beyond retarding us for a little on the route. We crossed the Bay of Biscay in fine style, and got our due share of the heaving and tossing which every body must expect to encounter in that unruly puddle. With these slight drawbacks, however, the passage was a good one, at least so far as Havre, where I was landed on the twenty-eight of the month, ten days exactly after quitting Naples. How the brig fared on her way from Havre to London I never heard, but I suppose she reached the Thames cleverly, and in good trim, for I saw her advertised about a month afterwards, in an English paper, as ready to sail immediately for Amsterdam.

To conclude this singular, and, I fear, somewhat tiresome narrative, I set off immediately for Paris, which I reached safely, having been absent from it nearly ten weeks. It would wear out the reader's patience, were I to dwell upon the state of my spirits, which continued in a depressed condition for a very considerable period: even yet, when I think upon the strange events, it is with feelings of sorrow; but time, which is the grand reliever of all painful emotions, has come to my assistance, and taken away from my feelings much of their former acuteness. More than six years have now elapsed, and no circumstance has yet occurred to throw light upon the fair unfortunate stranger and her brother; still all is mystery; at this hour I am as much in the dark as ever, and have not even "a peg whereon to hang a conjecture."

PUNCH AND JUDY.

ONE day last summer I happened to be travelling in the coach between Lanark and Glasgow. There were only two inside passengers beside myself; viz. an elderly woman, and a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who sported a fur cap, a Hessian cloak, and large moustaches. The former was, I think, about the most unpleasant person to look at I had ever seen. Her features were singularly harsh and forbidding. She was also perfectly taciturn, for she never opened her lips, but left me and the other passenger to keep up the conversation the best way we could. The young man I found to be a very pleasant and intelligent fellow—quite a gentleman in his manners; and apparently either an Oxon or a Cantab, for he talked much and well about the English universities, a subject on which I also happened to be tolerably conversant. But, agreeable as his conversation was, it could not prevent me from entertaining an unpleasant feeling—one almost amounting to dislike and hostility—against the female; whom I regarded, from the first moment, with singular aversion. We were not

troubled, however, very long with her company, for she left us at Dalserf, about half way between Lanark and Hamilton.

"It is very curious, sir," said I to the stranger when she had gone, "that I should feel so strangely annoyed as I have been with that woman. I absolutely know nothing about her, and cannot lay a single fault to her charge, but plain looks and taciturnity; and yet I feel as if no inducement would tempt me to step again into a coach where I knew she was to be present. And after all, for any thing I know to the contrary, she may be a very good woman."

"Your feelings, sir," answered he, "are remarkable, but by no means new; for I have myself been subject to a precisely similar train of emotions, and from a cause similar to yours. The thing is odd, I allow—what my friend, Coleridge, would call a psychological curiosity—but, I believe, every human being has at times felt it more or less. The unlucky woman who has proved such a source of annoyance to you, has been none whatever to me. She is plain-looked, to be sure, but it did not strike me that there was any thing peculiarly unpleasant in her aspect; and as for her silence, *that*, in my eyes, is no discommendation. So much for the different trains of emotions experienced by different persons from the same cause. There is, in truth, my dear sir, no accounting for such metaphysical phenomena. We must just take them as we find them, and be contented to know the effect while we remain in ignorance of the cause.

Now, to show that you do not stand alone in such feelings, I shall, with your permission, relate an event which lately occurred to myself:—on which occasion I was horribly annoyed by a circumstance in itself perfectly harmless and trivial, and which gave me much more disturbance than the taciturn lady who has just left us has given to you. My adventure, in truth, was attended with such extraordinary results, both to myself and another individual, that it possesses many of the characters of a genuine romance." Having expressed my desire to hear what he had to relate on such a subject, he proceeded as follows:—

"The circumstance I allude to happened not long ago, while supping at the house of a literary friend in Edinburgh. On arriving, about nine in the evening, I was ushered into his library, where I found him, accompanied by two other friends; and in the short interval which elapsed before supper was announced, we amused ourselves looking at his books, and making comments upon such of them as struck our fancy. Our host was distinguished for learning; he was a man, in fact, of uncommon abilities, both natural and acquired; and the two guests who chanced to be with him were, in this particular, little inferior to himself. Among the other books which we happened to take up, was *Punch and Judy*, illustrated by the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. While looking at these capital delineations of the characters in the famous popular opera of the fairs, no particular emotion, save one of a good deal of pleasure, passed through

my mind. I looked at them as I would do at any other humorous prints; and laying down the volume thought no more of it at the time.

"In a few minutes the servant girl made her appearance, to announce that supper was ready; and laying hold of the landlord's arm, I went along with him down stairs; his two friends, linked together in the same manner, following close at our heels. On entering the dining-room, there was certainly a very neat repast spread out. I cannot at this moment condescend upon all the viands, but I recollect distinctly of boiled lobsters, devilled fowls, and fried codlings, staring us in the face. There was, however, an individual in the room, and in the act of seating herself at the head of the table, who struck my fancy more forcibly than even the dishes upon the table. This as I afterwards learned, was Miss Snooks, our entertainer's cousin. I was not exactly prepared to encounter the apparition of a female at our banquet. The landlord was a confirmed bachelor; and I expected to see nothing but myself and three other *lords of the creation*, for the evening. To tell the truth (which at the risk of my gallantry must be done), I was a little disappointed, for I had come thither expecting to enjoy some private talk with the male part of the company, and overhaul some bits of scandal not exactly fitted for a lady's ear. However, there was no help for it. A lady *was* present, and we had just to make up our minds to put a bridle upon our tongues, so long as she pleased to honour us with her company.

"I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, than Miss Snooks curtsied to me, honoured me with a smile, and requested me to place myself along side of her. I did so, and had time to contemplate her physiognomy. The first thing which struck me was the immense size of her nose. It stood forward *tremendously prominent;* and behind it—in the shade—was her face. It did not glide gently away from the brow above, and from the cheeks at each side. On the contrary, it jutted out like a promontory, and seemed as bold and defined as Cape Wrath or the Ord of Caithness. It appeared to have sprung out all at once from her face at the touch of some magician's wand, in the same way as Minerva sprung from the head of Jupiter. It had a hump on it, too, like a dromedary; for it was a Roman nose—such as that sported in days of old by Julius Cæsar, and, in modern times, by the Duke of Wellington—only much more magnificent in its dimensions. I feel some difficulty in describing the rest of Miss Snooks, so much was I taken up with this godlike feature. She was tall, thin, wrinkled, fiery-eyed, with a blue silk gown on; and a cap, stiff-starched, and overgrown with a mountain of frills, and indigo-coloured ribbons. Her voice was shrill, almost squeaking; and—with reverence be it spoken—she had a *leetle* bit of a beard—only a few odd hairs growing from her chin and upper lip. Her age, I suppose, might be about fifty.

"Now comes the peg 'whereon hangs a tale,' and where my feeling resembled your own. I felt I was to be miserable for the night—at least so long as Miss

Snooks favoured us with her company; and that she would favour us with it long enough was evident—for I had a presentiment that she was a *blue-stocking*, and *they* always sit late. Her gown was blue, so were her ribbons, so were her little twinkling eyes—and so was her nose—at least at the point. But there was no help for it. I made up my mind to the worst, and allowed her to help me to a bit of fowl. The landlord, and the two other guests, supped on fried codlings. She herself fastened upon a lobster's claw.

"Meanwhile supper proceeded, and the clatter of knives and forks bore testimony that the process of mastication was going on swimmingly. For some time I enjoyed it as much as the rest of the company, as I was rather hungry and the fowl excellent; but my enjoyment was of short duration—for Mr Hookey, the gentleman who sat opposite to me, on the left hand of Miss Snooks, asked me a question, and on looking up to answer it I saw—not him, but the lady's nose. I speak advisedly; there is no exaggeration in the case. If any part of him was visible, it must have been his body. His face was utterly hid by the tremendous feature which stood between us like an 'envious shade,' and intercepted all vision in that direction. To get out of the influence of this 'baleful planet' I shifted my head aside, and so did he, and we thus got a sight of each other over its peak. From that moment, all idea of eating was gone. The nose stood at first *literally* between my friend and me—and now it stood *metaphorically* between the fowl an my stomach.

" Unfortunately, Mr Hookey, besides being a great talker, was a native of the same part of the country as myself, and having been absent from thence for several years, was anxious to hear of any event and change that had taken place since he left it. He accordingly bored me with questions which I could not but answer. I could not answer them decently without raising my head—and I could not raise my head without encountering the nose of Miss Snooks.

" But this was not the worst part of the business. Miss Snooks took it into her head to put questions to me, and thus confronted me still more with her *promontory*. There was no way of evading the annoyance, but by getting to the opposite side of the table —a step which it was impossible to perform with any regard to decency; and I was thus compelled to 'kiss the rod,' and put the best face I could upon the matter.

" Supper being removed, wine was introduced; and I had the honour of pouring out a glass of port to Miss Snooks. She thanked me with an inclination of her head—or rather of her nose—and drank to my health, and to that of the rest of the company. While performing the process of drinking, I could not help gazing upon her, to see how so very remarkable a person would go to work. The peak of her nose actually dipped down over the farthest rim of the glass—spanning it as a rainbow spans the vale of Glengarry, while the 'limpid ruby' rolled in currents within the embrace of her delighted lips. The more I gazed upon

her, the greater did my surprise at this extraordinary feature become.

"It is unnecessary to detail, at length, the conversation which ensued. It was tolerably connected, as might be looked for in so small a company, seldom branching out into miscellaneous details, and turning chiefly upon literary matters. But I found it impossible to join in it with any degree of relish. In vain did my opposite neighbour call up before my imagination the scenes of my birth-place; in vain did our landlord crack his jokes—for he was a great humourist—and rally me upon my dulness; in vain did he allege that I was in love, and good-naturedly fix upon two or three girls as the objects of my affections. Worthy man! little did he imagine that I was in love with his cousin's nose.

"In love, yes, I bore the same love towards it, that the squirrel bears to the rattlesnake—when it gets fascinated by the burning eyeballs, horrid fangs, and forked tongue of its crawling, slimy, and execrable foe. Mistake me not, sir, or suppose that I mean to insinuate that Miss Snooks was a rattlesnake. No; the reasoning is purely analogical; and I only wish it to be inferred that *that* nose, humped like a dromedary—prominent as Cape Wrath—nobler than Cæsar's or the great Captain's—had precisely the same influence on me as the envenomed Python of the American woods has upon the squirrel. It fascinated me—threw a spell over me—enchanted my faculties—made me love to gaze upon what I abhorred, and think of

nothing but one feature—one nose, which nevertheless held a more prominent place in the temple of my imagination, than Atlas, Andes, or Teneriffe, or even the unscalable ridges of Himalaya, where Indra, the God of the elements, is said to have placed his throne. Having meditated for some time in this way, I found that it would never do. There was something inexpressible absurd in the mood which my mind was getting into: and I resolved to throw off the incubus which oppressed me, and be like other people. Full of this idea, I filled a bumper, and bolted it off—then another—then another. I was getting on admirably, and rapidly recovering my equanimity, when, chancing to turn my eyes towards Mr Hookey, he was nowhere to be seen. He had not gone out; that was impossible: no—he was concealed from me by the mighty nose.

"This event had nearly capsized me, and brought me back into my old way, when I poured out another glass of wine, and hastily swallowed it, which in some measure restored the equilibrium of my faculties. I looked again at Hookey, and saw him distinctly—the shade was gone, for Miss Snooks had leaned back, in a languishing mood, upon her chair, and taken her nose along with her. At this moment I fancied I saw her ogling me with both eyes, and resolved to be upon my guard. I remembered the solemn vows already made to my dear Cecilia; and on this account determined to stand out against Miss Snooks and her nose.

" But this was only a temporary relief. Again did she lean forward, and again was the nose protruded between Hookey and myself. It acted as an eclipse —it annihilated him—made him a mere nonentity—rendered him despicable in my eyes. It was impossible to respect any man who lived in the shade of a nose, who hid his light under such a bushel. Hang the ninny, he must be a sneaking fellow!

" The wine now began to circulate more freely round the table, and the tongues of the company to get looser in their heads. Miss Snooks also commenced talking at a greater stretch than she had hitherto done. I soon found out that she was a poetess, and had written a couple of novels, besides two or three tragedies. In fact, her whole conversation was about books and authors, and she did us the favour of reciting some of her own compositions. She was also prodigiously sentimental, talked much about love, and was fond of romantic scenery. I know not how it was, but although her conversation was far from indifferent, it excited ridiculous emotions in my mind, rather than any thing else. If she talked of mountains, I could think of nothing but the hump upon her nose, which was, in my estimation, a nobler mountain than Helvellyn or Cairngorm. If she got among promontories, this majestic feature struck me as being sublimer than any I had ever heard of—not excepting the Cape of Good Hope, first doubled by Vasco da Gama.—When she conversed about the blue loch and the cerulean sky, I saw in the tip of her

nose a complexion as blue or cerulean as any of these. It was at once a nose—a mountain—a cape—a loch —a sky. In short it was every thing. She was armed with it, as the Paladins of old with their armour. Nay it possessed the miraculous property of rendering a human being invisible, of concealing Mr Hookey from my eyes; thus rivalling the ring of Gyges, and casting the invisible coat of Jack the Giant-killer into the shade.

"After conversing with her for some time upon indifferent matters, she asked me if I was fond of caricatures, and spoke particularly of the designs of George Cruikshank. Scarcely had she mentioned the name of this artist, than I was seized with a strange shuddering. In one moment I called to mind his illustrations of Punch and Judy, at which we had been looking, before coming down to supper. A clue was now given to the otherwise unaccountable train of feelings which had possessed me ever since I saw Miss Snooks. From the moment when I first set my eyes upon her, I fancied I had seen her before; but where, when, and upon what occasion I found it impossible to tell. Her squeaking voice, her blue twinkling eyes, her huge frilled cap, and above all, her mighty nose, all seemed familiar to me. They floated within my spirit as a half-forgotten dream; and without daring to whisper such a thing to myself, I still felt the impression that all was not new—that the novelty was not so great as I imagined.

"But Punch and Judy set all to rights. I had seen

Miss Snooks in George Cruikshank, and at once all my perplexing feelings were accounted for. *She* was Judy—*she* was Punch's wife. Yes, Miss Snooks, the old maid, was the wife of Mr Punch. There was no denying the fact. The same small weazel eyes, the same sharp voice and hooked chin, and the same nose —at once mountain cape, &c. &c. belonged alike to Judy and Miss Snooks. They were two persons; the same, yet different—different, yet the same—the one residing in the pages of Cruikshank, or chattering and fighting in the booths of mountebanks at Donnybrook or St. Bartholomew's fair—the other seated bolt upright, at the head of her cousin's table, beside a small *coterie* of *littérateurs*.

"I know not whether it was the effect of the old port, but, strange to say, I could not for some time view Miss Snooks in her former capacity, but simply as Judy. She was magnified in size, it is true, from the pert, termagant puppet of the fairs, and was an authoress—a writer of tragedies and novels—in which character, to the best of my knowledge, the spouse of Punchinello had never made her appearance, but then the similitude between them, in other respects, was so striking as to constitute identity. Eyes, chin, voice, nose, were all precisely alike, and stamped them as one and the same individual.

"But this strange illusion soon wore away, and I again saw Miss Snooks in her true character. It would perhaps be better if I said that I saw her nose —for somehow I never could look upon herself save

as subordinate to this feature. It were an insult to so majestic a promontory to suppose it the mere appendage of a human face. No—the face was an appendage of it, and kept at a viewless distance behind, while the nose stood forward in vast relief, intercepting the view of all collateral objects—casting a noble shadow upon the wall—and impressing an air of inconceivable dignity upon its fair proprietor.

" The first impression which I experienced on beholding the lady was one of fear. I have stated how completely she—or to speak more properly, her nose —stood between me and Mr Hookey, and felt appalled in no small degree at so extraordinary a circumstance. There is something inexpressibly awful in a *lunar* eclipse, and a *solar* one is still more overpowering, but neither the one nor the other could be compared to the *nasal* eclipse effected by Miss Snooks. So much for my first impressions : now for the second They were those of boundless admiration, and——."

Most unfortunately, just as the gentleman had got to this part of his story, the coach stopped at the principal inn of Hamilton, and he there left it, after bowing politely to me, and wishing me a pleasant ride for the rest of the journey.

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. "Frank!" said he, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And, taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There

were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long *queue*, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed on him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the

middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock-coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discoverd that his small clothes were red likewise.—"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily. "As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence. "Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged, the exciseman did the same, the landlady ehook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke. "Faith, this is odd!" observed the host. "Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson, and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a night-cap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it on his head. Here the exciseman

broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable. "All red!" murmured the parson once more. "Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late. "Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe, and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers." The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all. "I suppose gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers." "Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster. "And, pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance. "But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard, which he held in his hand. "And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numscull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your small clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word Doctor Poundtext you are——"—"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage. "Ay, what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster. "He is a black-coat," said the stranger with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and the schoolmaster, anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a scarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity, the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation. In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-leg-

ged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down, according to orders. On hearing this the red man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it. "Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence. "Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster. "He is a bit of a conjuror, I warrant," quoth the exciseman. "I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."—"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady. "I am certain he is no better than he should be," spoke the parson again. "That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."—"Ay, something must be done," said the schoolmaster. "Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."—"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers. "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."—"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman, "leave that to me and my cudgel."—"To you and your cudgel!" said

the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick, which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs. There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say anything. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand, and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left hand the man in red; the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wondering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries that occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn

and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson. "Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are ——"—"That I am a conjuror, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might, for these words which the red man had spoken were the very ones he himself was about to utter. "Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"—"My name," replied the other, "is Reid." "And where, in Heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson. "I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth; that of the exciseman dropped to the ground; the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and

giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod. His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. Who was the man in red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour; it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the

steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them continually on the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could it be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give anything like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also, the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick, sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: everything seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening.

But the storm which threatened to rage without, was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his

walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber, without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction. While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable.

"Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes, they are like——"—"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the

rest with equal impatience. Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing in among the others, on a chair which stood close by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable, but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clock-work, to operate incessantly over their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery, in a sepulchral moan, the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals, through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first, to be a tra-

velling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjuror. Now, their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarding him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say," observed the parson.

"From on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw or heard of me before?" said the ostler in confusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in

red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."—"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the excise-man.—"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.—"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked clarionet."—"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady. "No matter, exclaimed the landlord, "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."—"Better than some of them," quoth the landlady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it, the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead, nothing but a dead, red lustre, emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained, the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower, amid an envelopement of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened coterie, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions, amidst the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes, —afterwards a rustling,—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened ; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out " Avaunt, satan ! I exorcise thee from hence, to the bottom of the Red Sea!" —" I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort, rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black coat, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly ac-

coutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm. On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found, that his infernal majesty had helped himself to everything he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in those quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Pound-text, who is a civil magistrate, as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

WHO MURDERED BEGBIE?*

A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

* * * * * While meditating in this mood upon various matters, the driver descended from his dicky and opened the door, for the purpose of admitting a couple of passengers into the coach. One of them was a short, stout, dapper, middle-aged man, habited in a green surtout, buckskin small-clothes, and topped boots. By his dialect I perceived he was an Englishman; and from several circumstances in his appearance and conversation, was led to believe him a traveller for some commercial house in London. It is difficult to mistake a bagman—there is always something about him that indicates his profession. I have generally found them—at least, those of the Cockney school—good-humoured, bustling, talkative fellows; fond of smoking, snuffing, and gossip; abound-

* Begbie was porter to one of the banks in Edinburgh: being sent out with a parcel containing five thousand pounds, he was stabbed in the High Street, and robbed of the money. Many years have now elapsed, and up to the present moment no trace has been found of the murderer.

ing in tavern anecdotes, and as communicative concerning themselves as they are inquisitive about others. This was precisely the character of the gentleman in question. Before he had been two minutes in my company, we were as familiar as if we had been acquainted all our lives: and by his lively, miscellaneous conversation, I soon forgot what had just given me so much annoyance.

The other passenger was a tall and remarkably thin man, apparently about fifty years of age: he was, I think, the most meagre figure I ever saw. The Englishman was struck with his appearance, as well as myself; for he asked him if he was in good health, and with much kindness, proposed to close the window next him, to screen him from the wind, besides offering him the use of his cloak for the journey, and tendering various other civilities. The other appreciated these attentions as they deserved, but assured the worthy bagman that he was in perfect health; and, although delicate to look at, he had in reality nothing to complain of, but ate, drank, slept, and enjoyed himself as much as his neighbours. Nor did his behaviour during the journey appear at variance with this declaration. He was at once lively, good-humoured, and energetic; spoke a great deal; and seemed much struck with the beauty of the surrounding country. Altogether, he was so agreeable and well-informed, that I felt deep regret when he left us, which he did at the Broom-house Toll, about five miles from Glasgow. I must mention, however,

that, for some minutes before his departure, a deep cloud seemed to fall upon the face of the bagman. He lost, all at once, his talkativeness and good humour, and sat in the corner of the coach, having his eyes fixed upon our fellow-traveller with an expression of mingled curiosity, resentment, and alarm. So much did his agitation prevail, that when the emaciated stranger left the coach, he refused to shake his hand, although it was held out to him for the purpose; and when he was fairly gone, he gave vent to his feeling in a deeply muttered-imprecation. I was confounded, and asked him the meaning of this wonderful change.

"Sir," said he, "you know not in whose company you have been travelling. I have just recognized in that there man an old friend, or, rather, an old enemy —I *smoked* him shortly after we left Uddingstone. There is a mystery about him, sir, which the devil himself cannot see through. Blow me! if he did not hocuss me at the Bugle Inn. My friends, Parchment, and Bolus, and Heavystern, can bear witness to some of his doings—that of which I speak was a most wonderful adventure: till this very day it has never been fathomed, and, I believe, never will. Perhaps you would like to hear it. Yes, sir, you shall hear, and hearing it you shall wonder, and wondering you shall tremble. In the meantime I may mention, that that stranger—that living anatomy—that vivified skeleton—half death, half life, half man, half devil—is the *murderer of Begbie!*"

"The murderer of Begbie!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"Yes, sir, to be sure: that there man hocussed your humble servant, and murdered Begbie."

"Good Heavens! are you positive that what you state concerning Begbie is correct?"

"As positive, my dear sir, as I am of my own existence. I have the most decisive proof of what I state; and if you will only listen for half an hour, I shall put you in possession of every fact, and unfold a scene, in all respects so extraordinary, that I am certain you have never heard or read of anything to equal it."

So saying, he took a pinch of snuff, hemmed two or three times to clear his throat, and pulling up the coach windows, to keep out the night air, and deaden the noise of the wheels, proceeded as follows:

"I was travelling in my machine—an open gig—when a dreadful shower of rain compelled me to take refuge at the Bugle Inn, a small but comfortable place of entertainment, half-way between Oxford and Moulsey Hurst. On entering the parlour, I found it occupied by a pleasant little party, consisting of Mr Parchment, the village lawyer, Dr Bolus, the village surgeon, and the Rev. Mr Heavystern, parson of the parish. To these gentlemen I was familiarly known, as it was my custom to put up at the Bugle when in that quarter; and they were all in the habit of occasionally frequenting it during the winter nights, when time—for they were bachelors—hung heavily

on their hands. On the present occasion they had met there by agreement, to smoke a few cigars and discuss some knotty point of village politics, over a can of the landlord's best Burton; and, to tell the truth, there could have been no time or place better adapted for such a purpose, for the evening was cold and rainy, precluding all hopes of enjoyment out of doors, and rendering the 'chimney nook' the most suitable quarter in the world to while away the time. The lawyer was a tall, thin figure, with an expression of countenance strongly satirical; but, withal, shrewd and intelligent. His hair was remarkably plentiful, and as black as jet; while his complexion was sallow, his eyes deeply set in the head, his nose and chin peaked, and his cheeks lank, and strongly marked with a variety of deep wrinkles. He was about fifty years of age, and a confirmed Whig—a regular croaker, who found fault with everything but himself; and vowed, wherever he went, that there was nothing but rottenness and corruption 'in the state of Denmark.'

"The doctor was in every respect the reverse. In stature he did not exceed five feet, was remarkably corpulent, of a ruddy complexion, and perfectly bald. He wore glasses, for he was somewhat short-sighted, and could hardly be said to possess the capability of seeing as far through a millstone as the man that made it. His intellectual vision, moreover, was according to Mr Parchment, as bad as that of his eyes; for he was a Tory, and, consequently, blind to the

thousand-and-one things which came under the more penetrating glance of the republican lawyer. Whigs, it is well known, see not only farther than Tories, but much more distinctly; and the doctor, though a capital professional man, and scholar to boot, must be allowed to have been a much obtuser personage in all respects, than the Whiggish limb of the law.

"As for the parson, he occupied, so far as personal appearance went, a middle station between the two others, being neither so tall nor so thin as the lawyer, nor so short and thick as the doctor. He was, in fact, a plain, decent, humdrum son of the church—a prodigious smoker—excessively absent, and guilty on no occasion of saying any thing in the least degree approaching to wit. He despised smartness of all kinds—thought well before he spoke—and when he did condescend to embody an idea in language, it was done in such a solemn, pompous, dogmatic style, that, however absurd, it carried instantaneous conviction to the hearer. On this account, his pulpit prelections were deemed infallible—no human being thought of calling them in question. Indeed, so satisfied were the parishioners of his unimpeachable orthodoxy, that they found it perfectly unnecessary to take the trouble of scrutinising his sermons, but fell quietly asleep as soon as he opened his mouth, convinced that all he said was in strict accordance with the thirty-nine articles, and consistent with the doctrines of the Church of England.

"Such were the trio who, in company with myself,

were seated around the parlour fire of the Bugle Inn, each with a cigar in his mouth, and a can of Burton in his hand.

"The night, I have said, was tempestuous; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled out of doors as if the spirit of discord had got among the elements, and set them all by the ears. It was also remarkably cold, for it was one of the bitterest days of the bitter month of November, and was unusually sharp even for that season of the year. This, however, had no influence upon our little party. The fire composed of sea-coal, which crackled up the chimney and threw out long tongues of flame, rendering all other kinds of light unnecessary, set the cold at defiance; diffusing both warmth and radiance around the apartment, and bathing the old-fashioned furniture, oaken pannels, and quaint pictures that adorned the walls, in a flood of dazzling lustre. The winds roared without, but we paid no regard to their roaring: our attention was taken up by a nobler theme—the sounds of our own voices and the fume of our cigars, which streamed out of our mouths in spiral volumes as from the craters of so many volcanoes, and enveloped one and all in clouds of tobacco smoke, more delicious to our nostrils than all the odours of Circassia itself. We were happy, perfectly happy; the rugged lines of the lawyer's Whiggery were smoothed down, and he left 'the state of Denmark' to itself; the doctor forgot his Toryism with his potions; and the parson puffed away in theological ease, mindful no

longer of Mother Church and her thirty-nine infallibilities.

"Such was the state of parties when the parlour door opened, and the landlord made his appearance to ask if the gentlemen would have any objections to the company of a stranger. 'The poor fellow,' said he, 'has just arrived on the top of the coach from Oxford; he is miserably cold, and this is the only place in the house with a fire, except the kitchen, into which he is not very fond of going.'

"'O surely, send him in by all means,' said the doctor, taking a full draught of ale, and looking at each of us by turns for our assent. The lawyer expressed acquiescence with something of a grin, and the parson gave his concurrence by a nod of the head and the emission of a majestic cloud of tobacco smoke. As for myself, I at once agreed to let the poor devil have a share of our apartment.

"The instant the stranger entered the room, every eye was fixed upon him. He was about six feet high, and thin—miserably, inconceivably thin; language, in fact, would sink under the attempt to depict his incredible emaciation. It would be an insult to the fraternity of ghosts to say that he belonged to it—no spectre was ever so utterly unsubstantial—no mummy so totally divested of flesh and blood. His appearance, in short, riveted the attention of us all. Parchment lay back in his chair, and gazed at him with mute astonishment; Heavystern ceased to smoke; and Bolus took off his spectacles, and wiped them to

see that he was not labouring under an optical delusion. For my own part, I was not less lost in surprise than the others. Our wonder was complete, our scrutiny intense, our confusion excessive.

"Meanwhile, the stranger, apparently unmindful of this reception, drew near to the fire, placed himself upon an empty seat between the doctor and parson, and in a harsh, hollow, sepulchral voice, desired the landlord to bring him a cigar and a tumbler of brandy toddy. His wishes were instantly complied with, and he began to smoke and tipple by turns, without taking any notice of the company he was among. But his movements did not for an instant pass unnoticed. We all still gazed upon him with wonder, and ultimately with feelings of indignation—for we were not less incensed at his imperturbability and *nonchalance*, than surprised at the meagreness of his corporation. At last the doctor broke silence.

"'Cold weather, sir; ye must have felt it intolerable on the top of the coach.' The stranger made him no verbal reply, but merely nodded in token of assent, while he emitted from his mouth an enormous volume of smoke, which glided away in the direction of the lawyer, who sat opposite, and enveloped his head in its cloudy and fragrant tabernacle. The smoke was evidently levelled at Mr Parchment; it went as directly to him as if it had been discharged from a musket, and settled like a glory around the sable tresses of his upper man.

"Incensed as we all were at such intolerable

freedom on the part of this shrivelled anatomy, it was impossible not to admire the style of his smoking. It was graceful in the highest degree. The fumes issued from his mouth in streams not thicker than a crow-quill, and gradually expanding like a balloon as they receded from him, filled the whole chamber with one magnificent cloud. From admiring the smoke, we came to admire the smoker, and, scarecrow as he was, we all, not excepting Mr Parchment, looked upon him with feelings of considerable respect. At last the anatomy broke silence.

" ' Gentlemen,' said he, withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, ' I daresay you are all anxious to know who I am, and what I am—my birth, parentage, education, profession, character, and so forth; in short, gentlemen, I suppose——.' Here he resumed his cigar, and instead of finishing the sentence, favoured us with a huge puff of tobacco smoke. We were terribly annoyed at this, and our growing respect for him was just on the point of being succeeded by fresh indignation, when we perceived, gleaming amid the dusky vapours which shrouded him, *a tear* stealing from his right eye, and struggling down one of the narrow and tortuous furrows of his emaciated cheek. Poor devil! it was impossible to cherish resentment against him. Anatomy as he was, he had a soul to be saved; he had a tear to shed—perhaps it was the only one which his dried corporation could furnish, and he shed it willingly. What could a hero or a patriot do more with his blood? When I saw this

tear oozing out—when I gazed at it through the tobacco smoke, as upon the evening star through a cloud—I respected him—upon my honour I did—more than Wallace, Tell, or Kosciusko, names equally mighty and renowned in song. Alas! that the murderer of poor Begbie should have excited in my bosom such exalted emotions.

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" ' I hocuss no man, sir,' said the stranger.

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" ' I'll tell ye what it is, sir,' said Mr Parchment.

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" ' Pooh, pooh! mere fudge.'

* * * * * *

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" Then down came Bolus, Parchment, and Heavystern—as for myself, I * * *

* * * * It was then I could see the horrid sepulchral eyes of the anatomy. *

* * * * I am hocussed.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

" ' Poor Begbie then gave a groan.' "

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TERENCE O'FLAHERTY.

The deil cam fiddlin' through the town,
And danced awa wi' the exciseman.

BURNS.

Now, if you will just hold your tongue for a short space, I shall tell you all about Terence O'Flaherty, the little, red-headed tailor, who lived down in Kilrandy, just as you pass the door of Dermot Reilly, and get upon the common. I shall tell you all about him and his cross-tempered wife Judy; and how he snuffed, and chatted, and drank poteen with the ould enemy; and how he made the devil a pair of buckskin breeches, and at last got rid of his wife, and lived happily till he died,—if he be, indeed, dead, which is the only thing concerning him which I don't know about.

Well, then, it happened one winter day, about eleven o'clock at night, that Judy had gone to bed, and left Terence sitting upon the shop-board, patching a pair of corduroy breeches belonging to Father O'Phelim, the parish priest. Now you must know that, before turning into roost, Judy had had a bit of a row with the tailor, and had lent him a thump on the side

of the head with a large three-cornered potatoe, which made his eyes to water; but whether it was the potatoe, or a stiff glass of whisky he had just taken before, that made them to water, I'm sure I do not know. "Ochon!" said Terence, as he stitched away at Father O'Phelim's breeches, "my case is a plaguy bad one, and I am all in a bother what to do."—"As you say, your case is bad enough," spoke some one nigh at hand; and, on raising his eyes from his work, whom did Terence see but a good-looking, dark-faced, elderly gentleman, dressed in black, and having Dutch spectacles upon his nose, seated opposite to him, with his elbows leaning upon the shop-board, his chin supported upon his hands, and his eyes fixed upon O'Flaherty?

"My case, an plaise your honour, is bad enough, in all conscience," quoth Terence; "but I am afraid it must stand as it is, as there is no help for it at all."

"That is as may be hereafter," observed the stranger. "I know better than you do yourself, that you are as thoroughly henpecked as any man in Ireland."

"And that's as true a thing as ever was spoken," said Terence.

"And then your wife—"

"Arrah, now, plaise your worship, don't say anything about her, for she sleeps in the next room, and will hear every word that comes out of your mouth."

"Ah, there you go!" replied the gentleman. "I wonder, Tailor O'Flaherty, you aren't ashamed of yourself. Devil a word dare you utter above your breath.

Throw off this foolish bondage, and be yourself again. Can't you speak, man?" But Terence was as dumb as a fish, and, instead of answering the worthy ould gentleman, he began to mope and sigh like a quaker, and looked as melancholy as if he were a parson singing the service over the dead.

"Did you hear what I was saying, tailor?" demanded the gentleman again.

"O yes I did," quoth Terence, "but my wife—"

"Pugh! pack your wife to the devil can't you?"

"I wish she were there, from the bottom of my sowl," said O'Flaherty.

Now, it would have done your heart good to see how the stranger looked when he heard these words. He took Terence by the hand, and shook him so hard, that the tears started from his finger-ends, and he thought himself in purgatory, or in a worser place.

"Well, tailor, I am glad to hear you say so; blood and wounds! I am; and it is for the purpose of ridding you of Judy that I am here." So spoke the ould gentleman, and Terence, for very joy, threw his arms around him, and hugged him as if he had been his grandfather.

"Och! if it be that your reverence has come about, you are sure the most worthiest carrater in all Kilrandy; and I will follow you to the world's end, and drink your health every day of the year, and every hour of the day."

Now, what think you the ould gentleman did? he took from his side-pocket a small blank paper book,

and a phial of red ink, and a pen, and when he had done this he dipped the pen in the ink, and gave it to Terence, and told him to write his name in a particular part of the book, which he pointed to with his finger. But when Terence was going to do this, he suddenly recollected that he could not write a single letter; but the stranger told him it was no matter, for his mark would do as well. So Terence made his mark, and when he had made it, he inquired if there was any thing more to be done.

"There is nothing more," said the gentleman, "but to make my breeches as fast as you can."—"What breeches, an plaise your honour?" axed O'Flaherty.

"Now, Terence, aren't you a downright blockhead, not to know what you have put your mark to? Don't you see you engaged to make me a pair of buckskins, on condition that I free you from your wife? and don't you see farther, that if you break the contract, your sowl becomes mine for ever?"

"Ah, you are a rum one!" said Terence, shaking his head, and smiling good-humouredly at the stranger. "But no matter—I shall make you such a pair of buckskins as Counsellor O'Connell might be proud to stuff his legs into. But, remember you are to do for Judy. If you fail to give her a snoozer, you shall neither get my sowl, nor the breeches, recollect, your honour."

"Never fear," said the ould gentleman. "As sure as I am a Christian, you may depend upon me—indeed you may, Terence O'Flaherty."

"Your very appearance," rejoined Terence—for

the cratur would always be talking—" proclaims you a Christian. If all Christians were like you, your honour, this world would be a plaisant place to live in ; but by Jasus—"

" Will you not hold that tongue of yours ?" said the ould gentleman in a great passion, as Terence uttered the last word of his sentence. " I tell you, O'Flaherty, what it is—if you presume again in my presence, by the powers, I shall cut you for ever: and Judy shall hang like a millstone around your neck as long as you live. What the deuce ! can't you converse without having recourse to profane swearing ?" When Terence heard this, he thought the old man was going to kick up a row, and he fell down upon his knees, and begged his pardon; but, while he did this, he could not help thinking that his reverence was not so averse to hear himself a-swearing as he was to hear other people. Then without spaiking a word, the tailor went to his chest, and brought out three or four pieces of good buckskin, which he had purchased some weeks before from Mr Murphy O'Leary, the cloth-merchant at the Cove of Cork. And he took the measure of his new customer, and began to work in sober earnest. And while he was working, the gentleman sat opposite to him, sometimes whistling Paddy Carey, sometimes humming snatches of songs in an outlandish lingo, and sometimes chatting upon indifferent subjects. As for Terence—poor child—his brain was not much given to the sin of thinking ; and for a time he abstained from any sort of indulgence

in this respect. But, notwithstanding all this, he could not so far get rid of his senses, as to give over reflecting upon the circumstances he was placed in, and upon the carrater of the worthy stranger who had so opportunely come to his assistance. As soon, therefore, as his ideas were somewhat settled, he began to wonder how his honour—God bless him—had got into the house.

There was another thing which bothered him not a little, and it was this—that before an hour had gone by, the buckskins he was working at were nearly finished. But the greatest wonder of all was, that the thread with which he commenced never grew shorter. It remained the same, and looked as if it could stitch all the breeches in Ireland ten times over. However, these things, although they surprised, gave him no sort of uneasiness: he looked upon the whole affair as a miracle, and he had seen miracles performed fifty times ere now by Father O'Phelim, the parish priest. While he was reflecting in this manner, the ould gentleman offered him a pinch of snuff, and axed him how he liked it. "Och! an plaise your honour," quoth Terence, "it is just excellent; but, plague take me, if I don't think it smells confoundedly of brimstone." Nor did the stranger's goodness end here, for he brought a bottle and glass from his side pocket, and, placing them upon the shop-board, he desired the tailor to pledge him in a thimbleful. O'Flaherty was not the boy to refuse such a challenge; and he swallowed, at one gulp, a bumper of the liquor—

which, much to his heart's content, proved to be excellent poteen. "Now get done with your work," said the gentleman, after clearing a glass to the health of the tailor. "That I will, your honour," answered Terence; and he sewed at such a furious rate as never was heard of since the days of O'Brien the Great, or Phineas O'Donachy, the first King of Munster. So rapid was the motion of the needle, that it was invisible even to himself, and he worked more by a kind of frenzy than by the mere efforts of his own free will. I do not know whether it was the whiskey which had taken to Terence's head, but, sure enough, whenever he happened to look at his ould friend, he saw something about him that put him all in a puzzle. His eyes—that is, the ould gentleman's—which were naturally as brown as the bog of Allan, seemed to glare like burning coals. "What can this mean?" said Terence; "sure my brain is getting muzzy, or there is something odd about your honour's eyes."

"Och! Terence, you are a sad fool," spoke his honour,—"can't you mind your work, and be done with it?" So the tailor once more set himself a-going, and in three minutes the buckskins were completed. "Now, O'Flaherty," said the stranger, "you must put on them there things, and we shall have a comfortable glass afterwards."

"Plaise your reverence, I have no objections to the glass; but rot me if I wear the breeches."

"You must put them on, Terence; I insist upon

it, you must."—"May I never get out of purgatory if I do!" answered the tailor. "Then," said the other, "there is an end of the business. I shall leave you to your wife, and she shall torment you both in this world and in the next; so have a care of your conscience, Terence O'Flaherty." This threat had the effect it was intended to have. Terence put on the breeches as he was commanded, and set about assisting his comrade to empty the whiskey bottle of its contents.

Of a truth, they were not long in doing this. Glass after glass disappeared like magic, and the spirits of both got up to such a pitch, that nothing would serve them but they must sing songs and tell stories, till the very roof resounded with the echoes of their voices. Judy must have been in a devil of a snooze not to hear them, and it would have been well for her had she been snoozing still, poor soul, as you will see before I am done with my story. Terence, in truth, forgot there was such a cratur in the world, which was a thing he had not done since he was joined to her in the holy bonds of matrimony by Father O'Phelim, in the parish church of Kilrandy. He was thinking upon something else all the time; he was thinking of the good poteen that stood before him, and praying to the saints that it might last for ever and ever. But while he was thinking upon this with all his might, it did not escape him that there was something devilish queer about the old gentleman. Those luminous eyes, which formerly struck his observation, now appeared

more luminous than ever. They were like cat's eyes or owl's eyes, when these animals prowl in the dark, and they cast such a dazzling glitter upon the tailor as well nigh to deprive him of his own. Nor was this all; for, whenever the stranger was highly tickled with any thing that Terence said, there was heard a rustling and wagging, backwards and forwards, as if something underneath the table swept the floor. "Och! your honour, what can that be that makes such a noise at your feet?"—"Say nothing about it, Terence," quoth the ould man; "it is only my tail, which has got a bad habit of moving itself when I am plaised."—"Your tail!' 'said Terence, laughing heartily. "Ah I have found you out at last. Now I will wager you anything you have cloven feet as well as a tail."—"In good truth have I," said his honour, "as you may see with your own eyes." And he lifted up his two feet, and showed them to the tailor; and they were as cloven as any cow or sheep in the country side. You will perhaps suppose that Terence was frightened at all this, but devil a bit: he thought the joke a mighty good one; and putting his finger to his nose, and winking slily, and giving a facetious nod and smile, he let the ould gentleman understand that he knew all about him, "Aha! you are a sly one," quoth he: "I said so at first, but you see I have discovered you; and you shan't stir from this house till you have played me a tune upon your fiddle, for I am sure you carry it about with you."—"You shall not want for a tune," spoke his reverence; "but

I think a dance would be no bad accompaniment. Suppose we rouse up Judy; and you and she will dance a twosome reel, while I furnish the music?"—"Botheration, no! that will never do," answered O'Flaherty; "but if you will just let me dance a hornpipe by myself, in the first place, you and Judy may dance to purgatory by yourselves afterwards—an it plaise your honour."—"Well, then, Terence," said the ould man, "I take you at your word; and I'm sure you'll bless me for it as long as you live." And he brought out his fiddle, and struck up a hornpipe; and Terence danced to it upon his own shop-board, leaping up like a lunatic, till his crown stuck in the roof, and shaking the room like thunder; while his reverence stood upon the floor playing his fiddle, stamping delightedly with his cloven feet, and wagging his tail in all directions in long spiral turns. Nor was this all; for no sooner did Terence begin to dance, than his scissors, and needles, and goose, and smoothing-board, did the same thing. Their example was followed by the poker and tongs, and, at last, by all the furniture in the apartment. The whole were dancing, both the living and the dead, and the longer they danced, the more violent and unruly their gesticulations became. But och, what a pity! this fine party was in a moment blown up by Judy, who suddenly opened the door of her own room, and popped her meagre, ill-natured face into the shop. All at once the music stopped, Terence leaped down alarmed from the work-board, and poker, tongs, and furniture tumbled headlong to the ground. There was not a sowl in the

room who preserved a particle of coolness except the ould gentleman, who kept his temper and spirits marvellously well, and neither shewed any signs of fear nor passion. I need not tell you, that when Judy saw all these pretty goings on, she was mightily bamboozled. She did not know what to make of it, and gazed like a stuck pig upon the scene which lay before her. But she soon made up her mind how to act, and, laying hold of the poker, she advanced to Terence with the intention, no doubt, of letting the light of day into his numscull. Terence, like a wise man, slunk behind his honour, and left him to bear the first brunt of the engagement; and, when Judy came on, the ould gentleman kept between her and her husband, and saved the tailor's skin, from whatever compliments were charitably intended for it. But this would not do for Judy, who swore by the rowley powley and the tumbling Tom, that if she could not have her will of the one, she would have it of the other. So she struck the worthy ould man an infernal whack on one side of the sconce; but he only laughed at it—and so did Terence; for a long black horn sprouted out from the gentleman's head, at the very spot where he received the blow. Judy was not slow in repeating the compliment upon the other side, when a second horn, precisely the same as the first, came instantly forth. As for the blows they did not harm him a bit; and he laughed them off, as if he had been struck by a feather.

When Judy saw this, she smelt a rat; she smoked his reverence, and thought it would be no ways in-

consistent with her valour to sound a parley, and, if possible, make a safe retreat. Poor sowl, she got alarmed; for the gentleman had not only a couple of horns stuck out from his head, but his eyes, as they shone through the glasses of his spectacles, were like red hot iron; and, in addition, she perceived, for the first time, that he had a long tail, and was cloven-footed. "Saint Peter, help me now!" said she, "for as sure as my name is Judy O'Flaherty, you are the divil himself, and the sooner I take myself off from you the better."

When she spoke these words, she made towards her own room, in the hope of getting fairly in, and of bolting his reverence and her husband as fairly out.

But the ould gentleman was too quick for her, for he placed himself opposite to the door; Terence still keeping his station comfortably at his back. Then he began to play again upon the fiddle, and Judy, in spite of her teeth, got into the middle of the floor, and commenced dancing about in all directions, as if she were bewitched.

And no sooner had she begun to dance, than Terence did the same thing; and the poker, the tongs, and the rest of the furniture, recommenced their old pranks, and danced as briskly as at first. In vain did Judy weep, and shriek, and tear her hair in agony; she was compelled to dance; there was no help for her pitiful case; dance she must, by hook and crook, so long as his worship—God bless him—played upon the fiddle.

"Now, Terence," said the ould gentleman, after a

little time, " will you open the door, and Judy and I will take a dance by ourselves in the open air, but see, my dear child, that you keep to the house, and don't be following after us."

Now, when Judy heard this, she got more alarmed than ever, and prayed to Terence, as he valued her sowl, not to do what his reverence desired him ; but Terence did not value her sowl a frosted potatoe, and he opened the door in a twinkling of an eye. Out then passed the ould gentleman playing upon the fiddle, and out after him went Judy, tearing her cheeks, and dancing in the extreme of terror and amazement. As soon as they were out, Terence stood at the door to observe whither they were bound. It was moonlight; and he saw them first dance down his potatoe-garden, which stood in the front of the house ; then they got into the bog beyond it ; but where they went after that he could not tell, for they soon melted in the gloom of night ; and the sound of the fiddle and Judy's shrieks shortly afterwards dissolved away in the distance. But before they had gone too far to be heard, he was reminded of the buckskin breeches he had on, and called aloud to inquire if his reverence would not take them along with him. " Och ! no, Terence ; keep them to yourself, and wear them, like a good boy—and my blessing be with you." Such was the answer of the worthy ould gentleman who danced away with the wife of Terence O'Flaherty.

On hearing this, and being assured of his riddance, Terence laughed himself to death with joy ; and tumbling into bed, clothes and all, he slept soundly

till the light of morning, peering in at his window, awakened him.

The first thing he did was to look for his wife, lest the gentlemen might have got tired of her, and she might have taken it into her head to come back: but no Judy was to be seen, dead or alive. He then began to examine whether he still had on the buckskin breeches which he made for his reverence, but they were gone too; and he found, to his surprise, that instead of them, he had got the corduroy breeches of Father O'Phelim.

How this happened, neither the tailor himself, nor any man, woman, or child in Kilrandy could ever tell, but so it is; and I give the story as it was related to me by Terence's own mouth. He gave it as his own opinion, that the thing was done by a miracle, and I am free to confess that this is my opinion likewise.

There is something else which I must mention; and that is a report of Judy O'Flaherty having been seen three months afterwards in company with a corporal of the Connaught Rangers, who was seen lurking about the house the very night she danced away with the ould gentleman. But I don't believe any of them things; and how, in the name of the Saints, could I? seeing that Terence swore upon his Bible, that he saw her go off in the way I have here circumstantially related. All I have got to say is, that if she really danced off in this manner, there is no great likelihood that we shall ever see her again in Kilrandy; and, for the sake of poor Terence and my story, I hope we never may.

THE COVENANTERS.

A SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY TALE.

DURING the persecutions in Scotland, consequent upon the fruitless attempt to root out Presbyterianism and establish Episcopacy by force, there lived one Allan Hamilton, a farmer, at the foot of the Lowther mountains in Lanarkshire. His house was situated in a remote valley, which, though of small extent, was beautiful and romantic, being embosomed on all sides by hills covered to their summits with rich verdure. Around the house was a considerable piece of arable ground, and behind it a well-stocked orchard and garden. A few tall trees grew in front, waving their ample foliage over the roof, while at each side of the door was a little plot planted with honeysuckle, wallflower, and various odoriferous shrubs. The owner of this neat mansion was a fortunate man; for the world had hitherto gone well with him, and if he had lost his wife—an affliction which sixteen years had mellowed over—he was blessed with an affectionate and virtuous daughter. He had two male and as many female servants to assist him in his farming opera-

tions; and so well had his industry been rewarded, that he might be considered one of the most prosperous husbandmen in that part of the country.

Mary Hamilton, his only child, was, at the time we speak of, nineteen years of age. She was an extremely handsome girl, and, though living in so remote a quarter, the whole district of the Lowthers rung with the fame of her beauty. But this was the least of her qualifications, for her mind was even fairer than her person; and on her pure spirit the impress of virtue and affection was stamped in legible characters.

Allan, though a religious man, was not an enthusiast; and, from certain prudent considerations, had forborne to show any of that ardent zeal for the faith which distinguished many of his countrymen. He approved secretly in his heart of the measures adopted by the Covenanters, and inwardly prayed for their success; but these matters he kept to his own mind, reading his Bible with his daughter at home, and not exposing himself or her to the machinations of the persecuting party.

It was on an August evening, that he and his daughter were seated together in their little parlour. He had performed all his daily labours, and had permitted his servants to go to some rural meeting several miles off. Being thus left undisturbed, he enjoyed with her that quiet rest so grateful after a day spent in toil. The day had been remarkably beautiful; but towards nightfall, the heavens were overcast with dark

clouds, and the sun had that sultry glare which is so often the forerunner of a tempest. When this luminary disappeared beneath the mountains he left a red and glowing twilight behind him; and over the firmament a tissue of crimson clouds was extended, mingled here and there with black vapours. The atmosphere was hot, sickening, and oppressive, and seemed to teem with some approaching convulsion.

"We shall have a storm to-night," Allan remarked to his daughter. "I wish that I had not let the servants out; they will be overtaken in it to a certainty as they cross the moors."

"There is no fear of them, father," replied Mary; "they know the road well; and at any rate the tempest will be over before they think of stirring from where they are."

Allan did not make any answer, but continued looking through the window opposite to which he was placed. He could see from it the mountain of Lowther, the highest in Lanarkshire: its huge shoulders and top were distinctly visible, standing forth in grand relief from the red clouds above and behind it. The last rays of the sun, bursting from the rim of the horizon, still lingered upon the hill, and, casting over its western side a broad and luminous glare, gave to it the appearance of a burnished pyramid towering from the earth. This gorgeous vision, however, did not continue long. In a few minutes the mountain lost its ruddy tint, and the sky around it became obscurer. Shortly afterwards a huge sable cloud was observed

and protection? If you grant it to me, I shall pray for you and yours; if you refuse it, I can only shake the dust off my feet and depart, albeit it be to death."

"Mr Hervey," said Allan, "you know your situation, and you know mine. I would be loth to treat the meanest thing that breathes, as I have now treated you; but you are an outlawed man, and a lodging for one night under my roof is as much as my life is worth. Was it not last month I saw one of my nearest neighbours cruelly slain for doing a less thing—even for giving a morsel of bread to one of your brethren? Mr Hervey, I repeat it, and with sorrow, that you know my situation, and that for the sake of my poor daughter and myself I have no alternative."

"Yes, I know your situation," answered the preacher, drawing himself up indignantly. "You are one of those faint-hearted believers who, for the sake of ease and temporal gain, have deserted that glorious cause for which your fathers have struggled. You are one of those who can stand by coolly and see others fight the good fight:—and when they have overcome you will doubtless enjoy the blessed fruits of their combating. You have held back in the time of need: you have abetted prelacy and persecution, in so far as you have not set your shoulder to the wheel of the Covenant. Now, when a humble forwarder of that holy cause craves from you an hour of shelter, you stand with your door well nigh closed, and refuse him admittance. I leave God to judge of your iniquity, and I quit your inhospitable and unchristian mansion."

He was moving off, when Mary Hamilton, who had listened with a beating heart to this colloquy, rushed forward, and caught him by the arm. Her beautiful eyes were wet with tears, and she looked at her parent with an expression in which entreaty and upbraiding were mingled together. "You will not turn out this poor old man, father? indeed you will not. You were only jesting. Come in, Mr Hervey; my father did not mean what he said;"—and she led him in by the hand, pushing gently back Allan, who still stood by the door. "Now, Mr Hervey, sit down there and dry yourself; and, father, shut the door."

"Thank you, my fair maiden," said the Minister. "The Lord, for this good deed, will aid you in your distresses. You have shown that the old may be taught by the young; and I pray that this lesson of charity which you have given to your father, may not turn out to your scathe or his."

Allan said nothing: he felt that the part he had acted was hardly a generous one, although perhaps justified by the stern necessity of the times. His heart was naturally benevolent, and in the consciousness of self-reproach every dread of danger was obliterated.

The first attention of him and Mary was directed to their guest. His garments having been thoroughly dried, food was placed before him, of which he partook, after returning thanks to God in a lengthened grace, for so disposing towards him the hearts of his creatures. When he had finished the repast, he raised his face slightly towards heaven, closed his eyes,

and clasping his hands together, fervently implored the blessings of providence on the father of that mansion and his child. When he had done this he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some of the most affecting passages of the Old Testament, descanting upon them as he went along; how God fed Elijah in the wilderness; how he conducted the Israelites through their forty years of sojourn; how Daniel, by faith, remained unhurt in the lion's den; and how Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace, and not even their garments were touched by the flames. Allan and Mary listened with the most intense interest to the old man, whose voice became stronger, whose form seemed to dilate, and whose eyes were lit up with a sort of prophetic rapture, as he threw his spirit into those mysteries of Holy Writ.

After having concluded this part of his devotions, and before retiring to rest, he proposed that evening prayer should be offered up. Each accordingly knelt down, and he commenced in a strain of ardent and impassioned language. He deplored the afflicted state of God's kirk; prayed that the hearts of those who still clung to it might be confirmed and made steadfast; that confidence might be given to the wavering; that those who from fear or worldly considerations had held off from the good cause, might be taught to see the error of their ways; and that all backsliders might be reclaimed, and become goodly members of the broken and distressed Covenant. "O Lord!"

continued he, " thou who hast watched over us in all time—who from thy throne in the highest heaven hast vouchsafed to hearken to the prayers of thy servants, thou wilt not now abandon us in our need. We have worshipped thee from the depths of the valley, and the rocks and hills of the desert have heard our voices calling upon thy name. ' Where is your temple, ye outcast remnant ?' cry the scorners. We answer, O Lord ! that we have no temple but such as thou hast created ; and yet from that tabernacle of the wilderness hast thou heard us, though storms walked around. We have trod the valley of the shadow of death, and yet thou hast been a light in our path ; we have been chased like wild beasts through the land, yet thy spirit hath not deserted us ; armed men have encompassed us on all sides, threatening to destroy, yet our hearts have not failed ; neither have the prison nor the torture had power to make us abjure thy most holy laws."

During the whole of his supplication, which he poured forth with singular enthusiasm, the storm continued without, and distant peals of thunder were occasionally heard. This convulsion of elements did not, however, distract his thoughts ; on the contrary, it rendered them more ardent ; and in apostrophising the tempest he frequently arose to a pitch of wild sublimity. Mary listened with deep awe. Her feelings, constitutionally warm and religious, were aroused, and she sobbed with emotion. Allan Hamilton, though not by nature a man of imagination, was also strong-

ly affected; he breathed hard, and, occasionally, a half suppressed groan came from his breast. He could not help feeling deep remorse for the lukewarmness he had shewn to the great cause then at stake.

The night, though fearfully tempestuous, did not prevent slumber from falling on the eyes of all. Each slept soundly, and the old minister, perhaps, more so than any. Many months had elapsed since he had stretched himself on such a couch as that which Mary Hamilton had prepared for him; for he was a dweller in the desert, and had often lain upon the heath, with no other shelter than his plaid afforded. His slumbers, therefore, were delicious; but they were not long, for no sooner had the morning light begun to peep through the window of his chamber than he was up and at his devotions. Allan, though an early riser, was still in bed, and not a little astonished when he heard his door open, and saw the old man walk softly up to his side.

"Hush! Allan Hamilton, do not awaken the dear maiden, your daughter, in the next room. I have come to thank you and bid you farewell. The morning sun is up, and I may not tarry longer here, consistent with my own safety or yours. There are spies through all the country: but, peradventure, I have escaped their observation. I am going a few miles off near the Clyde, to meet sundry of my flock who are to assemble there. May God bless you, and send better times to this afflicted land."

When Allan and his daughter sat down to their

homely breakfast, the morning presented a pleasing contrast to the previous night. The sky was perfectly clear and serene. Every mountain sparkled, and the earth had a peculiar freshness diffused over its surface. The few clouds visible were at a great elevation, and were hurrying away, as if not to leave a stain on the transparent concave of heaven. There was little wind on the lower regions, scarcely sufficient to ruffle the surface of a slumbering lake. The dampness of the grass, the clay washed from the pebbles, and the rivulet swollen and turbid, were the only relics of the tempest. The weather continued beautifully serene, and when the sun was at his height, one of the finest days was presented that ever graced this most gorgeous month of the year.

It was about the middle of the day when Mary, who happened to look out, perceived six armed troopers approaching. They were on foot, their broadswords hanging at their sides, and carabines swung over their shoulders. In addition to this, each had a couple of pistols stuck in his belt. As soon as she saw them she ran in to her father with manifest looks of alarm, and informed him of their approach. Allan could not help feeling uneasy at this intelligence; for the military were then universally dreaded, and whenever a number were seen together, it was almost always on some errand of destruction. He went to the door; but just as he reached it the soldiers were on the point of entering. The leader of this body he recognized to be the ferocious Captain Clobberton, who

had rendered himself universally infamous by his cruelties; and who, it was reported, had in his career of persecution caused no less than seventeen persons to be put to death, in cold blood, without even the formality of a trial. He was one of the chief favourites of Dalzell, who used to call him his "lamb." This man's aspect did not belie his heart, for it was fierce, lowering and cruel. His companions, with a single exception, seemed well suited to their leader, and fit instruments to carry his bloody mandates into execution. Allan, when he confronted this worthy agent of tyranny, turned back, followed by him and his crew into the house.

"Shut the door, my dear chucks," cried Clobberton; "we must have some conversation with this godly man. So, Mr Hamilton, you have taken up with that pious remnant: you have turned a psalm-singer, eh! Come don't stare at me as if you saw an owl: answer my question—yes or no."

Allan looked at him with a steady eye. "Captain Clobberton, you have asked me no question. I shall not scruple to answer any thing which may be justly demanded of me."

"Answer me, then, Sir," continued the Captain: "were you not present at the field-preaching, near Lanark, when one of the king's soldiers was slain, in attempting with several others to disperse it?"

"I was not," answered Allan; "I never in my life attended a field-preaching."

"Or a conventicle?"

"Nor a conventicle either."

"Do you mean to deny that you are one of that precious hypocritical set, who preach their absurd and treasonable jargon in defiance of the law? In a word, do you deny that you are one of the sworn members of the Covenant?"

"I do deny it, stoutly."

"Acknowledge it, and save your wretched life. Acknowledge it, or I will confront you with a proof which will perhaps astonish you, and cost you more than you are aware of."

"I will tell no untruth, even to save my life."

"Then on your own stupid head rest the consequences. Do you know one Hervey, a preacher?"

"I do," said Allan firmly?"

"Ha, here it comes! you have then spoken to that man, most godly Allan?"

"I have spoken to him."

"He has been in your house?"

"I do not mean to deny that he has."

"Has he not sung psalms in your house, and prayed in your house, and lodged in your house? Eh?—and was it not last night that these doings were going on?"

"I will gainsay nothing of what you have said."

"Then, Allan Hamilton," said the other, "I tell you plainly that you have harboured a traitor; and that unless you deliver him up, or tell where he may be found, I shall hold you guilty of treason, and punish you accordingly."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered Hamilton, with a deep sigh. "What I did was an act of common charity. The old man applied to me in his distress; and it would have been cruel to have closed my door against him. Wreak your will upon me as it pleases you. Where he has gone I know not; and though I did know, I would hardly consider myself justified in telling you."

"Then we shall make short work with you! rejoined Clobberton with an oath. "Ross, give him ten minutes to say his prayers, and then bind up his eyes, It is needless to palaver with him. We have other jobs of a like kind to manage to-day."

Here Mary, who stood in a corner listening with terrified heart, uttered a loud scream when she heard her father's doom pronounced. She rushed forth into the middle of the room, and fell upon her knees before Clobberton.

"O! Captain, do not slay my father! Take *my* life. It was *my* fault alone that the old man was let into the house. My father refused to admit him. Take *my* life and save *his*. I shall be his murderess if he die—for I brought him into this trouble."

She continued some moments in this attitude, gazing up at him with looks of fear and entreaty, and clasping his knees. He had, however, been too long accustomed to scenes of this afflicting nature to be much moved; and he extricated himself from the unhappy girl with brutal rudeness. She fell speechless at his feet. "Confound the wench! was there ever

seen the like of it? She takes me for one of your chicken-hearted milksops; out of the way with the ninny." He was about to lay rough hands upon her, when a trooper stepping forward raised her gently up and placed her on a seat. This was the only one of Clobberton's followers whose appearance was at all indicative of humanity. He was a handsome and strongly built young man of six feet. His countenance was well formed; but its expression was rather dissolute, and rendered stern, apparently by the prevalence of some fierce internal passion. The marks of a generous heart were, notwithstanding, imprinted upon its bold outlines; and whoever looked upon him could not help thinking, that his natural disposition had been perverted by the wicked characters and scenes among which he was placed.

"Captain," said he, "I do not see the use of shooting this old fool. I begin to feel that we have had a surfeit of this work. Besides, if what the girl declares is correct, there is no great matter of treason in the case. At all events, I would vote to leave the business to the Justiciary."

"Graham," said Clobberton, eyeing him sternly, "give me none of your cursed whining palaver. What the h— is your liver made of? When there is any thing in the way of justice to be done, you are as mealy and cream-faced as if you saw the devil. A fine fellow to wear the king's uniform! If you say another word," added he, with a frightful oath, "I'll have you reported to the general!"

"Captain," said Graham, stepping modestly but firmly forward, "you may speak of me as you please; you are my officer—(though neither you nor any man of the regiment need be told, that when my service was needed in real danger, I was never behind); but I cannot stand by unmoved and see downright butchery. If you have any thing to urge against this man, let him be brought to Edinburgh, and there tried by the commission, which will punish him severely enough, in all conscience, if he be really guilty. I have assisted in some of these murders; but my conscience tells me that I have done wrong: and, whatever the consequences be, I shall assist at them no more."

"Ay!" said Clobberton, "you are a pretty dainty fellow—fitter to strut about in regimentals before wenches than behave like a man; but, Mr John Graham, let me tell you that your eloquence, instead of retarding, has hastened the fate of this rascally traitor. And, let me tell you farther, that on my arrival at head quarters, I shall have you arraigned for mutiny and disobedience of orders.—Ross, blindfold Hamilton and lead him out."

His command was instantly executed; while Mary, in a fit of distraction, flew up to her father, cast her arms round his neck, and kissed him with the most heart-rending affliction.

"My father, my father, I am your murderess! I will die with you! Ye cruel-hearted men, will none of you save him from this bloody death?"

"My dear Mary, may God protect you and send

you a happier lot than mine," was all that the unhappy parent could articulate. He was then torn from her with violence, and hurried out to the green before the house. Mary, on this separation, fell into a short swoon; on awaking from which she found herself in the chamber with no one except Graham. His face was flushed with anger, and he walked impatiently up and down. By a sudden impulse she ran to the window, and the first sight which caught her eye was her father kneeling down, and opposite to him the four troopers, seemingly waiting for the signal of Clobberton, who looked intently at his watch. At this terrifying spectacle, and in an agony of desperation, she threw herself on her knees before the soldier.

"Young man—young man, save my father's life! O try, at least, to save him! I will love you, and work for you, and be your slave for ever! Blessings on your kind heart, you will do it—yes, you will do it!" And she rose up and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. A tear rolled from Graham's manly eye, and his soul was moved with compassion for the lovely being who clung to him and implored him so feelingly. He turned an instant to the window. "Let me go, my dear—the accursed miscreant is putting up his watch and has told them to present; there is not a second to lose." Without saying another word, he unslung his carbine, rushed to the open air—and shot Clobberton dead on the spot.

The troopers were confounded at this sudden action. They lowered the weapons which they had that instant raised to their shoulders, and stood for some time gazing confusedly at each other—then at Graham—then at the body of their Captain. When they recovered their self-possession they raised up the latter to see if any spark of life remained. He was perfectly dead. The following coloquy then ensued between them.

Russell. "Whoy, I thinks as how he be dead."

Smith. "Dead! ay, as dead as Julius Cæsar. I wonder what old Dalzell will say when he hears of his dear *lamb* being butchered thus?"

Russell. "Now, domn it, Smith, don't speak ill of the Coptain. He was a worthy man, that is to say, after his own fashion; and no one ever sarved his country better in the way of ridding it of crop-eared preachers: he was worth a score of hangmen."

Ross. "Gentlemen, there is no occasion to stand jesting and talking nonsense. Here is as pretty a piece of murder as ever was committed; and it remains for us to decide what we will do, first with the traitor Hamilton, and secondly with the murderer Graham."

Graham. "Whatever you do with me, I hope you will not harm that poor man. Let him go; and thus do a charitable action for once in your lives."

Russell. "I always, do you zee gentlemen, goes with the majority. Domn it, shoot or not is all one to Dick Russell. If you make up your minds to let him go scot free, whoy, I'se not oppose it."

Jones. "Well, well, let him go and sing psalms in his own canting fashion."

The fact is, these men were getting sick of shedding innocent blood, and although ready to spill more on being ordered, rather shunned it than otherwise—especially when their victims were unresisting.

"I see, comrades, you are agreed to let the old fool go unharmed," said Ross. Then walking up to Allan, who still knelt—his daughter with her arms around him, awaiting in terrible suspense the result of their deliberation—"Get up," said he, "and bless your stars; but take care, in future, of your treasonable covenanting tricks under the cloak of charity. It is not every day you will get a young fellow to shoot your executioner and save your life. As for you Graham," turning to his companion, "I hold you prisoner. You must accompany us to head quarters, and there take your trial for this business. You have committed a black murder on the body of your officer; and if we failed to bring you up, old Dalzell would have us shot like so many piets the minute after."

Graham's carbine and pistols were immediately taken from him, and his hands tied behind his back by the remaining troopers. "Farewell, young woman," said he to Mary, who looked at him with tears of gratitude; "farewell! I have saved your father's life and forfeited my own: don't forget Jack Graham." The unfortunate girl was distracted at this heart-rending sight; and she rushed forward to entreat his guards to give him liberty. One of them presented his car-

bine at her. "Off, mistress; blast my heart, if it were not for your pretty face I would send an ounce of cold lead through you. What the devil, haven't we spared your father's life, and you would have us connive at the escape of a murderer, to the risk of our own necks!"—"Do not distress yourself about me, my sweet girl," cried Graham—"farewell once more!" And she turned back weeping, while the troopers held their way towards the western outlet of the valley.

Mary was too generous to be happy in the safety even of her father, when that was bought with the life of his brave deliverer. When Graham was taken away she felt a pang as if he had been led to execution. Instead, therefore, of indulging in selfish congratulation, her whole soul was taken up in the romantic and apparently hopeless scheme of extricating him from his danger. There was not a moment to lose; and she asked her father if he could think of any way in which a rescue might be attempted.

"Mary, my dear, I know of none," was his answer. "We live far from any house, and before assistance could be procured, they would be miles beyond our reach."

"Yes, father, there is a chance," said she with impatience. "Gallop over to Allaster Wilson's on the other side of the hills. He is a strong and determined man, and, as well as some of his near neighbours, is accustomed to contest. You know he fought desperately at Drumclog; and though he blamed you for not joining the cause, he will not be loth to assist in this bitter extremity."

Allan, at these words, started up as if awakened from a reverie. "That will do, my dear bairn. I never thought of it; but your understanding is quicker than mine. I shall get out the horse; follow me on foot, as hard as you can."

This was the work of a minute. The horse was brought from the stable, and Allan lashed him to his full speed across the moor. Most fortunately he arrived at Allaster's house as the latter was on the point of leaving it. He carried a musket over his shoulder, and a huge claymore hung down from a belt girded around his loins. "You have just come in time," said this stern son of the Covenant, after Allan had briefly related to him what had happened. "I am on my way to hear that precious saint, Mr Hervey, hold forth. You see I am armed to defend myself against temporal foes, and so are many others of my friends and brethren in God, who will be present on that blessed occasion. Come away, Allan Hamilton; you are one of the timid and faint hearted flock of Jacob, but we will aid you as you wish, and peradventure save the young man who has done you such a good turn."

They went on swiftly to a retired spot at the distance of half a mile: it was a small glen nearly surrounded with rocks. There they beheld the Reverend Mr Hervey standing upon a mound of earth, and preaching to a congregation, the greater part of the males of which were armed with muskets, swords, or pikes; they formed, as it were, the outworks of the as-

sembly, the women, old men, and children being placed in the centre. These were a few of the devoted Christians who, from the rocks and caves of their native land, sent up their fearless voices to heaven—who, disowning the spiritual authority of a tyrannic government, thought it nowise unbecoming or treasonable to oppose the strong arm of lawless power with its own weapons; and who finally triumphed in the glorious contest—establishing that pure religion, for which posterity has proved, alas, too ungrateful! In the pressing urgency of the case, Allaster did not scruple to go up to the minister, in the midst of his discourse. Such interruptions indeed were common in these distracted times, when it was necessary to sculk from place to place, and perform divine worship as if it was an act of treason against the state. Mr Hervey made known to his flock in a few words what had been communicated to him, taking care to applaud highly the scheme proposed by Wilson. There was no time to be lost, and under the guidance of Allaster the whole of the assemblage hurried to a gorge of the mountains through which the troopers must necessarily pass. As the route of the latter was circuitous, time was allowed to this sagacious leader to arrange his forces. This he did by placing all the armed men, about twenty-five in number, in two lines across the pass. Those who were not armed, together with the women and children, were sent to the rear. When therefore the soldiers came up, they found to their surprise a formidable body ready to dispute the passage.

"What means this interruption?" said Ross, who acted the part of spokesman to the rest. Whereupon Mr Hervey advanced in front—"Release," said he, "that young man whom ye have in bonds."

"Release him!" replied Ross. "Would you have us release a murderer? Are you aware that he has shot his officer?"

"I am aware of it," Mr Hervey answered, "and I blame him not for the deed. Stand forth, Allan Hamilton, and say if that is the soldier who saved your life—and you Mary Hamilton, stand forth likewise."

Both, to the astonishment of the soldiers, came in front of the crowd. "That," said Allan, "is the man, and may God bless him for his humanity."—"It is the same," cried his daughter, "I saw him with these eyes shoot the cruel Clobberton. On my knees I begged him to sue for mercy, and his kind heart had pity upon me, and saved my father."

"Soldiers," said Mr Hervey, "I have nothing more to say to you. That young man has slain your captain, but he has done no murder. His deed was justifiable: yea, it was praiseworthy, in so far as it saved an upright man, and rid the earth of a cruel persecutor. Deliver him up and go away in peace, or peradventure ye may fare ill among these armed men who stand before you."

The troopers consulted together for a short time, till seeing that resistance would be utter madness against such odds, they reluctantly let go their pri-

soner. The first person who came up to him was Mary Hamilton. She loosened the cords that tied him, and presented him with conscious pride to those of her own sex who were assembled round.

"Good bye, Graham!" cried Ross, with a sneer. "You have bit us once, but it will puzzle you to do so again. We shall soon *harry* you and your puritanical friends from your strong-holds. An ell of strong hemp is in readiness for you at the Grass-market of Edinburgh. Take my defiance for a knave, as you are!" added he, with an imprecation.

He had scarcely pronounced the last sentence when Graham unsheathed the weapon which hung at his side, sprang from the middle of the crowd, and stood before his defier. "Ross, you have challenged me, and you shall abide it—draw!" Here there was an instantaneous movement among the Covenanters, who rushed in between the two fierce soldiers, who stood with their naked weapons, their eyes glancing fire at each other. Mary Hamilton screamed aloud with terror, and cries of "separate them!" were heard from all the women. Mr Hervey came forward and entreated them to put up their swords, and he was seconded by most of the old men; but all entreaties were in vain. They stood fronting each other, and only waiting for free ground to commence their desperate game. "Let me alone," said Graham furiously, to some who were attempting to draw him back; "am I to be bearded to my teeth by that swaggering ruffian?"—"Come on my sweet cock of the Covenant," cried Ross, with the most in-

sulting derision, "you or any one of your canting crew—or a dozen of you, one after the other." "Let Graham go," was heard from the deep stern voice of Allaster Wilson; "let him go, or I will meet that man with my own weapon. Mr Hervey, your advice is dear to us all, and well do we know that the blood of God's creatures must not be shed in vain; but has not that man of blood openly defied us, and shall we hinder our champion from going forward to meet him? No, let them join in combat and try which is the better cause. If the challenger overcomes, we shall do him no harm, but let him depart in peace: if he be overcome, let him rue the consequences of his insolence."

This proposition, though violently opposed by the women and the aged part of the crowd, met the entire approbation of the young men. Each felt himself personally insulted, and allowed, for a time, the turbulent passions of his nature to get the better of every milder feeling. A space of ground was immediately cleared for the combat, the friends of Ross being allowed to arrange matters as they thought fit. They went about it with a coolness and precision which showed that to them this sort of pastime was nothing new. "All is right—fall on," was their cry, and in a moment the combatants met in the area. The three troopers looked on with characteristic sang froid, but it was otherwise with the rest of the bystanders, who gazed upon the scene with the most intense interest. Some of the females turned away their eyes from it, and among them Mary Hamilton,

who almost sunk to the earth and was with difficulty supported by her father.

The combat was desperate, for the men were of powerful strength, and of tried courage and skill in their weapons. The blows were parried for some time on both sides with consummate address, and neither could be said to have the advantage. At length, after contending fiercely, Ross exhibited signs of exhaustion—neither guarding himself, nor assaulting his opponent so vigorously as at first. Graham, on noticing this, redoubled his efforts. He acted now wholly on the offensive, sending blow upon blow with the rapidity of lightning. His last and most desperate stroke was made at the head of his enemy. The sword of the latter, which was held up in a masterly manner to receive it, was beat down by Graham's weapon, which descended forcibly upon his helmet. This blow proved decisive, and Ross fell senseless upon the ground. His conqueror immediately wrested the weapon from him, while a shout was set up by the crowd in token of victory. The troopers looked mortified at this result of the duel, which was by them evidently unexpected. Their first care was to raise up their fellow-comrade. On examination, no wound was perceived upon his head. His helmet had been penetrated by the sword, which however did not go farther. His own weapon had contributed to deaden the blow, by partially arresting that of Graham in its furious descent. It was this only which saved his life. In a few minutes he so far recovered as to get up and look around him. The first object which

struck him was his opponent standing in the ring wiping his forehead.

"Well, Ross," said one of his companions, "I always took you to be the best swordsman in the regiment; but I think you have met your match."

"My match? confound me!" returned the vanquished man, "I thought I would have made minced meat of him. There, for three years, have I had the character of being one of the best men in the army at my weapon, and here is all this good name taken out of me in a trice. Blast my eyes, how mortifying —and to lose my good sword too!"

"Here is your sword, Ross, and keep it," said Graham. "You have behaved like a brave man; and I honour such a fellow, whether he be my friend or foe. Only don't go on with your insolent bragging —that is all the advice I have to give you; nor call any man a knave till you have good proof that he is so."

"Well, well, Graham," answered the other, "I retract what I said; I have a better opinion of you than I had ten minutes ago. Take care of old Dalzell—his *lambs* will be after you, and you had better keep out of the way. Take this advice in return for my weapon which you have given me back. It would after all, be a pity to tuck up such a pretty fellow as you are; although I would care very little to see your long-faced acquaintances there dangling by the necks. Give us your hand for old fellowship, and shift your quarters as soon as you choose. Good bye." So saying, he and his three comrades departed.

After these doings, it was considered imprudent for

the principal actors to remain longer in this quarter. Mr Hervey retired about twenty miles to the northward, in company with Allan Hamilton and his daughter, and Allaster Wilson. Graham went by a circuitous route to Argyleshire, where he secreted himself so judiciously, that though the agents of government got information of his being in that county, they could never manage to lay hand upon him. These steps were prudent in all parties; for the very day after the rescue, a strong body of dragoons was sent to the Lowthers, to apprehend the above-named persons. They behaved with great cruelty, burning the cottages of numbers of the inhabitants, and destroying their cattle. They searched Allan Hamilton's house, took from it everything that could be easily carried away, and such of his cattle as were found on the premises. Among other things, they carried off the body of the sanguinary Clobberton, which they found in the spot where it had been left, and interred it in Lanark churchyard with military honours. None of the individuals, however, whom they sought for were found.

For a short time after this, the persecution raged with great violence in the south of Lanarkshire; but happier days were beginning to dawn; and the arrival of King William and dethronement of the bigoted James put an end to such scenes of cruelty. When these events occurred, the persecuted came forth from their hiding-places. Mr Hervey, among others, returned to the Lowthers, and enjoyed many happy days in this seat of his ministry and trials. Allan and

his daughter were among the first to make their appearance. Their house soon recovered its former comfort; and in the course of time every worldly concern went well with them. Mary, however, for a month or more after their return, did not feel entirely satisfied. She was duller than was her wont; and neither she nor her father could give any explanation why it should be so. At this time a tall young man paid them a visit, and strange to say, she became perfectly happy. This visitor was no other than the wild fighting fellow, Graham,—now perfectly reformed from his former evil courses, by separation from his profligate companions, and by the better company and principles with which his late troubles had brought him acquainted.

A few words more will end our story. This bold trooper and the beautiful daughter of Allan Hamilton were seen five weeks thereafter going to church as man and wife. It was allowed that they were the handsomest couple ever seen in the Lowthers. Graham proved a kind husband; and it is hardly necessary to state, that Mary was a most affectionate and exemplary wife. Allan Hamilton attained a happy old age, and saw his grandchildren ripening into fair promise around him. His daughter, many years after his death, used to repeat to them the story of his danger and escape which we have here imperfectly related. The tale is not fictitious. It is handed down in tradition over the upper and middle wards of Lanarkshire, and with a consistency which leaves no doubt of its truth.

THE LOVES OF THE LEARNED.

DARWIN has sung in mellifluous language the Loves of the Plants, and Tom Moore, in language no less mellifluous, has done the same thing to the Angels. My theme is of a nobler, as well as more difficult description; for I hereby engage to celebrate the Loves of the Most Learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, Professor of Moral Philosophy to the University of Göttingen. The Doctor was a profound Metaphysician;—so profound, indeed, that his lectures were often unintelligible, even to himself. This, however, so far from diminishing, enhanced their value: it proved that they were full of deep thought; and while he doled them out, in solemn strain, his audience looked up to him with an admiration approaching to awe; and he was unanimously deemed the most recondite philosopher, not only in Göttingen, but in all Germany,—Kant himself not excepted.

The Doctor was a short, stout, big-wigged, carbuncle-nosed gentleman of some sixty years, and a bachelor to boot. He was, moreover, Provost to the University; and in virtue of his office, wore upon his

head, a low-crowned, three-cornered hat, and upon his person a superb black velvet coat, while he carried in his right hand a long silver-headed cane, with which he strutted up and down, with an air of prodigious dignity. No wonder the students regarded him with reverence;—no wonder they doffed their caps at his approach;—no wonder they listened, awe-struck, to his prelections;—no wonder they looked upon him as the greatest man in Göttingen, *ergo* in Germany, *ergo* in Europe. Nor was this excellent opinion of the Doctor confined to the students: he entertained it himself in all its force, and verily conceived that he was one of the metaphysical pillars of modern times, and worthy to stand side by side with Locke, Kant, Bacon, Leibnitz, or Helvetius—if not to rank above them.

Now the Doctor, for above half a century—that is, since he was ten years of age—had been so occupied in study, that he had no time to think of any thing else. During that period, he had pored over all sciences, human and divine. The works of Newton, Euler, and Laplace, were familiar to him as household words. He was versed in theology, ethics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, logic, philology, criticism, astronomy, geography, and natural history. Homer, Thucydides, Strabo, Herodotus, Virgil, and some score besides of the classics, he had got by heart — not to talk of Plato, Aristotle, &c. &c. &c. In a word, he was the most erudite man in Göttingen—the metaphysical pillar of Germany—and the wonder of the

whole college;—equal, aye, superior to Locke, Kant, Bacon, Leibnitz, Helvetius, &c. &c. &c.

Now the reader will naturally ask, what could tempt such a learned man to fall in love. It might be thought, that his love of learning would have prevented him from loving any thing else; and that the ancient sages would have served him in the place of wife, and sons, and daughters. But the Doctor's heart was wonderfully capacious. It not only admitted to its affections all the philosophers of antiquity, but left room for the image of the fair Angelica Walstadt to intrude itself.

Angelica was a pretty—a very pretty, girl. In stature, she was middle-sized, and had the most graceful figure in the world. Her hand was particularly small and elegant, and so were her feet and ancles. Her hair was auburn, her complexion fair, her eye hazel, and her teeth as white as polished ivory. She was nineteen, and full of *espièglerie*.

Angelica had just fifteen hundred lovers; that is to say, she had all the students in Göttingen. They followed her, sung about her, fought duels on her account, and teazed her to death with love-letters. Angelica was a good girl: she could not love them all, but she pitied them sincerely; and, in testimony of her regard, curled her hair at night with their *billets-doux*.

The Doctor saw Angelica by chance, in the College garden. They were both engaged in deep thought;—he, in considering a mathematical problem propounded

to him by Doctor Müller, the Logical Professor,—she in meditating what response she should make to her cousin, Frank Bernard, who had popped the word to her the night before, and expected a categorical reply on that evening. The situations of both were, therefore, rather interesting;—the Doctor being employed upon mathematics,—the lady upon love. They were extremely grave upon the occasion; and had passed each other several times without recognition—so very profound and absorbing were the subjects of their mutual thoughts. At last, on looking up by chance, the Doctor saw Angelica—

> "It was the most unlucky look
> That ever living mortal took."

The problem, which was on the point of being solved, reeled to its base. He looked a second time at Angelica,—it tumbled to the ground. A third time;—it broke in pieces, and vanished into "airy nothing." The mighty pile of thought, which he had reared up with so much care, and upon which he was preparing to lay the last stone, melted away: nor could the materials of which it was constructed be re-assembled by any effort of the understanding. The problem remained unsolved; and the Provost of Göttingen College was foiled, and lost his heart besides. Newton, Euclid, Leibnitz, Euler, and Laplace, were put to the rout by a pretty girl of nineteen.

The Doctor went home,—not to resume the solution of his problem, but to philosophise upon the Platonic doctrine of Love. He turned it over in all its

various bearings—tried it by analysis and synthesis, and came to the conclusion that it was a very rational affair, no ways inconsistent with ethical science—mathematically correct, and logically incontrovertible. Putting on his spectacles, laying his three-cornered hat aside, and throwing off his coat, he seated himself in his study, and read Anacreon through, from beginning to end.

Let us now return to Angelica. Unconscious of the mischief she had committed, in spoiling the solution of a problem which set the College in a blaze—not to talk of the damage she had done to the Doctor's heart—she also went home, put aside her bonnet and shawl, threw herself upon the sofa, and exclaimed "heigho!" Frank Bernard made his appearance—a fine, handsome youth of twenty-four—and sat down beside her. He came to demand the aforesaid categorical answer from his fair cousin;—and after many evasions, and so forth, she responded categorically in the affirmative.

Now for the Doctor. No sooner had he finished Anacreon, than, resuming his coat and hat, and laying hold of his long, silver-headed cane, he sallied forth in academic pomp to the house of Angelica's parents. He was received with all the honour due to his learning and situation; and, after the usual compliments of the day had been gone over, he laid his proposition before them. They heard it with astonishment; and endeavoured, by sundry arguments, to overturn its different points. "The Doctor was too old for their

daughter;" "their daughter was too young for the Doctor;" "her affections were already engaged," &c. &c. &c. To their various objections, he opposed all the keenness of his philosophical acumen. He reasoned with them Socratically, Platonically, and Syllogistically; and overpowered them with arguments drawn from the Stagyrite, and fifty other sages equally wise and learned. The *least* potent of his reasons, was a promise to settle fifty thousand guilders upon Angelica. What could plain unphilosophical folks like them do against such a logician? They gave way —first the gentleman, and then the lady—and agreed to recommend him, with all their influence, to their daughter; so he went away, thinking he had achieved a greater victory than Alexander the Great, when he took the famous city of Tyre.

Angelica was sent for, and the affair broached to her *sans cérémonie*. At first she smiled, thinking it a jest: then she looked serious, when she learned that the Doctor had actually made proposals; and, lastly, fell into hysterics, on hearing that her parents supported his pretensions. She sobbed, wept, raved, and tore her hair in the prettiest style imaginable, for twenty minutes;—then wiped her eyes, looked melancholy, and—took the first opportunity of seeing Frank Bernard.

They met together—Frank and Angelica—and, after a hearty laugh, it was agreed between them that she should see the Doctor, hear what he had to say, and, if possible, put an extinguisher upon his passion.

She accordingly, gave her parents to know, without, however, informing them of her ultimate design upon the Doctor, that she complied with their wish that she should permit him to see her. Papa and Mamma were delighted. They said she was a good girl, and that fifty thousand guilders, and the metaphysical pillar of modern times, were too valuable considerations to be thrown idly away.

The Doctor called a second time, and was by her parents conducted to the room, in which sat Angelica, radiant with beauty. The door was shut upon them, and they sat face to face—the fairest maiden, and the most learned philosopher, in Germany. The latter was dressed with uncommon care. He had put on his wig of ceremony, and cased his outer man in a new suit of black *superfine*, which clung as closely to his well developed person, as the bark of the tree to the tree itself. Verily he was an Adonis; and so, doubtless, thought Angelica, for she looked upon him with both surprise and admiration.

After a few preliminary hems, the Doctor broke the ice by—Guess! By making a few remarks on the weather,—praising the young lady's beauty and accomplishments, &c. &c. &c.? No such thing. He commenced slap-dash, by a philosophical disquisition on Love. Angelica hung down her head, and looked sheepish. He quoted Anacreon and Ovid;—Angelica blushed. He spoke of Platonic love, paternal love, and holy love;—Angelica fidgetted upon her seat, and played with her fan. He considered the passion ana-

lytically—Angelica began to giggle. He proved that Love was an excellent thing in its way, and worthy of all acceptation:—Angelica laughed out-right. This was too much. To be laughed at by a girl of nineteen; to have his eloquence, his philosophy, his learning, ridiculed by a child. Zounds! the thing was unendurable. He arose indignantly from his seat, put on his three cornered hat, and, laying hold of his silver-headed cane, strutted out of the house, and betook himself to his *sanctum sanctorum*, within the college walls.

Angelica's parents, who were in an adjoining chamber, beheld him from the window, and suspected that something wrong had ensued; more especially, as they heard their daughter tittering and laughing aloud. What could it mean? They demanded an explanation —vowed that she had insulted the rival of Locke, Bacon, Kant, Leibnitz, Helvetius, &c. &c. &c.—averred that she had maltreated the most profound scholar in Germany.

"Most improper behaviour," said her father.

"Most abominable behaviour," said her mother.

"Most noble behaviour," said Frank Bernard, who a moment before, made his appearance.

"She has lost the most learned man in Europe," exclaimed papa;—

"And fifty thousand guilders, to boot," added mamma;—

"Psha!" said Frank, "I shall take her myself, and

make her happier than Doctor Dunderhead, with all his wealth."

What became of the Doctor? You shall hear. On reaching home, he resumed the solution of his problem, the solution of which, Angelica's appearance in the garden so unluckily marred; and, after six hours hard study, solved it; to the surprise of the Logical professor, whom it had almost worried to death, the delight of the college, and the glory of the mathematical world. Love he never afterwards allowed to intrude into the philosophic sanctuary of his thoughts.

What became of Angelica? She was married to her cousin Frank; and the Doctor so far forgot her ill usage, that he not only honoured her wedding by his presence, but gave her a present of a valuable necklace, and set her down in his will for twenty-five thousand guilders; which, doubtless, she will receive, when Göttingen is unhappily darkened by the eclipse of its brightest philosophical luminary in death.

A VISION OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

ABOUT the year 1306, the most afflicting gloom hung over Scotland. The country had been almost utterly wasted by a long series of wars, and the inhabitants reduced to the utmost want, while their inveterate enemies, the English, lorded it over them with a bloody tyranny. In addition to this, their great champion, Robert the Bruce, notwithstanding his astonishing valour and military skill, had lost several battles—having been defeated at Methven by Aymer de Valence, and at Teyndrum by his inveterate enemy, the Lord of Lorn. In consequence of these and other misfortunes, this great prince was compelled, with a few followers, to seek refuge in the small island of Rathlin, or Rath-Erin, off the Irish coast. Here he remained for some time, and so completely was all trace of his movements lost by his enemies that they believed him dead, till his sudden reappearance in Scotland convinced them to their cost that he still existed, and was abler than ever to work them mischief and dismay. During his residence at Rath-Erin, the following singular adventure is recorded by tradition to have occurred to him.

Three nights after arriving at this lonely spot, he was sitting alone in the Gothic hall of the ancient castle, where he had taken up his residence. Several pieces of wood blazed on the hearth, and cast a brilliant light over the otherwise cold and cheerless chamber. A huge oaken table stood before him, on which he placed both elbows, and sat with his face buried in his hands, in the attitude of deep meditation. He was clothed in complete armour; and his tall, massive, and athletic frame was so motionless, that it might have been mistaken for a statue of iron. A ponderous mace, which no one in the Scottish army, save himself, could wield, lay beside him; and the cuts with which it was disfigured bore testimony that ere now it had been tried in battle against the chivalry of England. The royal stranger continued long in this posture; at length he heaved a deep sigh, and shook his head bitterly.

"Scotland, my beloved country, I have done for thee what man can do, but my efforts have been in vain. I must leave thee to the victor, and not sacrifice thy sons in a struggle which Heaven hath doomed to be bootless."

He had scarcely pronounced these words when he raised his head, and lo! a knight in black armour sat opposite to him. He was astonished, but his astonishment soon gave way to resentment against the warrior, who had thus entered his private chamber without notice, and seated himself so unceremoniously in the presence of his prince.

"Who art thou, Sir Knight?" was his first question to the stranger. The latter made no reply, but sat like a fixture without the slightest motion. The king looked at him again attentively, and then at the door, which stood wide open.

"I ask thee, who thou art," repeated the Bruce. The figure remained as before mute and motionless. No one ever treated this warlike monarch disrespectfully without sorely ruing it. His soul was roused to indignation, and in an instant the mace was grasped in both his Herculean hands, and laid over his right shoulder to give greater momentum to the meditated blow.

"Caitiff," he cried in a voice of thunder, "I again demand who thou art, and what thou wantest here. Answer me and live; refuse to answer and die!"

The warrior was as motionless as at first, and in a moment the mace descended with terrific force upon his head. The weapon was shivered to pieces in the king's hand. The sound of the blow rang through the large apartment. A bull must have sunk beneath it; but, strange to say, he on whom it fell sat as undisturbed as before. It did not even shake or convulse his frame. Sparks of fire flew from his helmet, showing that he had received the blow in its full force: but there he sat as if he had been struck by a feather. Bruce recoiled with amazement; the remnant of the shattered mace dropped from his hands, and, overcome with surprise and shame, he laid hold of his redoubted battle-axe. His first thought was to renew the as-

sault, but, struck with the strangeness of the event, he made a sudden pause. He knew that the force laid upon the blow would have destroyed any knight in Christendom; and the idea swept across his mind, that the personage whom he had so fruitlessly assailed was either a dæmon or wore a charmed life.

"Sir Knight, I know not who thou art, but certain I am, that wert thou as other men thou wouldst not now be living in my presence. May it please thee to exhibit the face that lurketh behind that iron front of thine."

The stranger here gave the first sign of motion; he raised his gauntleted hand, and pushed up the visor which covered his face. Bruce gazed at him with astonishment; his heart beat quick; his breath came fast; and the bravest spirit that ever shone on his native land acknowledged for once the influence of fear. Before him he saw the face of his brother Nigel, who had been cruelly put to death by Edward the First. He looked sad, but as beautiful as ever, for he was the fairest of the race of Bruce, a line renowned for manly beauty. His blue eyes rolled affectionately on his warlike brother, who stood aloof, astonished and confounded at the spectacle. In vain did the king collect his ideas, and try to make himself believe the whole a vision: it was impossible. Here he stood, broad awake in the great hall of Rath Erin castle, and there, opposite to him, sat his brother who had been long dead. An apparition was the only thing which could have shaken Robert's lion-heart. Hu-

man foes he held in small account, but he inherited a portion of the superstitions of his age, and dreaded supernatural appearances in common with the weakest of mankind.

"Can the grave give up its dead? Nigel, why comest thou to me? Have I done aught that requireth this visitation? Speak, spirit of my beloved brother!"

The spectre broke silence. "Thou hast done that which thou shouldst not have done—thou hast despaired. But a moment ago, and the idea passed thy mind that Scotland might not be saved. Wallace would not have thought so. Was that idea worthy of Robert Bruce?"

"It came," said the monarch, "but as a fleeting thought across my imagination; but, brother, it shall come no more. I am now all for Scotland."

At these words Nigel's countenance brightened up with joy, and he eyed Robert with the same pride as, when victor in the tournament, the latter bore away the prize before the eyes of ladies and warriors, and exalted so high the name of Bruce. He spoke no more, but rising, waved upon the king to follow him. The latter obeyed the signal, and both slowly left the apartment. Bruce felt an awe come over his spirit. It was not fear, but a sort of sublime feeling, on knowing that he was led along by the dead, and perhaps about to witness their dark and awful mysteries. On getting clear of the gloomy corridor into which the hall led, he felt the ground give way beneath him, and

sunk downwards with an inconceivably rapid yet gentle motion. He saw his brother no longer, having been forsaken by him the moment he got into darkness. His brain whirled round, his breath was hurried, and his senses confused by the impetuosity of the descent. At length he alighted upon the floor of an apparently subterraneous vault.

As soon as his ideas were somewhat rallied, he began to explore the strange world into which he had dropped. The place seemed of vast extent, but its limits could not be guessed, in consequence of volumes of mist which floated within it. The atmosphere was cold, damp, and obscure, like that of the twilight of a winter day. There was no wind, but the fogs propelled themselves along, as if they possessed an innate power of moving. They rolled in huge sluggish masses, and when two bodies of them came in contact, they were dissolved together with a sort of drizzling sound—and thin snowy flakes, like the finest gossamer, were emitted from their junction and scattered over the ground. Dark clouds seemed to hang overhead, and there was nothing like sun, or moon, or stars, visible in the firmament. As far as he could discern, the region was a perfect flat, covered with impenetrable mists, and destitute alike of brute animals and human beings.

After being here for some time, the king found it difficult to make himself believe that what he saw was real. He still thought all that had passed a dream, and yet no vision had ever such an intense aspect of

reality. In his perplexity he paced the cavern in all directions; it seemed to be boundless. At length, on looking stedfastly onward, he discovered something moving slowly through the mist and advancing towards him. The form came gradually nearer, and at length stood before him. It was a man, whose stature was majestic but somewhat bent by years. His forehead was high and noble, and the few locks that still clung to it were white as the driven snow. A long silvery beard, which descended to the girdle, gave an imposing reverence to his look; but his eye of fire bespoke any thing but age, and showed that the spirit which lay enshrined in this august and venerable exterior was still green with the energy of youthful years.

"Welcome, king of Scotland, to the land of shadows! Thy high destiny is recorded here, and it is the will of Heaven that thou behold it."

"Who art thou, old man?" said the king.

"Sire, I am Thomas of Ercildoune, whilome a sojourner in the land, of which thou and thy posterity shall be sovereigns to the end of time. I am deputed to conduct thee where thou wilt see thy doom set down in the Book of Fate."

"Lead on," said the monarch: "I will follow thee."

The seer accordingly proceeded forward, and Bruce followed with impatient footsteps. After walking some time, they arrived at what seemed a vast wall of granite. It was perfectly perpendicular, but so high that its top mingled above with the clouds.

Neither could its termination be seen. It stretched illimitably along to the right and left, and was lost at both sides in the mist. A door in front of them opened spontaneously at their approach, and they entered.

The sight which now burst upon Robert's eye was glorious beyond description. He saw mountains and valleys lighted up with a divine splendour, and watered by rivers which swept over their beds with a sound like that of sweet music. There were multitudes of groves and bowers in all directions; beneath them walked the forms of heroes. He recognized many whom he had seen before; among others his warlike grandsire, with Sir John the Grahame, and Sir Simon Fraser. These stood under the shade of an elm-tree, and seemed to converse together. Their looks still beamed with the patriotism and heroic daring which characterized them during life; and their whole bearing bespoke souls formed for lofty and devoted deeds. Nigel Bruce was also there. He was clothed in armour, but it was more rich and gorgeous than that in which he lately appeared to his brother. Beside him stood the majestic form of Wallace.

The divinest music floated over this fairy region. Sounds of harps and female voices, as if from the sky, steeped all Nature in the inspiration of melody. It seemed formed exclusively for the habitation of heroes. He looked in vain to find out any one who had disgraced himself or his country. Every illus-

trious name from the foundation of the Scottish monarchy was pointed out to him by his conductor. Gregory the Great, William the Lion, and Alexander the Third, with many others, walked over the enchanted soil in the costume of their respective ranks and times. Comyn was not present; and the King grieved to see that his own father also was excluded. They had both sullied their honour, when they turned their arms against their native land at the fight of Falkirk.

Having surveyed this magnificent place, the King was led by the seer to a flight of steps, which descended into the earth, and terminated at a great depth in a door of polished ebony. They went down together, and, on arriving at the bottom, the door opened of its own accord, and admitted them into a beautiful sylvan grotto. It was of considerable extent, and completely overgrown with moss and ivy, interspersed with the most fragrant flowers. The roof was studded over with spar, rock-crystal, and various precious stones, that shone like stars, from the deep verdure in which they were embossed. At one side of the grotto was a couch, and at the extremity an altar of white marble reared its head, surmounted by a silver crucifix.

Here the King was instructed in a multitude of things regarding the state of his country. He was allowed deep and mysterious glimpses into the vista of time, and, with the knowledge of the past, which he had already acquired, he combined that of the fu-

ture, through the communications of the prophet of Ercildoune. It is alleged that the battle of Bannockburn, the Union of the two Kingdoms, and many other events of high importance, were pointed out in the pages of the Book of Fate, which Thomas placed before him.

" King of Scotland," said the seer, after these revelations were concluded, " thou hast laboured much since morning, and art fatigued. It is meet thou shouldst take repose, but first of all, duty requireth thee to kneel before this altar." The King obeyed. Having said many *aves*, and performed his devotions like a Christian Soldier, he rose up. " Now," said his instructor, " but one thing remaineth to do. The mark of the cross is not upon thy body. Thou art a man of strife and war, and it is becoming that this most sacred symbol should shine upon thy bosom, to sanctify the cause in which thou art engaged, and preserve thee from the knife of the assassin." The King accordingly loosened his cuirass, and exposed his breast to the old man, who took a small dagger and drew upon it a cross. The blood flowed from the slight wounds which were made, and trickled down the Bruce's armour. Having submitted to this ceremony, and received the *benedicite* of Thomas, he threw himself upon the couch and dropped asleep.

He was awakened by a heavy hand laid upon him. He opened his eyes, but the place was so obscure that he could not distinguish to whom it belonged. " Who art thou?" was his first question to this unwelcome visitor.

"I have come to waken thee, my liege, as I was desired."

"Thomas, methinks thou art early with thy wakenings," said the Bruce. "I have need of sleep: disturb me not, I pray, at the present time."

"My Lord, I am not Thomas," answered the other. "He hath been gone these two hours collecting the barges which are to convey us from this infernal island."

"Barges!—infernal island! Pray, friend, what Thomas dost thou speak of?"

"Why, of Thomas Randolph, my liege. Whom else could I allude to? Didst thou not yesternight order him to set off before daybreak to collect the boats to carry us to Scotland?"

"Thomas Randolph!" said Robert, with some surprise. "I am thinking of Thomas of Ercildoune. Art thou not he?"

"I Thomas of Ercildoune, brother! Surely thou art dreaming, or at least jesting. That man hath been for years in his grave."

"Thou callest me brother, friend," said the Bruce, still more perplexed. "Pray, who art thou that claimest such a relationship?" The other hereupon burst into a loud laugh, at which the King was so enraged that he sprung out of his bed, collared him roughly, and threatened to lay him dead at his feet if he did not instantly say who he was, and what he wanted.

"Zounds, my lord," replied the intruder, half laughing and half angry, "is it thus thou treatest thy

loving subjects? Nay, Robert, relax thy hold. Positively I shall get into a passion if thou dost not. Thou art the first man that ever laid hands on Edward Bruce."

"Edward Bruce!" cried the astounded monarch. "Am I asleep, or am I awake? Is it thou? Give me thy hand, my noble brother, and pardon me! I knew thee not. Even yet I cannot trust my senses. But it is at present so dark that I can scarcely recognize the outline of thy form standing before me."

"Nay, a'nt please my liege," said the other, "it cannot well be otherwise, seeing that the shutters are upon the windows. I shall open one of them, and thou wilt behold as lovely a morning as ever burst from the gates of heaven."

The king's senses were utterly bewildered, and the words of the speaker made them more so than ever. "He talketh of opening the shutters of a window. Either he or I have lost our judgments. A window in this grotto, and shutters to boot! Ha, this is superb!" Meanwhile he heard Edward treading to the opposite side, when all at once he seemed to come in contact with something, and tumbled with a loud noise upon the ground.

"What, in the name of Heaven, meaneth this accursed din?" cried the king at the strange annoyance. "By Saint Andrew, I believe all the fiends of hell are let loose!"

"The vile caitiff!" cried the other angrily, "he hath thought fit to sleep upon the floor. I have fallen

over him, and cut my wrist with the gauntlet. Up with thee, knave! I shall teach thee so to dose over thy cups, especially in thy master's chamber." So saying, he gave several hearty kicks to some one who seemed to be in a profound sleep. "He mindeth me not, but I shall let in the light, and see what sort of animal it is." He accordingly threw open the huge folding-shutters of a capacious Gothic window, and, a flood of light rushing in, revealed every corner of the hall of Rath-Erin castle. The floor for several yards round was covered with blood.

"What is all this? How came that light so suddenly? Where, in Heaven's name, am I at this moment?" cried the king.

"Thou mayest well ask what it is. It passeth my understanding. Thou hast nathless, brother, done the knave soundly. Ah, Robert, all the danger and all the honour are thine; none falleth to thy poor followers. The fellow's helmet is a true Milan, and it is dashed to pieces like a hazel-nut. How the brain is forced out! Well, that must have been an infernal stroke. His face hath the appearance of nothing human."

"Whose face, in Heaven's name?" thundered the king, starting from the side of his couch and coming up to Edward.

"Why the poor devil's whose brains thou hast beat out. And here is the handle of thy mace. The weapon is actually broken in pieces, and the fragments smeared with blood. Talk to me of English Richard's

strength! Psha—his strokes were mere baby's play to this. Upon mine honour this goeth beyond any thing A blow to break in pieces a Milan helmet, dash out the brains of its wearer, and splinter a mace! Why that is a feat which I believe never was equalled."

The king was so utterly amazed at what he heard and saw, that he stood transfixed like one in a dream He could do nothing but repeat the words of his brother—"Break a Milan helmet, dash out the brains of its wearer, and splinter a mace!" They at first fell upon his ear without any sort of meaning being attached to them, but in a short time they were connected with a dark and mysterious event, which floated dream-like over his imagination. As for the brave Edward, he was naturally of so careless a disposition that he observed nothing of what was passing in the king's mind. He was so closely employed gazing at the dead body, and admiring the stroke which made it so, that he never once looked to his brother.

"Holy Mother of God!" he continued, "a stroke worthy of a true knight. The English boast of Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristrem, and the French of Amadis de Gaul, but thou promisest to tower over the whole of them. The Troubadours may cease, when they please, to extol the chivalry of the Round Table, and the iron-limbed Paladins of Charlemagne, above the knighthood of the present day. Here, for once, have they met with their peer. I myself have given many a good blow, but never one like this. Pray, how came the vile knave into thy chamber? Who is he?"

A groan burst from Robert's breast. "Dost thou ask who he is, seeing before thee our brother Nigel, whom I have murdered?"

The unusual tone in which this was said, and still more the mention of Nigel's name arrested at once the thoughtless Edward. He looked upon the king suspiciously, shook his head, and forced a sort of sorrowful smile. "My brother," said he to himself, "hath certainly lost his senses. I must go and call Keith and Kirkpatrick. Here is some mystery which I cannot unravel." He was upon the point of moving off for this purpose when he saw the king's breast covered with blood, and remarked a cut through his jerkin to the extent of two inches.

"My brother, thou art wounded. The knave hath struck thee, but I trust not dangerously. However, thou hast repaid him well. He will never venture again into the sleeping apartment of brave knight."

"Edward," said the king, "thou art pleased to jest, and I forgive thee—knowing thy natural levity of heart; but learn that he whom thou callest knave is the holy seer of Ercildoune, and this slight scratch the sign of the cross made by his sacred hands." The younger Bruce was more and more amazed. He concluded with certainty that his brother's head was turned, and, without venturing any further remark, he sighed deeply and left the room.

Meanwhile, the king, being left to himself, began to reflect upon the strange situation in which he was placed. He rubbed his forehead, and walked to and

fro, in the hope of recalling his ideas: at length, seeing a vessel of water, he plunged his face into it and bathed his temples. This had the desired effect: his thoughts became clearer, and he proceeded to examine tranquilly all that had occurred. His first care was to look at the face of the corpse. Though utterly disfigured, he found no difficulty in discovering that it bore no resemblance to that of Nigel Bruce. It was dark and savage; while enormous whiskers and a black bushy beard added to its natural ferocity. His youthful brother, on the contrary, had been smooth and fair of countenance, with beautiful blue eyes and locks of a pale chesnut colour. He then examined the mace, which was shivered in pieces. On looking attentively, he saw a dagger closed in the deadly grasp of the warrior. His next care was to look at the sign of the cross on his own bosom; but, instead of this, he saw nothing but a slanting cut, which had penetrated about half an inch into the flesh immediately over the breast-bone. The wire jerkin which, for the sake of safety, he wore close to his body, was at this point ripped up or pierced. Having done this, he calmly disengaged the weapon from the hand of the corpse, and applied its point and edge to the wound; they fitted it exactly. He attempted to account for all these things, but in vain. How the slain warrior came into his chamber—how he himself was wounded—and how the veil of time had been so mysteriously opened before his eyes—he found it impossible to tell. His powerful mind soon became calm and

collected, and he resolved to abstain from attempting to penetrate into the inscrutable secrets of eternity.

Edward returned shortly with his two friends, whom he had alarmed with the report of the state in which he found the king: but the latter was now altered, and his god-like countenance wore the wisdom and sedateness which became his high destiny. They said nothing to him, for Bruce, though full of human kindness, was not one of those characters who could be tampered with or idly interrogated; and they felt themselves overawed, noble and valiant as they were, by the presence of a master spirit. He calmly commanded the body to be carried away and interred. He never spoke to any one on this mysterious subject, save latterly to his own private confessor, and neither his brother nor his friends inquired farther into a theme, over which he apparently wished the veil of secrecy to be thrown. Nothing ever transpired as to who the person might be who was found slain in the king's apartment: but the man who buried him was heard to declare, that he thought he bore a resemblance to the henchman of Bruce's mortal enemy, the Lord of Lorn.

DEATH AND THE FISHERMAN.

"COME now, dame Alice," said Hans Holder, the Dutch fisherman, to his wife; "come, take your seat upon the opposite arm-chair, while I tell you the fine new story which I have just picked up from Mynheer Vanderlendt, the skipper from Amsterdam. It is the most wonderful tale you ever heard. Nay, Alice, don't frown, but sit you down like a good housewife, while I tell you all about it."

"A plague upon you and your stories!" said his wife, who was busily employed burnishing her pewter plates and setting them in order upon the shelves—"a plague upon them, Hans! Have I not listened to your nonsense, times without number, and now you want to pester me with more of it? Out upon you, husband, for a credulous fool, who, not content with believing all the idle gossip you hear, must needs force it upon other people!"

"Nay, but, dear Alice, only lay aside these plates for one half hour, and sit down. I dare say half an hour will enable me to get through with my tale—at all events I sha'n't detain you above an hour, or at

most an hour and a half: so, just be seated, and you shall be delighted with the surprising adventures related to me by worthy Mynheer Vanderlendt." And, to please her husband, Alice unwillingly suspended the labour she was engaged in, and seated herself on the great oaken arm-chair, at the opposite side of the chimney.

Of a truth, a most loquacious personage was Hans Holder. He was prodigiously fond of talking; and his stories were not only most marvellously absurd, but he related them in a dry, prosing, tedious style, enough to put the patience of Job to the test. In fact, he was the wonder of the surrounding country, for Dutchmen are naturally too phlegmatic, and too much occupied in smoking, to bestow much time in talk; and such an exception as occurred in the person of our hero naturally excited much marvel among his neighbours, as well as annoyance to his wife, who was sick to death with the incessant harangues and tautological disquisitions in which her lord and master was perpetually indulging.

Well, down she sat once more, and Hans commenced his story. Half an hour passed—then an hour—then an hour and a half—and still the wonderful tale was far from being concluded. Alice meanwhile was all in the fidgets, moving from side to side with impatience, and casting many a wistful look at the remaining plates which still awaited her skilful hand. But, although she felt annoyed beyond measure, she never attempted to urge him on, know-

ing, by sad experience, that, if she once broke the thread of his tale by interruption, he could by no means connect it again, but was obliged to start anew from the beginning. At last, however, after sitting for nearly two hours, her patience was completely exhausted, and, starting from the chair in a passion, she told him that he was a prosing fool, and that she was resolved never to listen to any thing he had to relate in future.

"Ah! there you go, wife!" exclaimed Hans—"there you go, like all your sex: no more patience than a crab. I had just got half through one of the finest stories you ever heard, and yet you refuse to hear it out. Well, I shall take especial care hereafter how I waste my good things upon you. So good night, Alice; I to my bed and you to your plates." Then he undressed himself and went to rest, murmuring all the while at the impatience of womankind, and lamenting the miserable want of taste in his better-half, who could refuse to sit a couple of hours longer and hear out the remainder of his story. As for Alice, after finishing the business she was employed about, and setting matters to rights in her little household, she retired to bed also.

The night on which this domestic scene took place was unusually tempestuous. It was in the month of November, and during the whole afternoon a storm had evidently been brewing. The wind blew loudly and shrilly around their cottage; streaks of lightning forced their way at intervals through the lattice; and

distant thunder was audible overhead. These symptoms of elementary convulsion, instead of abating, increased as the night wore on; and the couple could distinctly hear the splashing and dashing of the agitated Zuyder Zee, although more than a mile off. Rain also came down in torrents, rattling against the roof and windows, and hissing in the fire as it descended the chimney. The evening, in short, was one of the very best for the relation of a frightful story; and such a one was evidently that of our fisherman—abounding in shipwreck, ghosts, piracy, murder, and all the other attributes of the wild and wonderful. His taste, therefore, in fixing upon such a time for telling his story was, in his own opinion, as good as that of his wife was bad in refusing to hear it. But, without waiting to discuss this knotty point, certain it is that the scene raging without was soon truly appalling to the two inmates, who lay in bed listening to the tumult, which was so violent as to set all attempts to sleep at defiance. They, accordingly, lay broad awake, reflecting upon the damage which the morning would doubtless present; and visions of wrecked vessels and drowned mariners—scenes with which they were but too familiar—passed before their eyes, and made them anxious and melancholy.

Two hours did they continue in this state of sleepless solicitude, when a knocking was heard at the door. At first they took no notice of it, supposing it to proceed from the violence of the wind or rain; but it was

immediately repeated with increased loudness, and, following close upon it, they heard the voice of a man imploring to be admitted. "Good Hans Holder," said the voice, "let me have a night's lodging in your house! For the sake of Heaven, let me in, or I shall certainly perish;" and the knocks upon the door were renewed louder than at first.

"Who may you be, worthy friend?" said Hans, pitching his voice on a high key, that it might reach the ears of the applicant; "who may you be, that crave admission at this most untimely hour and in such a night?"

"Nay, husband!" exclaimed Alice, putting her hand upon his mouth, and speaking to him almost in a whisper, that not a syllable of what she said might be audible by the stranger, "answer him not. He may be one of a gang of thieves come to rob and murder us, so let us pretend to be asleep."

"Asleep, wife! why the poor fellow may be as honest as ourselves, and would you let him perish?"

"Honest or not honest, Hans, you must neither see him nor admit him. Let him seek his quarters somewhere else. Do, dear husband, and I shall listen to all your stories in future, although they occupy six hours each in the telling." So saying, she threw her arms around him, and attempted to prevent him from getting up.

"As to that part of the matter, Alice, you played me a very pretty trick no later than this very night, when you got up in the midst of the fine tale of Myn-

heer Vanderlendt, which I was telling you, and which would have made your blood curdle and your hair stand on end, if you had only heard it out. For this I shall have a nice piece of revenge; and, just to cross you, I shall arise and admit the stranger."

While this colloquy was carrying on, the knocking at the door continued as well as the calls for admission: at last the claimant for hospitality lost temper and called out, apparently in a voice of anger and impatience, "Hans Holder, you prosing blockhead, must I stand here and perish while you and your wife are wasting words upon the propriety of admitting me? Let me in at once and be done with it!"—and knock, knock, knock, went his fist against the door.

"A prosing blockhead!" muttered Hans, stepping over the side of the bed, and unclasping the hands of his wife, who vainly strove to detain him; "a prosing blockhead! very polite, no doubt! This must be a rare fellow, who craves favours and abuses one with the same breath. Ah, well! there is no accounting for the impatience of people now-a-days: things are turned upside down; and I shall not be surprised if, after lodging and feeding this chap, he were to refuse to hear one of my best stories. However, I shall let him in, and try him with Mynheer Vanderlendt's tale to-morrow morning. It is delightful to have one's self listened to; and at any rate I shall have the pleasure of crossing Alice, and punishing her for the way she used me before going to bed."

Hans opened the door, and a man six feet two inches

in height, and apparently not above twenty-six years of age, stood before him. He was well dressed, but rather clownish in his appearance, his face being of a ruddy complexion, his hair of a yellowish red, and his eyes somewhat dull and heavy. At first sight, he seemed rather slightly made for his height, but on closer inspection he was found to be both thick and compact in all his proportions, and to have a frame which indicated great muscular vigour. His chest was uncommonly ample and round, and his limbs powerful and well-turned. On entering the cottage, he shook Hans and his wife heartily by the hand, took off his coat carelessly, and, sitting down, without the formality of an invitation, commenced wringing the rain out of it, and warming his feet at the fire. Altogether, he seemed a plain, blunt sort of person, one who was indifferent about the society among whom he might chance to be thrown, and whose station in life might be supposed to be that of a respectable farmer.

After partaking of a hearty supper, consisting of broiled fish, cold fowl, fine wheaten bread, and some excellent Hollands, his tongue, which had hitherto lain quiet in his mouth, began to bestir itself; and, in the course of a few minutes, he convinced his entertainers that he was one of the most inordinate talkers they ever met with. In point of loquaciousness, he not merely equalled but far surpassed Hans Holder himself, who was completely outshone by his superior volubility. In vain did the fisherman try to introduce the tale of Mynheer Vanderlendt; it was impos-

sible. The tall, full-chested, red-haired stranger defeated every effort, and rendered all his endeavours unavailing. Hurt as Hans was at all this, his annoyance was not so great as to prevent him from enjoying the conversational powers of his new friend, which exhibited themselves in ebullitions of the wildest extravagance and absurdity. He seemed to have declared open war against sense of every kind; professed a profound admiration for folly; affected to have a deep respect for stupid people; and declared that, on this account, he held Hans in greater veneration than any other individual on the face of the globe. At these strange extravagancies the fisherman and his wife laughed more inordinately than they ever did before; and the more they themselves were made the butts of his ridicule, the more boisterous did their mirth become. As Midas transmuted all he touched into gold, so every thing which passed through the crucible of the stranger's fantastic imagination became ridiculous. Whatever he laid hold of assumed the nature of an absurdity; even sense became nonsense, and wisdom folly.

Nor were his talents confined to these particulars, for he proved himself to be possessed of astonishing powers of mimickry. He squeaked like a pig, brayed like an ass, and cackled like a goose. Mewing, barking, bellowing, and caterwauling, came alike at his bidding; and, by his singular imitative faculties, the bee, the turkey, the blackbird, the bittern, the cuckoo and a hundred others, were successfully rivalled—not to say surpassed—in their respective sounds; for, in

the opinion of Hans and Alice, his imitations were even better than the originals. Having amused them in this manner, he proceeded to astonish the couple by displays of ventriloquism. * Human voices were heard proceeding from the chimney-top, from under the ground, from the outside of the door, and from the fisherman's coat pocket. Then he at once amazed and terrified them with legerdemain, swallowing forks and glasses, making money pass most unaccountably from one hand to another, although far asunder, knocking balls through the table, and thrusting knives and needles into his eye. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He could alter the expression of his countenance, so as to appear in several different characters. He was alternately an idiot, an old man, a raving lunatic, an Egyptian mummy, or, in a word, any thing he pleased. To the great astonishment of Hans, he gave exact imitations of all the principal people round about —both men and women, both old and young. Nay, he mimicked several persons known to the fisherman, who resided many leagues off, as at Ostend, Brussels, and Rotterdam ; and, to wind up the whole, he related

* Talking of ventriloquism, I have no doubt that my great archetype, Pythagoras, was a ventriloquist. We read of his addressing the river Nessus, which we are told answered him in a soft voice like that of a woman ; and this is exactly the ventriloquial voice when represented coming from a distance. To the same wonderful faculty are we to attribute the responses of the oracular oaks and fountains, and in all probability, those of the Delphic oracle itself.

the wonderful story of Mynheer Vanderlendt, word for word, as it had been told by that personage to Hans. The imitation of Vanderlendt, in voice, manner, and even in expression of face, was so perfect, that the fisherman stared at him with fear and awe, thinking that he had the devil himself, or one of his emissaries, under his roof. Never before did Hans experience such a variety of conflicting sensations. Ungovernable laughter, amazement, and fear, alternately ruled his spirit, but never for above a minute at a time, the one feeling being succeeded, with fearful and almost supernatural rapidity, by the other.

Supper and the conversation which followed it having concluded, the stranger took up his quarters for the night on a comfortable couch which Alice had prepared for him in the adjoining room. This done, she and her husband returned to bed, where, after a lengthened and not very conclusive discussion respecting the character of their guest, they both fell asleep. But the slumbers of Hans were any thing but profound. They were, in fact, one continued dream, not more incongruous and absurd than the scene which occasioned it—for that was impossible—but even more confused, inexplicable, and perplexing. Now he was in Noah's ark, attending a concert, in which the birds, the beasts, and the insects, were the performers: now in his own cottage, listening to human voices from the chimney, the floor, and the furniture—some loud, like the thunder-peal; some sweet as the music of the spheres; some low and sepulchral, as from the

tomb; some stiller than the "still, small voice of conscience," but appalling from the distinctness which accompanied their almost inaudible murmurs. At one time, the Proteus physiognomy of the stranger appeared staring at him in all its comical diversities of expression; at another, his whimsical guest was supping upon knives and forks, or relating the terrific tale of Mynheer Vanderlendt, or mimicking and turning into ridicule every person in the neighbourhood.

In the morning, Hans and Alice arose; and at ten o'clock were seated with their guest at breakfast. In his demeanour there was no perceptible difference. He pursued precisely the same system as at first, talking incessantly, turning every subject into ridicule, and astonishing his hearers by an acquaintance with circumstances which they conceived to have been confined entirely to themselves. He had a perfect knowledge of their private affairs; spoke of their relations, their wealth, and their respective birth-places; quizzed Hans upon his fondness for long-winded tales; ridiculed his credulity; laughed at the enormous dimensions of his trowsers; criticised Dame Alice's gown, cap, and slippers; and proved himself, to their entire satisfaction, to be the most satirical, ludicrous, intelligent, unaccountable, and impudent, fellow they ever had the good or bad fortune to meet with. With all these feelings, however, were blended emotions of deep awe, not unaccompanied with dread. There was something about the man which terrified them; and, while they laughed at his matchless absurdities, they

dreaded what they conceived to be his equally matchless powers for mischief. Glad, then, were they, when, on the repast being finished, he prepared to take his leave. Having shaken Alice by the hand, he thanked her for her attentions, which he promised never to forget as long as he lived. He then left the cottage, accompanied by Hans, who civilly offered to see him fairly on his way. "Now, Hans Holder," said he, as they were parting from each other, "you have been very civil indeed to me, very generous, and very hospitable: for all this I thank you; but thanks, as the world goes, are but cold returns for friendly actions, and, therefore, I am disposed to reward you more substantially. So, my good friend, you have only to ask of me any two gifts, and, however great or apparently impossible they may seem to be, I pledge my word they shall be yours. Nay, don't stand staring at me like a booby as you are; what I say is true, and I give you ample permission to put my capabilities to the proof."

"Honoured sir," replied Hans, perfectly incredulous notwithstanding, "I am much obliged to you for your kindness; but, to tell the truth, I am in no want of rewards for the little service I rendered you. I am well to do in the world—have a snug house, a thousand guilders in the bank of Amsterdam, six tight boats on the shore, and a tight little wife at home, who, although a little impatient, and not over-fond of listening to my fine stories—the more loss to her! — still loves me sincerely, and makes me as happy a man,

always bating her impatience, as I dare say I deserve to be."

"Well, Hans," rejoined the stranger, "I am glad to find you on such good terms with yourself; but, before I go away, only bethink you of my offer, the like of which may never be made to you again."

"Respected sir," quoth Hans, "I see you are good at jesting, and, truth to speak, I can take and give a joke as well as my neighbours. I have only two wishes or desires in this world—absurd ones enough, Heaven knows—but still so powerfully do I experience them, that, to have them accomplished, I would give my thousand guilders, my cottage, my six boats, and my wife herself, into the bargain."

Now, we have just seen that the fisherman was extremely fond of indulging his spouse with long stories, which she was by no means equally fond of hearing. The first gift, then, which he begged to be possessed of was this—that whosoever sat down upon the arm-chair, opposite to his own, should not be able to stir from the same without his permission. This, he knew, would compel Alice to listen to him, however tedious his narratives might be. The second desire referred to a favourite cherry tree in his garden, which was frequently robbed by malicious people getting upon it and making free with the fruit. He, therefore, wished that whosoever ascended this tree should have no power to come down again, unless he willed it. Both these gifts the stranger readily granted. By what power he did so it is needless to enquire. Suffice it

to say that he did grant them; and Hans returned home half-believing, half-doubting, to put the efficacy of the first into practice upon his own wife.

It answered to admiration. Alice seated herself upon the chair, but had no power to rise till it pleased her husband; and the very first use he made of his power was to compel her to listen to the story of Mynheer Vanderlendt, which she had so unceremoniously broken through on the previous night.

Hans was now a happy man. He could indulge at will the ruling passion of his soul; and, of a truth, he did indulge it beyond all reasonable bounds; for, when he had not his wife at hand to listen to him, he would beg any of his neighbours who might step in to sit down upon the chair, while he surprised and teased them with interminable stories, from which they had not the power to escape till it suited the pleasure of his high mightiness, Hans himself. The wonderful property communicated to the cherry-tree was also made manifest in the fruit season. Thieves would get upon it when the darkness set in, and there they would be compelled to remain till next morning, when he either had them carried, bound hand and foot, before the neighbouring burgomaster, and severely punished, or he administered summary justice with his own hand, by means of a good oaken cudgel or horsewhip.

Years meanwhile wore on, and things prospered better than ever with him. His boats were more successful than other people's; nay, it was alleged that

the fish he caught were better—at any rate they brought higher prices, which came to the same thing. Like unto Job, his substance also doubled. From having one thousand guilders in the bank, he now had two; his boats increased from six to twelve; and the number of people in his employment augmented in a like ratio. Every thing went well with him; in proof of which he sported six pair of trowsers, and his wife at least a dozen petticoats. The number of his marvellous adventures likewise augmented with his wealth and his power of commanding listeners; and he was soon looked upon as the greatest talker, and one of the most thriving men, in the Seven United Provinces.

Much might be written, much said, about the wonderful chair, and tales equally wonderful of Hans; but it suits us not to enter more deeply into this subject at the present time. Suffice it to say that, one morning, while seated alone in his cottage, meditating upon some wonderful stories which had been recently related to him, and waiting anxiously for the arrival of his wife to listen to their recital, he was rather awkwardly interrupted by the appearance of DEATH, who entered unperceived, and stood before him. Now, a braver man than our friend never existed; but, bold as he was, his valour was somewhat startled at the appearance of this unwelcome guest. However, he plucked up sufficient courage to ask what he wanted, and if he could do any thing to oblige him. "The only obligation you can confer," answered Death, "is

to come along with me. You have had a pretty long lease of life, and you must now prepare to march off."

"Donner und blitz! march off!" exclaimed Hans, with astonishment. "You are surely jesting, my good fellow! Why, man, I am in perfect health, and just sixty. Come, come, this is all gammon. You can't mean what you say. Zounds! it's not possible."

"Possible or not, what I say is true; but, as I should feel loath to hurry so very notable a personage as you seem to be, I shall favour you with an hour's respite, but not longer, as I have some urgent business of the same kind to settle in the neighbourhood."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the fisherman, "you are a most respectable gentleman. I never met with greater civility in all my life. Will you be so good as to rest yourself on the opposite chair. You must be greatly tired, moving about in these bustling times."

"Indeed I am," replied Death, laying his dart aside, and seating himself upon the arm-chair. "Times have been rather stirring with me of late. The wars have materially increased my business. Suwarrow is a bustling fellow, and keeps me, as well as other people, to my mettle. I have also been a good deal indebted to famine and pestilence, to say nothing of gluttony and drunkenness, which do more for my trade than all the others put together"

After chatting away in this pleasant style for about an hour, Alice made her appearance, and was, as may be well supposed, terribly alarmed at the sight of such a visitor; but Death very politely told her to keep herself quite easy, for that he should not trouble her with a call till that day twenty years. "My business," said he, "is with your worthy husband; and so, Hans, if you please, we shall just go away together, leaving your wife to look after another yoke-fellow, who, I trust, will be as good to her as the one she is going to lose has been." So saying, he attempted to rise for the purpose of setting off with the fisherman, but, to his utter confusion, surprise, and dismay, he found that he could not stir from his seat. In vain did he pull with all his might, and shake his bony fist, and grin with his fleshless jaws, at Hans, who sat opposite to him laughing heartily and deriding his exertions.

At last, the fisherman spoke as follows: "Death, you are a very decent sort of fellow, and sorry should I be to do any thing hurtful to your feelings; but the fact of the matter is simply this: you are as completely in my power as I shall doubtless some day or other be in yours, and off that chair you shall not stir till you give me your word of honour that you will not visit me again for twenty years."

At this insulting proposition "Death looked unutterable things;" but the fisherman was firm to his purpose: and, after a thousand appeals, expostulations, and remonstrances, upon the unhandsome behaviour of Hans, he was compelled to submit. So

Hans permitted him to arise; and away he skulked, shaking the dart in his face, and looking as ill-natured and malicious as Lucifer himself.

After this masterly manœuvre, Hans felt quite at his ease. He had the comfort of knowing that he should live till the good old age of eighty, and that Alice would remain united to him till the last moment of their existence. Twenty years of his life were yet to run; and he promised himself much happiness during the whole of that period. Nor were his hopes disappointed; for every thing, as before, went well with him—his wealth still continuing to increase, and along with it his consequence and respectability. His wife, also, came to view him with profound respect, as a man highly favoured by Providence. The wonderful chair, and, in an especial manner, the way in which by means of it he had been able to baffle the grim tyrant, had a powerful influence upon her imagination. Nothing he could now do amiss. Day by day he rose in her estimation as an oracle of wisdom; and she at last began to wonder how she could ever consider his stories either long or tiresome. Nor had this feeling of respect a trifling influence upon her own felicity; for Hans, appreciating the manner in which she now demeaned herself towards him, began to conceive for her a greater regard than he had ever done before. Her amazing patience in listening to his tales he regarded as a proof of eminent wisdom; and, as wisdom was a quality upon which he piqued himself, he naturally respected the possession of it in

others, and she rose higher in his esteem every succeeding day.

We must now at one step pass over the wide gulf of twenty years, at the end of which time Death once more made his appearance in the cottage of Hans. The fisherman had now attained the good old age of eighty, and his wife was little less; yet they were both, comparatively speaking, strong, hale people; and, although their activity was considerably diminished, they retained most of their faculties unimpaired, and possessed such vigour of constitution as rendered existence any thing but a burden, and inclined them to wish it protracted for several years. On this account, the re-appearance of their old visitor was far from being welcome, more especially as he wore a look of great asperity, declining to hold any conversation with them, and positively refusing to grant them a respite of even a single minute. In vain did Hans request him to rest a little upon the arm-chair: the old trick was still fresh in his memory, and he was not again to be caught in a similar manner. The fisherman then saw that there was no help for it; and he and his wife left the house, shedding many tears, and lamenting bitterly the harshness of their inexorable leader.

Away, then, went Death, followed by Hans and Alice, arm in arm. Their road passed through the garden, that beautiful spot in which the aged pair had spent so many happy hours, and in the centre of which stood the favourite cherry-tree. It was now

early in August, and the tree was loaded with fruit. Thousands of cherries, beautiful to the eye and tempting to the mouth, loaded its luxuriant branches, and bent them with their weight. The fisherman and his wife paused, to gaze for the last time on this delightful scene; and Death himself stood still for a moment, and looked at it with a grim smile of pleasure. Hans perceived the impression which it made upon his conductor; and, falling down upon his knees before him, he entreated, as a last and only favour, that he would mount the tree, and pull him a few of the cherries.

Death, seeing how completely the old folks were in his power, and perhaps willing to astonish them with a specimen of his agility, instantly mounted the tree with all the ease of an ourang-outang. But, no sooner had he achieved this feat, than, to his utter surprise, Hans set up a loud laugh, in which his wife joined with all her might. In an instant, Death found out that he was once more caught in the net of the fisherman, and that it was utterly impracticable to descend without his permission. His rage at this second deception exceeded all bounds. He swore at them like a dragoon, raved, kicked, beat his breast, and was in such a paroxysm of fury that, had suicide in his case been at all practicable, there can be no doubt he would have killed himself outright with his own dart, and thus ridded mankind of their most formidable foe. But his raving, kicking, and furious gestures, were of no avail; Hans did not mind them

the toss of a farthing. He knew he had now the cards in his own hands, and resolved to play them to the best advantage. The result is soon told. Before he would permit the grim tyrant to descend from the cherry-tree, he exacted a fresh promise that he would not visit him or his wife again for twenty years. And, seeing that there was no help for it, he was compelled to enter into this engagement, upon which Hans allowed him to come down, and away he went, cursing him for a knave, and wishing him and his old wife at the devil.

By these ingenious devices the Dutch fisherman contrived to add twenty years to his wife's existence, and not less than forty to his own, a proof that if he was long-winded he was also somewhat of a long-headed fellow, and could see farther through a mill-stone than many people of far greater pretensions.

The twenty additional years, like the previous term, passed away, and Death, for the third time, made his appearance. By this time, the desire of longer life had ceased to actuate either Hans or Alice. Infirmity had fallen upon them: their hearing, their sight, their enjoyments, had all become blunted, while their former friends had passed away, leaving them like two aged trees, standing desolate and alone in the midst of a wilderness. Existence was thus distasteful to both; and, when Death appeared, he found them seated side by side, anxiously longing for his approach. Away, then, they went together—he glad to get the mastery of such troublesome subjects, and they themselves glad to go along with him.

The cherry-tree still stands in the middle of what was once Hans Holder's garden, and the chair yet occupies its wonted place at the chimney-nook; but, alas! both tree and chair have lost their mysterious properties. It is to be hoped, however, for the behoof of the next story-telling occupant of the fisherman's cottage, that the same tall, red-haired gentleman who communicated such marvellous powers to them may, if he be still in the land of the living, be inclined to renew the gift, and thus afford some future writer an opportunity of producing a new tale upon the subject, equally veracious with the present, and much more ably told.

A NIGHT NEAR MONTE VIDEO.

[The incidents recorded in the following narrative are strictly true. They were related to me by a naval officer, lately deceased, and himself the hero of the story, which was drawn up by me at his particular request.]

It was in the year 18—, when the frigate to which I belonged was stationed off Monte Video, that the following events took place. I shall state them simply, and without any attempt at embellishment, convinced that the plain facts will speak for themselves, and that they do not require to be heightened by the aid of fancy.

The captain had given permission to a brother officer, whom I shall denominate Brooks, and myself, to enjoy a few days' sport on shore. Taking advantage of this leave, we furnished ourselves each with a fowling-piece and a game-bag, and sallied forth on our expedition, intending to pass the night in the city, and to amuse ourselves in the same way daily till the period of our leave had expired. Being both good shots, and falling in with plenty of game, we filled our bags in the course of a few hours.

This unexpected luck suspended our operations, and, as the evening was fast coming on, we felt the necessity of arriving at Monte Video before we should be overtaken by darkness—no pleasant event in a country to whose roads we are entire strangers, more especially as we had reason to believe that they were infested during the night by banditti. Impressed with these feelings, we made the best of our way towards the city, hoping to reach it by sunset. In this country, lying though it does beyond the tropics, there is little or no twilight. Darkness succeeds almost instantly to light. When the sun's disk disappears, he has done with us, and in ten minutes there is as little trace of his existence as if he did not exist at all.

While moving smartly along, under the load of our bags and fowling-pieces, the latter of which, in case of danger, we took the precaution to keep charged, we met with a tall, swarthy man, in the costume of a serjeant. He was strongly and, indeed, handsomely made, but his expression of countenance was peculiar and ferocious. He had enormous black whiskers, long, sweeping mustachès, and dark, penetrating, demon-looking eyes. On meeting, he saluted us with a civility rather at variance with his forbidding air; and I took the opportunity of asking him, in Spanish, if we were on the road to Monte Video. "Gentlemen," said he, in the same language, "at your present rate of travelling, you will be there in an hour and a half: but, in the unsettled state of the country, I would caution you against going farther. The sun will be

down immediately, and the roads are not safe after nightfall." We thanked him for his civility, but nevertheless proceeded on our way, while he took the opposite direction.

Scarcely, however, had we gone ten yards, when he called after us; and, on turning round to see what he wanted, he asked if we were French or English. My companion replied that we were English, when the man's countenance instantly darkened: he looked at us sternly, then walked hastily on, "I do not half like that man's appearance," said I. "Nor do I," answered Brooks; "there is something peculiarly forbidding about him." No more was said. We continued walking half an hour longer, when the sun went down, leaving us in darkness. But the obscurity, though great, was not so strong as altogether to hide near objects: the massy foliage of the trees, the outlines of cattle, browsing upon the road-side, and the huts, which here and there loomed against the darkness, were more or less visible. We held our way through the gloom quickly, but with caution, fearful of no danger, yet keeping a look-out in case of the worst, and fully prepared to give any person who courted a hostile meeting a cordial reception in the shape of a volley of small shot.

In a few minutes, the solemn silence of the night was broken by the sound of a horse's feet at some distance behind. We paused, and a white horse flew past us, at a good round pace, bearing two men upon its back. One of them—him who rode in front—I

recognized as our old friend the serjeant. He had exchanged his cocked hat for a foraging cap, and his long coat for a short jacket: but this disguise did not conceal him from our observation. We were a good deal surprised at so rapid a metamorphosis; but without taking any particular notice of it, we went forward, and in about five minutes more, came up to the horse and its riders. The animal was now walking slowly, and we passed it: then, as if touched by the whip or spur, it shot ahead of us again, the swarthy rider in front apparently eyeing us steadily as he swept by.

The whole business was exceedingly strange; and I communicated my suspicions to Brooks that all was not right: he, however, did not participate in them, and treated what had just occurred as a matter of no importance. We continued moving on, and a second time came up to the horse, which we again found walking slowly. We passed it, and kept in advance for perhaps fifty yards, when all at once it set off, as before, at the gallop, bounded past us—heavily laden as it was—like an arrow; and away it thundered through the darkness, till the tramp of its echoing hoofs died away in the distance, and ceased to be heard. Now was I satisfied that there was foul play in the wind; but Brooks still remained unconvinced, holding to his first opinion that nothing need be apprehended. In case of the worst, we kept a sharp look-out, and went more deliberately forward with our pieces cocked.

Continuing our route for some time longer, we came up, for a third time, to the white horse, which we found tied to a gate upon the road-side. His riders had dismounted, and gone, Heaven knows whither! We hailed them aloud, but received no answer. Brooks now admitted that we had got into a dangerous position, but we were young, determined, and tolerably well armed. Our enemies (supposing the men to be such) were but two in number, and it would be hard, indeed, if we could not give them a hard fight for it were they inclined to assail us. Such was the reasoning with which we endeavoured to veil the perils of our situation.

We now proceeded with great caution, and were soon involved in profound darkness. The road, at each side, was lined with huge trees, whose branches, meeting overhead in the centre, entirely covered it with dense masses of foliage, and formed an umbrageous canopy, under which, in silence and in solitude, we held our lonely way. Not the slightest sound was heard, except the occasional croaking of a stray frog, or the fluttering above us of a solitary bat. The silence was dreadful, and the darkness was equal to the silence—ebon, black, impenetrable. Obscurity pressed upon us like a nightmare, and stifled the very principle of light within the sombre atmosphere of that woody phalanx by which we were encompassed. The entrance into Hades was not more lonely, nor even the dismal valley of the Shadow of Death. Still, we went forward, but not without anxiety, speaking

in whispers, keeping close to each other, and grasping our firelocks with cool but deadly resolution.

Onward we went for about a quarter of a mile through this gloomy tract, when we arrived at a streamlet, that ran rippling and murmuring gently across the road. At this point, the wood on each side opened, and so much light was admitted as to render visible the surface of the stream. We paused for a moment, to ascertain, if possible, our latitude, and were just on the point of walking through the rivulet, when, from a thicket to the left, the figure of a tall man suddenly emerged. His hand was upraised—a bright object flashed above it—and rushing impetuously upon Brooks, he plunged the weapon into his back. "M—, look to yourself!" were the only words uttered by my unfortunate friend; and, wheeling round, he levelled his piece at the assassin. Miserable to relate!—it flashed in the pan. I saw no more of this direful tragedy, for, almost at the same moment, and before I could lend the slightest assistance to Brooks, a man from the opposite side of the road rushed upon myself.

So rapid was this assault, and so totally unlooked-for, that I had no time to raise the gun to my shoulder and take a proper aim. I did succeed, however, in firing it; and, by the savage yell set up by the miscreant, I knew it must have taken effect somewhere. Wounded as he was, he did not fall: he only staggered back for an instant, but recovered himself immediately, rushed forward and buried his stiletto horizontally in the fleshy part of my left shoulder. For-

tunately, I caught his hand as he was withdrawing the weapon to repeat the blow, and, closing with him, a desperate struggle ensued between us, which terminated in the wretch falling heavily upon his back in the middle of the rivulet. I fell upon him, and most fortunately got my left knee upon the hand which held the accursed instrument of destruction, and thus prevented him from using it. Still he resisted desperately, nor was it till I grasped him by the throat with both hands, and nearly strangled him by dint of superior strength, that I could master this desperate ruffian. During the progress of the fearful struggle, I could hear the unequal conflict raging close at hand between the other assassin and my ill-starred friend—the groans of poor Brooks, as he received stroke after stroke of the fatal dagger—his faint attempts at grappling with his Herculean antagonist—and, last of all, the death-rattle in his throat, and the plash of his body as it tumbled into the shallow water of the rivulet. It was horrible, horrible—more horble than even the fate which every instant threatened to overtake myself!

Exhausted, I arose from the struggle; but had scarcely got upon my feet when the assassin, who had now left Brooks, rushed towards me, and struck out with his weapon. Seeing the absolute uselessness of contending, in my condition, with such an opponent, I nimbly sprung aside, escaped the meditated blow, and darted off, with all my might, in the direction of Monte Video. He followed, at full speed; and en-

cumbered as I was with the game, I found it no easy matter to keep ahead of him, although I may safely say that, at this time, I was one of the swiftest runners in England. To remove the encumbrance would have taken time, and time to me was every thing. I was thus obliged to make the best of it, and held on as rapidly as I could, with the fell fiend in human shape close at my heels. He was one of the swiftest men I ever met with, nor with all my best efforts could I shake him off, or keep more than six or seven feet in advance.

In this way we continued for fully a quarter of a mile, my pursuer rather gaining upon me than falling behind, when an accident occurred, which, at first sight, seemed to seal my doom, but which proved, in reality, the cause of my salvation. I came to a spot where there was a break or irregularity in the road, and, being unprepared for such an occurrence, fell on all fours. The force of the blow, while it did not stun, was sufficient to disencumber me of the bag, the strap of which was either broken by the concussion or forced over my head—I cannot say which—but away went the bag and all its contents. Most fortunately, the cause that brought me to the ground had the same effect upon my enemy; he fell flat upon his face: the shock for a few seconds stunned him, and, before he could recover himself and again give chase, I was so far in advance as to render all further attempts on his part fruitless. I continued running till I was out of breath; then sank down on the roadside overcome with horror, fatigue, and loss of blood.

What now was to be done? To return and assist Brooks in my miserable state, with two armed ruffians between us, must have been madness. That he was murdered I did not doubt; but, were it even possible that he might still survive, what could I, unaided, effect for his rescue? On recovering a little from the confusion into which this rapid succession of starting and terrific events had thrown me, I found that I had nearly lost the use of my left arm: the blood streamed from the wound down the coat-sleeve, literally drenching the arm in gore. What was to be done? To remain in my present position was perilous; to return, the risk was still greater. Maddened by a sense of personal danger, and perhaps by the still stronger motive of obtaining summary vengeance upon the murderers, I hurried forward towards Monte Video, which I calculated I should be able to reach in half an hour.

I had not gone far on the road when, about two hundred yards to the left, I observed the glimmering of a light. For this I instantly made, and found that it proceeded from a small cottage, at the door of which I knocked, and was admitted by an old hideous-looking Indian woman. A more frightful figure I never saw; and I dare say she had a still worse opinion of my aspect; for, on beholding the horrible appearance I cut—pale, bloody, wet, without hat, and the clothes almost torn off my back—she started in terror, and, uttering a scream, retreated, followed by me, into the interior of the cottage. Here I found four savage-

looking men seated round a table, drinking. One of them had a gun between his knees, and standing against the wall I observed four other weapons of the same kind, which I supposed to belong to the rest of the party. On seeing me, they sprang abruptly upon their feet: the man who had the gun beside him, laid hold of it with both hands, and the three others made for their weapons. I had evidently startled them, and they looked irritated and alarmed.

However, there was no time for many words, or much minute observation. I told them at once what had occurred, and offered to reward them liberally if they would come along with me, and lend what assistance they could to my unhappy friend. They refused to move. I entreated them: they only give surly answers, and desired me to be gone. I offered them any reasonable sum they might demand for their trouble—three hundred, six hundred, and, at last, a thousand dollars. My offers were vain: I was ordered to be gone, and not give them further trouble.

At this moment, I observed him who seemed to be the chief of the party nod ominously to one of his fellows, who left the cottage along with me, for the purpose of showing me, as he said, the nearest cut to the public road. But, instead of doing this—instead of desiring me to proceed straightforward from the door, as I had come—he took me behind the cottage, into a long, narrow strip of garden-ground, apparently stocked with kitchen vegetables. Here he desired me to wait for an instant, till he procured a light.

I did so; but happening, by mere chance, to look into a back window of the cottage which opened into the garden, I saw the whole party, each man with his musket advancing stealthily to the door. It instantly occurred to me that I had got into a den of murderers.

The advance of the band, as they turned the corner of the cottage, their stealthy pace and ill-concealed whispers, confirmed my suspicions. There was not an instant to lose. I rushed down the garden, as if the legions of Satan were at my heels; cleared, with one desperate leap, the wicker railing which encompassed it; and flew onward with the speed of lightning. The bloodhounds, meanwhile, were not idle: one shot was fired at me as I was running down the garden, another as I was in the act of springing over the inclosure, and two more while in the field immediately beyond it. *Crack, crack, crack, crack,* went their pieces. I heard the balls whizzing past me: they seemed within an inch of my ears; yet, strange to say, I escaped them all. The darkness here stood me in good stead. Had it been otherwise, I must have been riddled with shot, from the hands of those desperately unerring marksmen.

Escaped from the shot, I had yet another danger to overcome; for I heard behind me the footsteps of several persons, as in keen pursuit. For one instant I ventured to look back, and saw, in the gloom, the black forms of four individuals moving swiftly over the ground, in the same direction as myself. To escape

this new danger, the exertions I made were tremendous. I had, it is true, no bag of game to encumber me, as on the former occasion; but I was faint from loss of blood and previous fatigue: still, my efforts were incredible. The last remnant of my fast-fading strength was taxed to its utmost, and I ran with the speed of desperation.

Well did my limbs do their duty; nobly did they sustain me in this race of life and death. By dint of exertions almost superhuman, my pursuers were beat to a stand-still. I shot ahead of them as a greyhound might do before a flock of wolves, and took refuge in a wood, where I remained till the dawn, when I ventured out, and arrived by a circuitous route at Monte Video, more dead than alive.

Having taken some refreshment, and had my wounds dressed by an English surgeon, who very opportunely chanced to be present, I communicated what had happened to the authorities of the town, who instantly ordered a party of soldiers to proceed to the scene of the rencounter. I accompanied them on horseback, being unable, after my severe fatigues, to go on foot.

Poor Brooks we found lying with his face in the rivulet. He was quite dead, his body having been pierced with fourteen desperate wounds, one of which had transfixed the heart. About six yards from him lay the assassin by whom I had been attacked: his thigh, which had received the contents of my fowling-piece, was terribly lacerated, and still bleeding. The wretch, in truth, was in the agonies of death, writhing

with pain and horror: he died in the course of an hour after we saw him. We learned from him that his associate in crime was the serjeant whom we originally met with. He gave us to understand that this man, having lost his brother, many years before, in the attack made upon Monte Video by the British troops under General Auchmuty, had sworn to murder every Englishman he could lay his hands upon; and but too successfully, in this instance at least, did he carry his diabolical vow into effect.

The savage vindictiveness of the Spanish character in him surpassed even itself, and glowed with an ardour of ferocity which could hardly be paralleled, except in the bosom of a fiend. To elude the search that was immediately made after him, and the punishment which would have followed such villany, we learned, some weeks afterwards, that he had left the country, and gone among the Artiglias, or Artesias (I forget which appellation is the proper one), a half savage tribe inhabiting the mountains. Among them he was supposed to have taken up his residence; for he never more was heard of.

The body of my much respected and admirable friend was removed from the spot of the murder, and conveyed to Monte Video, where it was honourably interred, the officers of his vessel and all the British and other foreign residents attending the funeral, and paying the last sad tribute to his respected memory.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO OSTEND.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

On the 13th day of July 1834, at four o'clock, P. M. I, the writer hereof, deposited my precious person in the diligence which performs the journey between Paris and Lille. The day was most beautiful; and, though loth to quit the French capital, where I had spent six pleasant weeks, I consoled myself with the anticipated pleasures of the trip before me, which I did not doubt would add considerably to my stock of ideas, and make me a wiser, if not a better man. There is no knowledge like to that gained through the medium of our own observation. The learning derived from books we may forget, but that impressed upon the tablet of memory by the senses is seldom or never effaced, remaining an undying monument in the mind of the individual. The path I was about to peregrinate was, it is true, hackneyed beyond conception. Myriads from all nations had gone over the same ground, and not a season elapsed without a score of volumes being dedicated to a description

scenery. It had been stared at by Cockneys from the purlieus of Bow-bells, scribbled about by blue-stockings of every age, chattered over by dandified Parisians, and clouded with smoke from the pipes of fog-bound Dutchmen and beer-bibbing Belgians. Of all this I was aware, but I cared nothing about it: the road was new to me, and I determined to see and write about it, as if it had never been seen or written about before.

My companions in the coupé—for it was in that section of the diligence my place was taken—consisted of a tall, good-looking man, with a wooden leg; his wife, a pretty little woman, without a wooden leg; and their daughter, a charming child of five or six years. They were French, and bound for Douay. I found them very pleasant people; and had scarce seated myself, when we all became as intimate as if we had been acquainted for years. The left side of the coupé was occupied by the gentleman, the right by his wife, and the centre by myself; at her mother's feet, upon a low stool, sat the little girl. Thus snugly situated, and every thing being arranged both without and within, the powerful and gigantic conducteur took his place on the top; the words *tout prêt* were heard thundering from his Herculean lungs; and away, to the smacking of the postilion's whip, and the ringing of their own little bells, started the fine steeds from the court of the *Messageries Générales*, dragging their ponderous load and its cargo of goods, luggage, and live-stock, behind them. On went the di-

ligence, wriggling its way through the narrow and tortuous streets in a style which would have done honour to an eel amid the sinuosities of a coral reef, or a boa constrictor among the closely studded trees of an Indian forest. A number of windings and turnings brought us to the Rue Faubourg St Martin, a spaciously magnificent street, closed at its farther end by one of the city barriers. Having passed this civic rubicon, we got immediately into Livilette, which, though beyond the walls of Paris, is literally a continuation of the street just mentioned. Here some fête was going on; the windows displayed innumerable flags, the streets were crowded with multitudes of people in their gayest attire; every thing wore the look of festivity and mirth. Fêtes of this kind are very common in France; and when one takes place in any of the villages contiguous to Paris, a vast concourse is sure to be drawn to the spot. Indeed, every Sunday is a kind of fête in these villages; as wine being much cheaper there than in the city, the workmen make a regular practice of visiting them in the afternoon, not forgetting to take their sweethearts, and make them participators in the amusements of the day. Sunday in France is the gayest day of the year. The religion of the country does not prohibit this day from being kept as merrily as any other; and if it did, Frenchmen would not allow the prohibition to stand between them and their amusements. *Vive la bagatelle!* has always been the motto of this mercurial people, and will, I suspect, be so till the end of the chapter.

EARLY HARVEST.

The country now presented an appearance of great fertility. The crops were nearly all ripe, and, in fact, a great portion of them down. Shortly after quitting Livilette, I was surprised to see a number of men in the act of cutting down a field of oats,—an instance of early maturity of which our own country affords no example; but such is the delightful climate of France —such the precocious abundance of her harvests.

ADVANTAGES OF WOODEN LEGS.

After riding about nine miles, we came to a small village, opposite to the inn of which a number of people were waltzing to the notes of an old violin and cracked clarionet, from which two itinerant performers were endeavouring to extract something in the shape of music. My left-hand neighbour looked at the motley group, and then satirically at his own wooden leg.

"Ah!" said he, "I have seen the day when I was fond of that amusement, and could demean myself at it with the best man in France; but, thank God, this is now out of the question! I have lost my leg."

"Do you congratulate yourself on this loss?" said I, not a little surprised at the cool manner with which he spoke of what I should have deemed a very serious misfortune.

"Ah, Monsieur," observed his wife with a smile, "my husband is a philosopher: he will prove to you that one leg is better than two."

"And that no legs at all are better than one," added the little girl. The parents laughed heartily, and I could not help doing the same; but French children are proverbial for ready wit, and have a perception of the ridiculous not possessed by those of double their age in England.

"Well, Monsieur," said I, wishing to carry on the joke, and see with what arguments he could make good his case, "let us hear how you demonstrate the extraordinary propositions maintained by this lady and your little daughter. If you can satisfy me of their perfect truth, I shall be the first man to part with my legs."

"Done!" said he, grasping my hand, and giving it a hearty shake. "And when we arrive at Douay, we shall have the operation done by my own surgeon, who is one of the best operators in France. Of course, you are a man of your word."

"*Sans doute.*"

"Well then," continued he, "I prove the point as follows. A man with one leg has a leg the less for gout and rheumatism to play their pranks upon, than the man who has two. This proposition I hope you will admit."

"I admit it readily."

"A man with two legs may get them *both* broken, or put out of joint. A one-legged man cannot."

"Unquestionably."

"Two legs require two stockings, two shoes, two boots; one leg only one stocking, one shoe, one boot;

consequently, shoemakers' and hosiers' bills are just the half in the latter case that they are in the former. This is a great matter for an economical character."

"Beyond all question. Go on."

"Consider the money saved in blacking; no shoeblacks to pay."

"Excellent!"

"No false calves needed."

"Magnificent!"

"Had General Moreau possessed wooden legs he would not have lost his life, but might have been living still, the glory of France and the terror of her enemies. You are aware that his legs were carried off by a cannon shot, at the siege of Dresden."

"Better still!"

"The general sense of mankind," continued he, "is in favour of wooden legged men. They are universally respected: we build splendid palaces for them, as the Hôtel des Invalides, where they are lodged like princes, and eat the fat of the land. Had all men wooden legs there would be no wars, no horse-racing, no cruel amusements of any kind; we should all be philosophers and philanthropists, and live in general harmony with each other: in short, wooden legs are good things; and as one is better than none, so are two better than one. Nature abhors inequalities as she does a vacuum. So satisfied am I of this, that as soon as I get home I shall have the other leg removed also, and the unhappy want of symmetry under which I labour duly rectified."

BLUE-BEARD.

In this jocular and pleasing manner did we pass the afternoon, and the longer I was in company with my associates the more agreeable did they become. The child was one of the most interesting little creatures I ever witnessed—full of infantile vivacity and playful wit. Taking her upon my knee, I asked her jocularly if she would marry me, when she replied, at once, "No, Monsieur, I won't have you; you are Monsieur Bluebeard *(Barbe Blue,)* and he kills all his wives." We could not help laughing heartily at this sally; for my whiskers happened to be immoderately long at the time, and it was undoubtedly their prodigal growth which suggested her witty remark. The story of Bluebeard thus appears to be as much a nursery tale in France as in our own country.

A SNOOZE IN THE DILIGENCE.

About eleven o'clock at night, when the diligence stopped to change horses, my wooden-legged friend left the coupé and went into the intérieur, for the purpose of having more room to sleep, that division of the diligence being nearly empty. This was exceedingly convenient to us, as it gave us the whole coupé to ourselves. At twelve o'clock I fell asleep, and continued so till four in the morning, in spite of the rumbling of the machine over the rough whinstones of the road,—for the public highways in France are paved in the same way as the streets of Paris and London, and the motion of such a ponde-

rous vehicle over them is necessarily loud and disagreeable. Whether the system of Macadamisation will ever come into vogue, I know not. At present such a thing seems entirely unknown, at least in the great thoroughfares. On awaking, I was surprised to find the window nearest me closed, it having been open when I went to sleep. For this act of kind consideration, I was indebted to my fellow-traveller, who informed me she had done it lest I should catch cold, my head being close to the window. Ledyard, the traveller, was undoubtedly right when he affirmed that women have more goodness of heart than men. It is by such trivial incidents as the above that character manifests itself; and a man might travel from Dan to Beersheba without meeting any thing of the kind from one of his own sex.

ST QUENTIN.

Half-past six in the morning brought us to St Quentin, where we were allowed twenty minutes to breakfast. About ten of us sat down to excellent coffee and eggs, which were done ample justice to by the whole party, notwithstanding the unappetising influence of nocturnal travelling. Breakfast over, our friend rejoined us, and away we went, thundering over the stones at our usual sober, but not unpleasing, pace of six miles an hour.

SUBTERRANEAN CANAL.

Shortly after leaving St Quentin we passed over

the subterranean canal, excavated by order of Napoleon. It runs nearly four miles underground, and is certainly one of the most remarkable works of that extraordinary man. I regretted that my previous arrangements did not permit me to visit it; but if chance ever again throws me in this neighbourhood I shall certainly not lose the opportunity. It is astonishing how men allow occasions to slip through their fingers, when by a little preparatory management they could so easily turn them to use.

CAMBRAY.

At half past eleven we arrived at Cambray, where half an hour was allowed for dinner. Some of the passengers dined, and some did not. I belonged to the latter class; and, having no appetite at such an early hour, I employed my time to the best advantage by rambling over the town. Cambray is a respectable-looking and well-built place. The citadel, which stands upon a rising ground, I had no opportunity of closely inspecting, but the situation is superb, either for purposes of attack or defence. Here, as at Lille, Valenciennes, and various other places, has the genius of Vauban been exerted in erecting barriers for his native country against foreign enemies; and the citadel of Cambray is allowed to be one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of that distinguished engineer. Cambray, however, is not solely, nor even principally, interesting as a great military position: it glories in having been the see of Fenelon, the author of *Telemachus*, and one of

the most upright and noble-minded men that France or any other country ever produced. I visited one of the churches, in which there is a statue by David of this great prelate; but from the hurried glance I was enabled to take, it struck me as hardly worthy either of the artist by whom it was designed, or of him whom it is intended to represent. Men like Fenelon live in their writings and virtues, and the statues with which it is idly meant to perpetuate their names are merely so much marble thrown away. If the wealthy obscure must live through future ages, raise monuments to their memory. The truly great require no such effigies. They are their own monuments, and will live when the marble is ground to powder, and the brass rusted away.

DOUAY.

At three o'clock we reached Douay, a neat town, strongly fortified. I saw nothing of it except what was visible *en passant;* for we merely stopped to change horses, a ceremony which did not detain us above five minutes. Here my fellow-traveller of the wooden leg, his cheerful wife, and pleasant little prattler, left us. I learned from the conducteur that he was an artist; and if he be as good at his profession as he is a pleasant fellow, he need not fear the rivalry of Horace Vernet himself.

AN OLD BABBLER.

They were succeeded by an old fat-faced, prosing

blockhead, who seemed, by the incessant volubility of his tongue, to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. I never met with a more disagreeable old idiot. He talked constantly, and so annoyingly, that I was obliged to affect ignorance of his language; but even this did not satisfy him; for, rather than not enjoy the clamorous discord of his screeching voice, he popped his head out of the window, and kept up a vociferous and ceaseless confabulation with the postilion, who, however, did not seem to relish his croaking notes more than myself, but attempted, though in vain, to drown them, and silence the hoary babbler by chanting, in turns, the Parisienne and the Marseillois hymn. Thank Heaven I was near the journey's end. In two hours from the period in which this type of Babel—this incarnation of perpetual sound—seated himself alongside of me, the towers of Lille made their appearance; and I knew that in one hour more I should be quit of the sonorous incubus and his worse than raven-notes.

WINDMILLS.

The approach to Lille is exceedingly curious, from the vast number of windmills which surround the city. There are above two hundred, the greater portion of them being employed in the manufacture of rape-oil. They were all at work when I saw them, and the appearance of so many red sails in motion—for they are all of that colour—was odd in the highest degree; it almost partook of the ludicrous, if we can apply that

term to the operations of inanimate matter. At six o'clock we reached Lille, having been exactly twenty-six hours upon the road. I went to the Hôtel de Gand, situated in the Grand Place, and one of the best in the city.

MRS STARKE.

Lille greatly exceeded my expectations. It is a large, regularly built, handsome town, with a population of eighty thousand. One of the streets, the Rue Royale, is nearly a mile long, and built with an uniform elegance seldom to be met with. Old Madame Starke, whose Italian predilections are notorious, has remarked, very innocently, that this street would not *disgrace* an Italian city. *Disgrace,* indeed! I suspect that France boasts of finer streets than are to be found in her favourite country; and that few Italian streets can vie with the Rue Royale of Lille, a town which is never spoken of as remarkable for any thing but the enormous strength of its fortifications.

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

On the night of my arrival, I visited the boulevards and Champ de Mars,—the latter a fine field close by the citadel, and appropriated for military drilling and reviews. About a thousand infantry were out performing their various exercises. They were fine young men, and went through the evolutions with great tact and precision. The appearance of the French troops is prepossessing; and from glancing at them without

any previous knowledge of their capabilities, I should predicate the possession of the best military qualities. They are usually dark-complexioned, not often tall, but of a tight, wiry, active make, indicating stamina of the first order. For stamina, indeed, they are allowed to surpass the troops of most nations, and their courage is admitted even by their worst enemies. The French temperament is decidedly one combining great activity with no small portion of energy. It is this quality of organisation which enables them to beat with equal numbers the more powerful but lymphatic German, and to prove no unworthy rivals even to the warriors of Great Britain. The number of French troops on the Belgian frontier amounts to fifty thousand, of whom not fewer than ten thousand are concentrated within the walls of Lille.

MUSEUM OF LILLE.

Next day I visited the Museum, which contains some very fine paintings, especially several Rubenses of the first class. There is a painting here, "The Descent from the Cross," said to be by that artist. Should this be true, he must have painted two pictures on the subject; the one to which I now allude, and that which is avowedly his, and the greatest of all his works, in the cathedral of Antwerp. Be that as it may, the Lille painting is not to be compared in any respect to the other. The design is not exactly the same, and the execution is perfectly inferior. I doubt much if it be by Rubens at all. Many of the works attribut-

ed to this artist were merely designed by him, in miniature, and painted, on an enlarged scale, by his pupils, with occasionally a few finishing touches from his own hand. Such may have been the case with the present painting; nor is it possible on any other theory to account for the number of Rubenses found in every great collection. Among other pieces which particularly struck me for their excellence is a representation of St Francis receiving from the Virgin the infant Jesus, by Rubens, evidently authentic, and very admirable; a fine "Crucifixion" by Vandyke, and an exquisite cabinet picture of the "Holy Family" by Raphael.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The public library at Lille is an interesting institution: it contains 22,000 volumes; and, like every thing else in France, is conducted on the most liberal scale,—the public having free access to it, and being at perfect liberty to ask for any volume. I saw about thirty people engaged reading, and was struck with the great silence and decorum which prevailed among them. If the French are not a learned people, it is not the fault of the government, which does every thing in its power to forward public instruction.

HOSPITALS.

Some of the other institutions which I saw are well worthy of notice, especially the Foundling Hospital, and the Hospital for Old Men and Women. France

is rich in such establishments, which are in every respect admirably conducted,—having the most eminent of physicians and surgeons, and the most assiduous of nurses (the *sœurs de charité*), to take the charge of them.

FRENCH DOGS.

One of the most curious characteristics of Lille is the number of dogs employed in drawing carriages. They are harnessed in couples, like horses, and seem perfectly trained to their work. Huge monsters many of them are; and most lustily and unrepiningly do they labour at their slavish trade. The dogs of France are proverbial for their size and strength. I should think some of those I saw in Lille a match for a wolf. In make they are bony and muscular, with most formidable fangs. A man, unless armed, would stand no chance against one of those animals; but, fortunately, their good temper is equal to their vigour, and they rarely abuse the strength which nature has so prodigally bestowed upon them.

FORTIFICATIONS OF LILLE.

Lille is one of the strongest places in Europe. It is entirely surrounded with fortifications, which present a truly imposing appearance. The citadel alone, while on a war footing, mounts a thousand pieces of artillery. I was in some of the bomb-proof casements, the roofs of which are twenty-five feet thick, and more than adequate to resist the force of any missile which may fall upon them. The citadel is allowed to be

Vauban's masterpiece; and he has certainly done every thing that human ingenuity can do to render it impregnable. Some interesting spots were pointed out to me; among others, the grave of General Chartrand, who was shot in 1816 for high treason. The person who conducted me through the fortress had been present at his execution, and mentioned that he demeaned himself with great levity and coolness, cracking jokes on the way, and positively refusing to allow his eyes to be bandaged. He kept a monkey, which, along with his watch, he presented to the captain of the veteran battalion, by a party of whom the sentence was carried into effect; and the only request he made was that the monkey might receive kind treatment at the hands of its new master. The particular act of treason for which he suffered I do not know: it was probably something connected with the government of Louis XVIII., to which I suppose he was a traitor.

The defences of Lille, including the town and citadel, must be several miles in extent. Six thousand men are required to defend the latter; and the town would require more than four times that number. By opening the sluices communicating with the Deule, the whole place can be surrounded for nearly a league with water, to the depth of four or five feet. Any thing like a close approach is thus either entirely prevented, or rendered a matter of extreme difficulty. Lille, however, with all its vast strength, has been taken. It surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough after a three

months' siege, one of the most memorable recorded in history—a siege in which almost as much slaughter took place *under* as *above* ground; the miners and counter-miners meeting each other frequently in the bowels of the earth, and fighting with the same desperate pertinacity as their comrades above. Since this remarkable siege, the works are understood to have been greatly strengthened, and are now looked upon as all but impregnable. The Austrian attack upon the town, in 1792, was a total failure; no damage having been sustained except the destruction of a church and some houses by the bursting of a few bombs.

DEPART FOR BRUSSELS.

At four o'clock on the same afternoon I started for Brussels by the diligence. After riding nine miles through a charming country, we arrived at the custom-house on the Belgian frontier, where our luggage was examined. This occasioned a delay of half an hour. At seven we reached Tournay, which is well fortified, and contains one striking object,—a church with five steeples. There my passport was demanded and examined. Leaving Tournay, we struck into one of the richest districts in the world. The country was perfectly flat, but most interestingly rural. So far as the eye could reach, all was yellow grain, waving in the rich sunset, and impressing the mind with ideas of incredible luxuriance. Here and there, as if to break this monotony of plenty, the red spire of some distant church would be seen peering up among trees,

and casting a strong rich outline against the sky ; while, on every side, the fantastic sails of the windmill were seen sweeping around, as if instinct with life. The fields are smaller than in France, and better separated from each other by the intervention of trees. As soon as you enter Belgium, you feel that you are in a delightful little country. The idea of small extent irresistibly forces itself upon the mind ; there is a tidiness and *petitesse* about every thing which are perfectly charming and peculiar. You feel as if you had come from Brobdignag to Lilliput, and are surprised at first to find the inhabitants not less sizeable than those of the *grande nation* you have just left behind you.

ATH.

At ten at night, under the light of a large full moon, which shone like a pearl on the forehead of an Ethiopian queen—so deep was the ebon hue of the sky behind it—we thundered along the drawbridges which span the quadruple ditches of Ath, and entered that immensely strong town, where we changed horses. The appearance of these fortified places when entering them at night, especially on such an evening as this, when we had just as much light as to show us the outlines of objects, without taking off from them the sombre shades in which romance delights to dwell, is most striking. The drawbridges shaking under the roll of the diligence—the ditches yawning beneath—the huge gates swinging open, on their creaking hing-

es, at your approach—the armed sentries guarding each assailable position—the circuitous route you are obliged to take—angling off at an infinite variety of points before you fairly effect a passage through the defences; such are a few of the objects which strike the stranger, when, for the first time, he visits those retreats which the stern genius of war has begirt with her grim and frowning barriers. I have visited many places, but the fortifications of Ath, half-bathed in light, half-veiled in gloom, impressed me more forcibly than any work of art I had ever before witnessed. The associations of war are terribly sublime: and no where, except in actual conflict, are they to be experienced in such intensity as during the silence of the midnight hour, and beneath the light of the full moon.

SMOKING BELGIANS.

At Ath I was joined by two Belgians, who had scarcely taken their seats when each produced a cigar, and commenced smoking: not, however, without previously inquiring if the fumes would prove disagreeable. Being an occasional smoker myself, I replied in the negative; and to it the worthies went in such style, that the coupé, in half a minute, was filled with an atmosphere of tobacco. In the midst of this cloudy tabernacle I soon fell into a perplexed and broken slumber, which continued for about two hours; when I was suddenly roused into wakefulness by the shock of a painful dream. I awoke hot, thirsty, confused, and low-spirited, and for sometime had a per-

fect unconsciousness of where I was; till the rattling of the diligence over the rough stones, the ringing of the little bells at the horses' heads, the smack, smack, smack of the whip, the song of the postilion, and, above all, the tobacconian flavour within (in the centre of which sat the two Belgians, like evil spirits, each with a lighted cigar in his mouth,) brought me gradually to recollection, and testified to my confused and bewildered brain that I was in the act of travelling on the high road to Brussels.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

Having recovered my senses perfectly, as I imagined, I looked out of the diligence, and, to my no small astonishment, saw a hearse moving ahead of us, but keeping more to the left side of the road. It kept about twenty yards in front of our machine, and, so far as I could judge, seemed to be drawn by four black horses. No object was ever presented with more perfect vividness before my senses. I saw the sable plumes waving distinctly in the light of the moon, and even heard a hollow rumbling, as if of the sound of its wheels as they whirled along. At first I had no doubt of the reality of the apparition; nor was I undeceived for several minutes when the repulsive phantom gradually melted away, and resolved itself into the trees on one side of the road. A more complete instance of spectral illusion I never heard of; nor was this the only one which presented itself: for immediately after it vanished I had another in the appear-

ance of a body of Belgian soldiers, walking with great speed in front of the diligence. Their white trousers, blue jackets, and tapering caps, were perfectly obvious; nothing, in short, could be more distinct. The first thing which induced a suspicion of their real character was the rapidity with which they went along, and which seemed in itself impossible, as they all kept pace with the diligence; neither gaining upon it, nor falling behind in the slightest degree. This illusion I found to be occasioned also by the trees. A great number of them were planted on the road-side; their trunks were whitish, and about the thickness of a man's leg; and the conveyance going smartly past, gave them the appearance of limbs in motion. This idea once taking place, the mind without difficulty associated it with the white trousers of the Belgian infantry, some of whom I had seen on entering the country. One thing leads to another; and having once got the legs of the soldiers, it was no difficult matter for a confused fancy to add bodies to those legs, and, in short, to fashion soldiers out of the trunks of trees. Such an incident may appear trifling, but it is worth relating, as a fact which tends to illustrate the physiology of the human mind, and the fantastic tricks it may play when acted upon under particular circumstances. Let no man who wishes to avoid phantasmata ever sleep by night in a stage-coach in which a couple of Belgians are smoking tobacco. If he do, he knows the consequences.

BRUSSELS.

We reached Brussels at six in the morning. On entering the city, my passport was demanded and given up. In its stead I got a receipt, which I was desired to present at the passport-office before I left Brussels, when the passport would be returned to me. I then proceeded to the Hôtel de Bellevue, a magnificent inn, situated in the Place Royale, close to the gardens of the palace.

I expected much from Brussels, and, like all persons with extravagant notions, was disappointed. This city I conceived to be a kind of Paris in miniature, or rather a second Florence, filled with palaces, statues, and paintings—a seat of gaiety and beauty. I found it, on the contrary, a dull common-place town; the principal street of which was as hilly and irregular as the High Street of Edinburgh, narrower, more crooked, and not much handsomer in the style of its architecture. All the accounts of Brussels exaggerate it grossly. The Place Royale is certainly fine, and so is the park, with its two royal palaces and princely private mansions; but this is nearly all to which the appellation of beautiful can be applied; unless, indeed, we except the Opera House—an elegant structure, the Hôtel de Ville, which boasts one of the finest spires in Europe, and the church of St Gudule. As a whole, the city is nowise remarkable for beauty, but rather the reverse. Lille is a finer town; and so, I afterwards ascertained, are Antwerp and Ghent. Such assertions will appear here-

tical to many, but they are the result of as accurate observation as it was possible to make during three days' residence in the capital of Belgium.

I lost no time in seeing the lions of the place, and as I have an inordinate *penchant* for mounting heights, the first thing I did was to ascend the spire of the Hôtel de Ville, from whence a fine view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. The spire, 360 feet high, is surmounted by a statue of St Michael; which, although of colossal dimensions, turns with the wind, and appears from beneath hardly larger than an ordinary-sized doll. The view is remarkably extensive, though not characterized by any grand or striking features. The fields of Waterloo and Quatre Bras, the mound erected by the King of Holland upon the former, and the forest of Soignée, renowned in the annals of that memorable battle, are distinctly visible, and constitute interesting features in the panorama. The interior of neither of the palaces did I think of visiting. I had got a surfeit of splendid residences in France, and had no wish that the royal dwellings of Belgium should be put to the severe test of having a parallel instituted between their internal decorations and those of Versailles, the Tuileries, and St Cloud. Neither did I visit any of the churches, excepting that of St Gudule—a chaste and noble monument of Gothic architecture, and, I believe, the only one worthy of admiration in Brussels. One of the most interesting spots in the city is the Place des Martyrs, where those killed in the late revolution are

buried. It is tastefully planted with trees, and contains many monuments, inscribed with the names of those who lie beneath them. In this melancholy revolt Lord Blantyre lost his life, by a random shot from the Dutch soldiers. The window at which he was killed is pointed out, and cannot be surveyed without melancholy interest.

START FOR WATERLOO.

Next morning, at six o'clock, I started for Waterloo, and was allowed by the coachman to drive his vehicle the whole way. The route presented nothing remarkable till we arrived at the forest of Soignée, through which the road passes, and which, for its extent alone (were it for nothing else,) is well worthy of admiration. The circumference of the forest is twenty miles; it stands between the scene of conflict and Brussels, and is the spot in which, on the event of a defeat, the Duke of Wellington intended to have bivouacked his army for the night. On arriving at the village of Waterloo, you are instantly accosted by guides, offering to conduct you over the field; which, by the by, is not at Waterloo at all, but fully two miles off, close by the village of Mont St Jean. The battle received its present name from the Duke of Wellington accidentally writing his despatches in, and dating them from, the small inn of Waterloo. The French, with greater propriety, call it the battle of Mont St Jean; in the immediate neighbourhood of which it was fought. The first place I visited was

the church of Waterloo—a small neat structure, possessing, in an architectural point of view, nothing particular to recommend it; but rendered an object of sorrowful interest from the number of memorials erected within it to the memory of those who perished in the battle. It abounds with marble slabs, the inscriptions upon which are generally executed with great good taste and feeling. These simple records it is impossible to view without sensations of the deepest melancholy. There is here a concentration of sorrow, which goes like a poisoned arrow to the heart. Grief has accumulated all her stores within the sculptured walls of this little temple; and we feel as if in a shrine, where the memory of heroes was preserved for worshippers of every land to come and do it honour.

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG.

Behind the church, in a small enclosed field, are interred the bodies of a great many officers, whose remains were brought from the field of battle and deposited in this spot. Some are very distinguished names; nor can it be doubted that the meanest among them was a hero "whose heart lay in his sword," and was the seat of lofty and gallant thoughts. Near this field a quadrangular piece of ground, not more than twenty feet by ten, with a tree at each corner to distinguish it from more vulgar soil, was pointed out, where not fewer than four hundred bodies were interred. Close by, in a garden, lies the Marquess of Anglesea's leg. The spot is indicated by a small tumu-

lus of earth planted with flowers, and more ostentatiously by a flaming description in French, which seems placed there as if to prove the truth of Napoleon's observation, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Having seen the spot which the leg occupies when dead, one cannot do less than take a glance at the boot which it filled when living. This is preserved in the house of the proprietress of the garden, who, in shewing it, takes the opportunity of asking you to purchase a copy of the different monumental inscriptions referring to the battle.

WATERLOO MOUND.

Having seen the village of Waterloo itself, I proceeded, under the direction of an intelligent guide, to the scene of conflict. Passing Mont St. Jean, you enter the field, in the centre of which stands the commemoratory mound; a huge erection, 1200 feet in circumference, 200 in height, and surmounted with the colossal figure of a lion. The appearance of this earthen pyramid is exceedingly striking; it is by far the most prominent object in the landscape, and whether considered in reference to itself, or the great event which it illustrates, partakes in no small degree of the sublime. Though the day was dreadfully hot, and the glare of the sun most intense, I ascended to the summit—no trivial task, even in cool weather, for a pedestrian; and yet I was told that a madcap Frenchman, belonging to the army then on its way to attack

Antwerp, had gone up on horseback—a feat which, in the days of chivalry, would have been applauded to the echo; but which Marshal Gerard, his commander-in-chief, was unromantic enough to visit with severe animadversion and punishment. The lion crowning the summit stands on a lofty pedestal of white granite; it is of cast iron, and the work of an Englishman at Liege, by whom it was founded: its appearance altogether is grand and majestic, the height of the animal being fifteen feet, and his length, from the nose to the root of the tail, above twenty. Some Frenchmen belonging to the above army were at the pains of mutilating this monument of national defeat, by breaking some of the claws and teeth with a hammer, besides dinting the figure here and there with musket-shot. What lengths they might have gone it is impossible to say; but Gerard, hearing of the outrage, had the guilty parties put under arrest, and sentinels placed to prevent any other Vandalisms of the same kind. Had these steps not been taken, it is probable that the lion would have been blown into the air by the irritated soldiers of France; and even the mound itself levelled with the earth. The mound stands on the spot occupied by General Chassé and the Dutch troops: several hundred men were employed three years in its erection. The earth of which it is composed was drawn from the fields immediately surrounding it—a circumstance perhaps to be regretted, as the ground is thus lowered, and the original character of a part of the battle-field considerably impaired.

SHAW THE LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

Descending from the mound, I visited the different remarkable places on the field of battle; such as the farm-houses of Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and La Belle Alliance. The two former are considerable steadings, with out-houses, trees, and a garden attached to each; the latter is a solitary white house upon the roadside, without any of these accessories. Hougomont was the spot first attacked, and the seat of one of the most desperate conflicts of modern times: here the Coldstream Guards made good their lodgement against the sanguinary and severe assaults of the French, who three times gained possession of the place, and were as often driven out of it. At La Haye Sainte I saw the grave of Shaw the life-guardsman, who, with his single arm, destroyed eight of the enemy. The guide informed me, that he beheld the body of this brave soldier after the breath was out of it, and was struck with the muscular development and appearance of vast strength which it exhibited. His heart was as big and as strong as his body. He rushed headlong into the hostile masses, and wo to the man who had the temerity to measure swords with him. Before him fell the cuirassiers like children: he laughed at their defensive armoury, their breast-plates of steel, their helmets of brass. In the battle he received no wound of any consequence, but died from the loss of blood occasioned by a multitude of small ones. He was several times commanded by

his officers to retire and have his wounds dressed; but preferring glory to safety, and animated by an heroic love of danger, he neglected the advice, and continued fighting till he bled to death. Had this gallant soldier been in the French army, and survived the scene of his exploits, he would have risen to the rank of a general; had he lived in the time of the crusades, he would have proved a second Richard or Rinaldo. Shaw's talents were not confined to the sword; he was a tremendous pugilist, fought several times in the ring, and never was beaten. Such was the confidence he possessed in himself, that he challenged all England, at a time when the ring was in its high and palmy state; nor, from what was known of his capabilities, was it doubted that he would have proved at least an equal match for any man who could have been brought against him. Peace to the manes of Corporal Shaw!

FERTILITY OF THE FIELD.

The field of battle is, like the rest of Belgium, remarkably rich. For several years after the conflict, the crops were prodigious, owing to the vast quantity of animal matter blended with the soil. Even yet after a lapse of nineteen years, the grain on those portions where the dead were interred was not only richer, but of a darker colour than elsewhere. This discoloration and profuse growth I distinctly noticed in several places, and was told that it proceeded from

the above cause: the fact seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true.

WATERLOO RELICS.

The mound is not the only monument on the field; there are two others, but neither so considerable as to attract particular notice. One of them is erected in honour of the German legion, a great portion of which fell in the engagement; the other is to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon, another victim of Waterloo, and not the least distinguished of its many heroes. While examining the latter, two women came up, offering bullets and other pretended relics of the field for sale. I however declined purchasing, having been told beforehand that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, no reliance was to be placed on the authenticity of these articles. *Ancient* coins are manufactured at Birmingham, and *ancient* cameos and intaglios at Rome, for the benefit of the virtuosi. The same system is carried on at Belgium as regards Waterloo remains. Not but that a bullet, or a fragment of a sword or shell, may be occasionally picked up even yet; but this happens so very rarely, that we are justified in looking with suspicion upon any thing which is now *said to be found* on the field of battle.

CONCEITED ENGLISHMEN AND BELGIAN SOLDIERS.

On arriving at Brussels in the evening, I met at the hotel with an Englishman, the first I had seen since leaving Paris. He was a smart vivacious little

person ; and, like most of his countrymen who go from home, seemed to take great delight in abusing every thing he saw, and sounding the immeasurable superiority of Old England. We talk of French vanity, but that of our own country seems quite as remarkable, and infinitely more barefaced. In fact, the eternal trumpeting of their native land by newly fledged English travellers on the continent, and the airs which they assume, are ridiculous and almost disgusting. Some of my new friend's remarks were, however, sufficiently judicious ; especially those which bore reference to the military character of Belgium. The troops were, in a particular manner, the objects of his animadversion ; and I am sorry to say that appearances justified every thing he alleged against them. The Belgian soldier is, indeed, a poor fellow. Better paid and more gaily dressed than the troops of France, he presents a striking contrast to them in his want of energy, his lounging, idle gait, and lack-lustre air of indecision. He shoulders his musket as an old woman might do her broom-stick, and seems a living moving satire upon the soldier trade. The Belgian temperament is singularly unenergetic : it wants devilry ; and I doubt if, under any system of discipline, it would be possible to make even tolerable troops of the inhabitants. In their latter displays of prowess they have failed lamentably ; shewing the white feather at Waterloo, and, more recently, flying like scattered deer before less than half their number of Dutchmen. How are such things to be accounted for, seeing that

this people were at one time distinguished for their military virtues and a spirit of daring enterprise? I fear we must look for the cause in the constant changes that are taking place in the country, which, instead of constituting, like other powers, a separate and independent state, has been tossed about from one hand to another, till every characteristic feature is obliterated, and its very identity destroyed. National pride and national energy go hand in hand: destroy the first, by annihilating the independence of a country, and the last is sure to follow. I believe that the physical organization of men, and, as a natural result, their personal character, is modified, in the course of time, by such circumstances as the Belgian has for ages been subjected to. He is not the same man that he was in the time of Cæsar, or in far less distant periods, any more than the Italian of the present day is the Roman who encountered Hannibal on the plains of Zama. Belgium is at this moment virtually a province of France, and Leopold a mere puppet in the hands of the citizen-king, who pulls the wires at his pleasure, and makes him dance to any tune he thinks proper. As for the Chambers at Brussels, they are a satire upon representation—the puny echoes of the French court: with a show of independent power, they do little more than ratify the orders of the Tuileries.

LANGUAGE OF BRUSSELS.

In Brussels, the French tongue is very generally un-

derstood. It is the universal language of the middle and higher classes, who speak it with as much purity as persons of the same rank in Paris. Among the lower orders things are considerably different, their French being a vile patois, based upon a Flemish idiom, and not only ill-constructed, but badly pronounced. This is not to be wondered at. If the *profanum vulgus* must speak two languages, it is hardly surprising if the one which is foreign to themselves should not be wielded with the same accurate precision as their native tongue.

APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

Judging from what I saw in Brussels, I should say that the Belgians are not a fine-looking people. I never saw so few handsome women as in this capital of the kingdom. The men seem rather better; but even they are rather below than above par. There are many blonds; and the prevailing temperament partakes strongly of the lymphatic. On the whole, I was disappointed with Brussels. The city was less elegant, the people less vivacious, the general aspect of society less gay, than I anticipated; but perhaps on the latter point my opportunities of observation were too limited to enable me to form a just opinion. What can any man observe of character or dispositions in three days? I merely state my impressions, which perhaps are wrong and too hastily formed. One thing I must state, that, at the time of my visit, the city was unusually empty, the people of rank having for the

most part gone to the country. Under these circumstances, public amusements could not be carried on with the same spirit as at other times; and from observing matters at this unpropitious period, I may have painted them in more sombre colours than they deserve. With every allowance, however, I cannot bring myself to believe that Brussels is the gay place which travellers represent. Much is expected in the capital of a kingdom, which this city assuredly does not realize. Brussels, I believe, was a much gayer and more prosperous city during the former régime; but, like everything else in Belgium, it groans under the effects of the revolution.

DEPART FOR ANTWERP—BEER-BIBBING.

Next day, having called for my passport, which was duly stamped and *viséd* for Antwerp, I departed at three in the afternoon for the latter city. The first object which strikes the traveller on this route is the palace of Lacken, about a league from Brussels. It stands upon a rising ground to the left, and, both from its architectural character and situation, presents an imposing appearance. It is the usual residence of the king, and a more delightful habitation it is difficult to conceive. Shortly after passing Lacken, I observed a track-boat, crowded with passengers, moving swiftly along the canal on its way to Antwerp; a sight which made me regret at the moment that I did not go by this route instead of by the diligence. Continuing our route, we passed through several handsome

villages, and came to Malines,—an archiepiscopal town, famous for its splendid cathedral, its canals, and its lace. This was one of the hottest days I ever remember to have experienced. The driver, if we might judge from his inordinate thirst, was of the same way of thinking. At almost every auberge on the road he indulged in copious libations of beer, or at least a wretched sour liquor which bears the name, and is swilled by the Belgians as if it were the *elixir vitæ* itself. The only beer at all tolerable in this country is that of Louvaine,—a pale, brisk, weak liquor, which sells at six times the price of the common beer, and is seldom drunk by the people at large. I had the curiosity to try the nature of the driver's beverage, and paid the enormous sum of one sous for a quantity equivalent to an English pint; a proof that, if not equal to Burgundy or Champagne, it is at least more moderate in price.

MOWING OF GRAIN.

The same uniform richness of soil, which at first strikes one so forcibly, still prevailed. The country was gorgeous and beautiful in the extreme. In many fields the crops were already cut; an operation performed generally by a species of scythe, which both mows and lays the grain at the same instant. The flatness of the ground, and its freedom from stones, render the scythe a preferable weapon to the sickle; and I never saw so little stubble left behind The length of the straw is surprising, being about five feet

and sometimes even more. These remarks do not apply alone to the district between Brussels and Antwerp, but to every part of Belgium which I had an opportunity of seeing.

HOUSES.

The appearance of the houses of the better classes is peculiar; there is an odd quaintness about their style of architecture. Old-fashioned terraces, fantastically clipped hedges, statues, *jets d'eaux*, artificial ponds and gardens, pretty much in the Dutch style, are common, and have a very pleasing effect. The more we get away from France, the more marked do the peculiarities of the country become, and the more is the stranger struck with such features as the above.

IMAGES OF THE VIRGIN.

I remarked, what indeed is common throughout the whole country, numerous figures upon the roadside representing the crucifixion. Now and then we come to an image of the Virgin Mary contained in a niche. Sometimes a taper, lighted by the hands of some pious Catholic, burns beside it. The more tapers burned in honour of saints and virgins, the more piety. It is an evil wind which benefits no one; and the candlemakers have little reason to complain that their luminous wares are enlisted in the cause of religion.

A STORM.

When about ten miles from Antwerp, we were

overtaken by a tempest, as remarkable for the suddenness of its attack as for its extreme violence. In the course of half an hour the thermometer fell, I should suppose, twenty degrees; while the sky, hitherto in a blaze of light, was rapidly overcast with black, thunder-laden clouds. All at once the noise of wind was heard among the trees. Gradually the rush became stronger, till the branches quivered and bent beneath it, and the crops were levelled with the earth. This was followed by a broad and terrific blaze of lightning; then came the roar of thunder overhead, as if the concave of heaven were rent asunder by the explosive force of gunpowder; and, lastly, an impetuous torrent of rain, urged on by the wind, which every moment grew louder and louder. The force of the blast was incredible: the horses could scarcely make head against it, the diligence heaved and reeled, and it was with the utmost difficulty the driver could keep his seat. On looking out the sight was truly appalling. The fields were literally converted into puddles of mud, the grain beat down as if it had been trampled upon, while branches of trees six feet in length, and large stooks of corn, were flying about in all directions. Stunned by the thunder-shocks, and half-blind with the effects of the lightning, I arrived at Antwerp about half-past seven o'clock, the rain still pouring in bucketsful, and the artillery of heaven firing off from time to time one of its majestic salutes. What the passengers in the overcrowded track-boat must have felt in this hubbub of nature, need hardly

be told. I had to congratulate myself that I was not one of their number, and that I had come by land instead of trusting myself to the *vasty deep*.

SAWNIES AND PADDIES.

I went directly to the Hôtel de la Couronne, a very good inn behind the Bourse. I was here requested to give up my passport, which was sent by the landlord to the police, and to mark my name in a book; a ceremony necessary to be observed by strangers when arriving at any part of Belgium. At the inn I met with two staid, taciturn Scotsmen, and a brace of loquacious Irishmen, with the whole of whom I got speedily acquainted; and we arranged among ourselves that we should next day make the tour of the city and enjoy its several sights, which are neither few nor unimportant. Antwerp, indeed, is a remarkably fine city. The Place de Meir is one of the finest streets to be met with; and there are several others little inferior in elegance, cleanliness, and uniformity. Antwerp differs from Brussels in being more intensely Belgic. The character of the very sign-boards proves this. They are mostly Flemish; and the greater portion of the lower orders can speak no other tongue.

CITADEL OF ANTWERP.

One of the first places we visited was the citadel, into which we were readily admitted on shewing our passports. The Belgian government is busily repair-

ing it, although it still shews frightful marks of the late siege. Huge gaps are visible in the ramparts; several of the outworks, especially the Lunette St Laurent, are torn in pieces, as if by an earthquake; and the barracks, hospital, governor's house, and other buildings, dismantled, and their scattered wrecks strewed on all sides. Nothing appears to have escaped destruction, except the bomb-proof casements, which in no instance seem to have been forced by the shells. In one of those vaults the French commissioners, who came to negociate the surrender of the fortress, were introduced to old Chassé, whom they found seated at a small oaken table, with a short pipe in his mouth and a bottle of Hollands before him. The stand which this fortress made for twenty-three days against one of the most terrific attacks of modern times, sufficiently proves its strength, although it nowhere exhibits the defensive capabilities and enormous resistive powers of Lille. The attack was dreadful, and continued by day and by night. Chassé, with much *naïveté*, characterized it as brutal and ferocious. Sixty thousand shells were thrown into the citadel; the quantity of shot discharged at it was equally overwhelming and incessant. Dutchmen like to act in all things with deliberation; and this ceaseless fury of assault, this diurnal and nocturnal activity of their scientific assailants, surprised them exceedingly. Their conduct, notwithstanding all this, was admirable: they defended the place most obstinately, and gained golden opinions even from their enemies. Now it has changed hands. The Belgian warriors walk where the Dutchmen walk-

ed before ; and a sorry figure, truly, do they cut in their new vocation. Handed over to them, as this citadel has been, by another power, what sentiments can they feel, while treading its shattered ramparts, but those of humiliation and self-contempt—mingled with the consciouness that, if its capture had depended upon themselves, it might have remained in the hands of their enemies till the crack of doom.

RUINED TRADE OF ANTWERP.

The docks, to which we next directed our footsteps, are magnificent ; but the sight of them is melancholy, and proves how miserably little Belgium has gained by her revolution. There is now scarcely a vessel where formerly forests of masts were seen springing up and flouting the sky with the colours of every nation. " What, after all, have we gained by expelling the Dutch ?" is the question put to himself by every rational Belgian. What, indeed, have they gained ? Let the curious inquirer look to the trade of Antwerp, its deserted Exchange, its idle quays, and shipless harbour. The Scheldt is still there ; its majestic stream passes by the city ; but where are the vessels which crowded it under the dynasty of the Dutch king ? I believe that there is scarcely a man in Belgium who does not curse in his heart the insane revolt which has brought about this miserable consummation, and reduced his country to a dependency of France.

CATHEDRAL.

Did Antwerp boast of nothing else but the glorious old cathedral, with its stupendous spire, it would be an interesting city. This famous church is one of the largest Gothic structures in the world, its length being five hundred, and its breadth two hundred and thirty feet. It has, what I never saw anywhere else, six aisles—three on each side of the great central nave. The architecture is chaste, not overladen with ornament, and remarkably light and airy. Here are some of the greatest works of Rubens, especially his famous "Descent from the Cross," a painting, beyond all doubt, of most extraordinary merit. For colouring, expression, and design, nothing can surpass it; nor do I believe that there exists, or ever existed, a finer painting. The pale, ghastly, and relaxed figure of the dead Christ is appallingly true to nature, and contrasts vehemently with the ardent expression and muscular energy of those who are supporting it. Had Rubens done nothing else than this one figure, he would have deserved all his immortality. The respect in which the memory of this wonderful artist is held by all classes in Belgium is creditable to the national character. The meanest person glories in the name of Rubens, and points with pride to the productions of his pencil.

SPIRE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Most people who have sufficient activity make a point of mounting the spire,—no despicable undertaking when it is considered that this mighty mina-

ret is 466 feet high, and ascended by 700 steps. With the exception of the great steeple at Strasburgh, which exceeds it by four feet, it is the loftiest pile ever raised by the hands of man since the building of the Egyptian pyramids. On reaching the summit we were surprised at the difference of climate which we suddenly encountered. Below, not a breath of wind could be felt, and the day was oppressively hot; above, the breeze was so strong as to compel us to hold on our hats, and the temperature disagreeably cold. I do not say that such differences always exist between the upper and lower regions of the spire; they certainly did so on the day of our visit, and surprised us not a little. The view is most extensive, extending beyond Bergen-op-Zoom and Malines, and comprehending a vast expanse of flat level country, dotted every where with villages, spires, windmills, and clumps of trees. The broad belt of the Scheldt, the desolate harbours, the ruined citadel, the round brick forts at the opposite side of the river,—such are a few of the nearer objects which strike the eye from this majestic elevation. The architecture of the spire is exquisitely light and beautiful. I have seen many drawings of it, but none that gave any idea of the stately original. It boasts of a fine chime of bells, which commenced playing with deafening loudness just as we got under them, on our way down; and of a dial-plate said to be one of the largest in existence —its diameter being about twenty feet, and the length of the minute-hand at least ten. Vast as these proportions seem, they are in perfect keeping with every

thing else; and the dial, from the elevation at which it is placed—perhaps half-way up—does not look larger than that on any country church.

PROCESSION OF THE VIRGIN.

We visited the church of St Bormeo, which was crowded with devotees witnessing an absurd religious ceremony, called the Procession of the Virgin, a gorgeously dressed figure of whom, in wax, with an infant Jesus in petticoats, in her arms, is carried about, shoulder high, while crowds of men, women, and children follow after, chanting hymns, and carrying lighted tapers as long as themselves. In the church of St Jacques, which we next visited, is the grave of Rubens, who lies beneath the high altar. This church, as well as the other, contains some fine paintings by this great artist and his illustrious pupil Vandyke. Its decorations are exceedingly rich: nothing can surpass the elaborate ornaments of the side chapels, with their gates of marble and brass, their statues, monuments, and paintings.

GROVES OF BLARNEY.

One of the most curious sights in Antwerp is a court leading to one of the entrances of the church of the Calvaire. It abounds with an endless variety of painted stucco figures, representing saints, apostles, and scriptural characters of every description, standing in the open air. The amusing absurdity of this exhibition struck us strongly, especially the Irishmen,

one of whom commenced singing part of the "Groves of Blarney:"

"There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!"

As might be expected, Christ and the Virgin bear a conspicuous place in this motley exhibition. High up, at an elevation of fifty feet, perhaps, is a figure of the former extended upon the cross. About four yards below him stands a bishop holding a cup to catch the blood, which is seen spouting, as in a long red stream, from the Saviour's side. Close by the door of the church is a representation of Christ in the tomb: his image, in wax, as large as life, is seen lying upon a couch, with a waxen taper burning beside it. An old woman is in attendance, upon paying whom a few sous the visitor is admitted within the sepulchre; but we did not choose to enter, contenting ourselves with looking through the grating of the door. Within a few feet of this preposterous sight is something still more grossly absurd and disgusting: I allude to a carved representation of a number of miserable wretches enclosed within iron bars, and suffering the torments of hell, the red flames of which are seen enveloping them on every side, while their countenances express the most horrible agony. Such exhibitions, and the

respect with which they are treated, speak volumes, and prove the deep hold which popery has over the people in this country. The very soldiers, whom we would expect to find most free from such degrading thraldom, may be seen at all hours of the day, and during every day of the week, kneeling before saints in the churches, counting their beads, crossing themselves, and mumbling unintelligible prayers. Can it be wondered at that such fellows are good for nothing in the field; that they ran away at Waterloo; that they turned tail to the Dutchmen; that they are despised by the French, and laughed at as poltroons by all Europe? Is it surprising that, with such defenders, Belgium cannot keep her own against Holland, a country inferior in natural wealth, and with little more than half her population; or that she required the aid of France to expel Chassé and his troops from the citadel of Antwerp?

KISSING BY WHOLESALE.

Next day, at half-past twelve, I crossed the Scheldt to the Tête de Flandres, a projecting point with a cluster of houses upon it, at the other side of the river, where I joined the diligence for Ghent. One of the passengers was a huge, plump-featured, fair-complexioned, weak-voiced, beardless fellow, who, previous to taking his seat, went through the ceremony of kissing, or being kissed by, half a-dozen of his male companions, who had come to see him off. *Chacun à son goût*; but the sight to my taste was

infinitely childless, not to say disgusting. The practice of men saluting each other is abundantly common in Belgium, as well as other parts of the continent. Thank God! it has not yet reached Great Britain. Nothing particular occurred on the journey. The country, as elsewhere, was rich to a proverb. I remarked that the number of Virgins and Crucifixions on the road-side continued to increase; and at one place another hell-fire scene similar to that of the Calvaire made its appearance.

ARRIVE AT GHENT.

At six P. M. we reached Ghent; where, on stepping from the diligence, my passport, together with my next destination, was demanded by an agent of the police. The frequency of these applications is irritating, but it is of no use to complain. In Rome we must do as the people of Rome do; there is no contending with the pope in his own capital. I went to the Hôtel de Pays Bas, the best in the city, and one of the cheapest I ever put up at.

Ghent, so far as I could judge from a twenty hours' residence, is a fine town, and contains many marks of former grandeur. The churches are superb. In the cathedral, which is rich to prodigality in every kind of decoration, I was shown the side chapel in which Charles V. was baptised. In the church of St Nicholas I again witnessed a procession of the Virgin. The church was crowded, and I am told it is the same every day of the year. What a contrast do the Bel-

gian towns present to the French, as respects reverence for the prevailing superstition. In France it is looked upon as a pleasant holyday sort of thing, and patronised chiefly by women and old men. It has no hold upon the public mind; it lives upon sufferance; and the priests, while tolerated, are despised and neglected. In Belgium it is widely otherwise. Popery has forced its way like a wedge into the mass of society; the priests have struck it well home, and the people caught the impression deeply.

NUNNERY OF ST COLLETTE.

Ghent boasts of a nunnery, the convent of St Collette; an immense establishment of three hundred houses, inhabited by seven hundred nuns. I had the curiosity to walk into the court and survey the chapel, but was not so fortunate as to catch a glance of any of the pious sisters. A moat, filled with water, surrounds the place, the gates of which are rigidly locked at an early hour. If bars and ditches are any defence to virtue, that of the fair ladies of St Collette is thus tolerably secure.

VANDYKE'S MASTERPIECE.

I visited the gallery of paintings, but none are particularly fine. The best painting in the city is Vandyke's masterpiece of the "Crucifixion;" a subject which he seems to have had an inordinate passion for delineating, if we may judge by the number of pictures he has dedicated to it. When the French took possession of Ghent, the magistrates were prudent enough

to conceal the present specimen, which thus escaped the emperor's grasp, and the fate of figuring, along with many of his grand larcenies, in the Gallery of the Louvre. This fine work adorns the church of St Michael.

UNIVERSITY.

Whether the people of Ghent are an erudite race I know not; be that as it may, the city boasts of an university, and, what is still better, of able professors to dignify the institution. The entrance hall and vestibule are superb; and the circular apartment for the public examination of the students and the distribution of prizes is one of the most beautiful temples ever consecrated to learning.

FINISHED TOWNS.

The people of Berwick-upon-Tweed allege that their town is the only finished one in Europe. Let them visit Belgium, and they will find other places than their own in this unenviable state of perfection. In neither Ghent nor Antwerp did I see a single house in the act of building. They are virtually *finished towns*.

A BELGIAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

Having got back that vexatious *sine qud non* of continental travelling, my passport, I started for Ostend, in company with an Englishman whom I recollected to have dined with at the house of a mutual

friend in Paris. Our journey was pleasant; the country rich and flat, as before. Bruges, which we passed through, is a handsome town. The manner in which the houses are built, with their gables and lofty chimneys towards the streets, is peculiar, and has a very nice effect. We reached Ostend in the evening, and put up at the Hôtel des Bains, a large brick house, with a scarecrow Frenchman, for a landlord, a fat Belgian landlady, a little bustling mannikin Englishman who officiated as waiter, a Yankee commissioner, and a black porter and Jack of all trades. At the *table d'hôte* of this oddly-compounded establishment we met, at supper, with a variety of ill-looking, insipid women—old, young, and middle-aged; some of them short, squat figures, others tall, big-mouthed dawdles, with faces like tallow, and hair of the colour and texture of lint. The men were a shade better, but spiritless inanimate, misbegotten dogs, even the best of them. A Quaker's meeting could not be more sombre than this assemblage of Belgian beauty and wit. Where they came from I know not—whether from the clouds, the bowels of the earth, or the depths of the sea. Sometimes people meet with odd sights; and here we had, beyond all doubt, the concentrated essence of ugliness, dulness, and stupidity. Yet the insipid creatures were harmless, and, when spoken to, civil. It was amusing to see them moving their dull inanimate eyes, lifting the fork with phlegmatic indifference to their mouths, and sipping the tasteless beer—fit emblem of

themselves—with the cold relish befitting their dispositions. Belgian *tables d'hôte* are dull affairs—very different from the spirited vivacity of the French ones. But this specimen outdid everything of the kind—it out-Heroded Herod; and, even for Flanders, was what Coleridge would have called *a psychological curiosity*.

DULNESS OF OSTEND.

Ostend is a dull, low-lying town, without one single object of attraction; every thing about it is "stale, flat, and unprofitable." During the summer months, a good many people, both from other parts of Belgium and from England, frequent it as a bathing-place, for which the shore is well adapted. Even then it is sufficiently inanimate: at other times the dulness must be oppressive. I was only there two nights and one entire day, and found them more than enough: a week's residence in such a place must have exhausted the patience of the man of Uz. The language of the bare-footed women who attend the female bathers is a most extraordinary patois of English, Flemish, and French. The shore, indeed, is a species of Babel, a confused clashing and commingling of tongues among these amphibious-looking creatures.

ROW WITH A DANDY.

Before a stranger can make his escape from this sleepy place, certain formalities must be gone through with regard to his passport. I had the curiosity to accompany the commissioner, to whom mine was in-

trusted, for the purpose of seeing what these were; and I had certainly no great reason to admire the regularity which prevails among the government functionaries. A set of more idle, unsystematic people does not exist; and it is very clear that there is a great lack of proper control among those at the head of the passport-office and custom-house departments. We had to hunt about for two hours ere we could get the requisite signatures. One fellow we found smoking in an estaminet; another drinking beer in a cafè; a third taking his lounge on the breastwork; and the chief of the corps, a finical looking dandy, playing upon the guitar and singing *chansonettes* in the house of one of his friends. I remonstrated with this coxcomb on his own negligence and that of his subalterns. He gave an insolent reply; I retaliated, I suppose still more rudely; and a violent altercation ensued between us, in which, certainly, he had none the best of it. A little wholesome discipline of this kind would benefit these people, and compel a more regular attendance in their bureaux; but having almost invariably to transact business with hotel commissioners, who stand in some awe of them, they are under no restraint, and do exactly as they think proper. No class of men are worse remunerated than these commissioners. My fellow-traveller from Ghent, to whom I communicated the great trouble the poor man had been at with our passports, gave him one miserable frank; and another fellow, an Englishman also, I am sorry to say, sneaked off without paying him a single sous. Yet

these persons were both wealthy, huge sticklers for the superiority of their own country, and systematic contemners of every thing they saw out of it. Verily, Old England can well do without such paltry trumpeters of her renown.

FINALE.

Here I conclude my notes. At seven o'clock, on the second morning after my arrival, I stepped into the "Royal Mail" steam-boat; and, after a pleasant voyage of seven hours, landed safely at Dover.

THE END.

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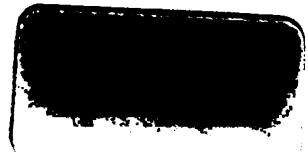
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